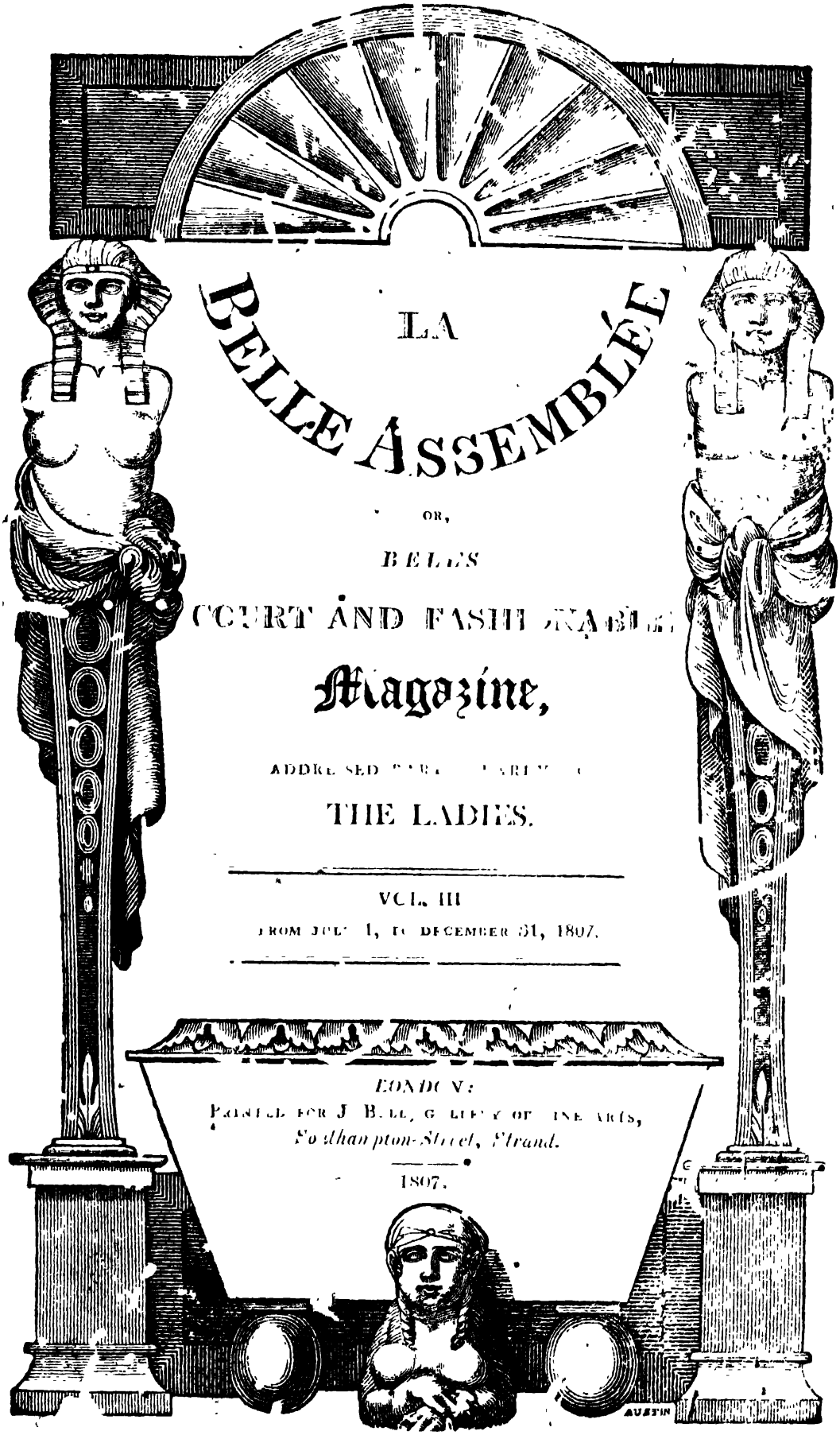

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

OR,

BELL'S

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

Magazine,

ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO

THE LADIES.

VOL. III

FROM JULY 1, TO DECEMBER 31, 1807.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, GALLERY OF THE ARTS,

Southampton-Street, Strand.

1807.

PREFACE.

IN bringing another Volume of our Publication to a close, we are desirous to requite the extensive patronage we have met with, by a renewal of those exertions to conciliate public favour which, when conducted by zeal, and any tolerable judgment, are secure of their ultimate success.

There is, however, an unavoidable sameness and monotony in a Periodical Work, (from its intrinsic nature and quality) which can only be overcome by a vigilance and resolution which shall dictate such variations and amendments in its general plan, as the improvement of the national taste, and the progressive fluctuations of fashion may continue to prescribe.

EXCELLENCE itself becomes tedious in a long course of the same thing, and a love of NOVELTY is no less the pride of reason than the passion of human nature.

The Proprietors of Periodical Works are mostly deterred from these improvements, by the dread of new expences, and, frequently from that ungenerous avarice which checks the reins of liberality; which looks to its bonds; and refuses to extend beyond its letter;—content, because compelled, to pay with JUSTICE, but never thinking of GENEROSITY.

It is the pride, and he trusts the JUST FAME, of the Proprietor of this Work, that in his dealings with the world, through a long course of public life, he has never been suspected of wanting that liberality and commercial spirit, which requites the Patronage his various Works have received, by new and unwearied efforts,—efforts which he never suffers to slacken from a dread of fresh labour or new expences.

The present Work, therefore, having been equally encouraged with those which the Proprietor has formerly produced, he feels himself called upon to act with the same spirit and liberality in the conduct and improvement of it; and for this purpose, to introduce some NEW DEPARTMENTS, and ADDITIONAL EMBELLISHMENTS, which were not stipulated in his original engagement with the Public, and which he never gave his Subscribers any reason to expect.

As these Decorations will be EXTRAORDINARY and ADDITIONAL, it is unnecessary to say, that the PRESENT QUANTITY will be continued, viz.—the PORTRAITS, the London and Parisian FASHIONS; the MUSIC; the PATTERN; and the customary quantity of Letter-press.—The additional ORNAMENTS will consist of

ENGRAVINGS IN OUTLINE OF THE WORKS OF

LIVING AND DECEASED BRITISH ARTISTS.

The motive for this improvement is sufficiently obvious.—Something of the knowledge of CRITICISM, and of the qualities of an AMATEUR, is now become indispensable in an elegant and refined education.—Whatever may have been our ignorance in these studies formerly, we are now becoming a Nation of ARTISTS AND AMATEURS.—To understand, therefore, the merit and style of our BRITISH SCHOOL of PAINTING, is now expected from the polished of both sexes.

The British Artists will doubtless be preferred in this Work; but we shall frequently give OUTLINES of the most celebrated Paintings of the ANCIENT MASTERS,—especially when they are confined to BRITISH COLLECTIONS; and more particularly when they are of a super-eminent reputation, and can be given in COMPLETE SETS; of which a Specimen is now laid before the Public, in the

SEVEN CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

This will be sufficient to give a taste and knowledge of the Plan of OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS.

The next Number will contain a correct and vigorous Outline of the celebrated Picture of the *Death of General Wolfe*, by B. WEST, Esq. President of the Royal Academy; copied from the original Picture in his own possession, and under his *special superintendance*.

Every succeeding Number of the Magazine will contain an OUTLINE, executed in a similar manner, of some distinguished Historical Picture of a modern Artist; and the succeeding Supplements will contain WHOLE SETS of Engravings, either of ancient or deceased British Masters.

A Set of HOGARTH'S *Marriage A-la-Mode* is now in hand for the next Supplement; and it is intended to comprehend all the Works of that celebrated Artist in this Magazine; in order that everything introduced may be complete, and not left in an unbroken series.

It is trusted that this will be esteemed an additional Embellishment of no ordinary value.—It is needless to say that a Periodical Work, of a similar sort with this, has never attempted any decoration of the like kind.

It is intended, moreover, to introduce another material improvement in this Work, viz.—

COSTUMES OF EVERY NATION IN THE WORLD.

They will be given in addition to the usual FASHIONS; and it is trusted their value will be sufficiently understood, when it is known what immense sums are daily demanded for publications of a similar kind, of which the Plates are not so well executed as those which will be given *(as the Additional and Extraordinary Embellishments)* in this Magazine.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant Portrait of the DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, from a Picture in the possession of her mother, the DUCHESS OF GORDON.
2. FOUR WHOLE LENGTH FIGURES of LADIES in the London Fashions for the Month.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. MASSI.
4. A new and elegant PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand. August* 1, 1807

A very extraordinary and most valuable Historical Print, consisting of six whole-length Portraits, embellished

THE SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

Being the Nineteenth, of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

OR, BELL'S COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

Published on the First of July price 2s. 6d.

And which concluded the Second Volume of this Work, with the termination of the Half Year.

THE Subject of the present Print is that of the first introduction of the Emperor ALEXANDER of RUSSIA to the Queen of PRUSSIA, by the King, her husband, who is seen in the act of presenting his illustrious guest to the Queen—Her Majesty, accompanied by the Countess VONESS, receives him with an air of dignified complacency and august grandeur. At the termination of the Picture are seen the two Brothers of the King of Prussia, Prince WILLIAM, and Prince HENRY. They are dressed in the military habit of the country; but the Queen is attired in a plain and simple manner, much after the Parisian fashion of dress which prevails generally in the Prussian Court—The Figures are all whole lengths and correct Portraits of the august Personages represented, and so admirable are the Likenesses in the original Print from which this is most accurately copied, that the Emperor of Russia and all the Prussian Court were liberal Subscribers at two Guineas for each Print.

This Interview took place on the 10th of June, 1802, at Memel, a city at some distance from Berlin, and situated on the Polish frontiers.

The SUPPLEMENT may be had of any Bookseller in Town or Country; and those who have not yet completed their Volumes, and failed of receiving it with the delivery of their last Number (No. 18.) are requested to give immediate orders for it to their respective Booksellers.

NOTTINGHAM PUBLIC LIBRARY 1859

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JULY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Twentieth Number.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

CHARLOTTE LENOX, the present Duchess of Richmond, is the third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Gordon. Her Grace was married September 9th, 1789, to Colonel Lenox, now Duke of Richmond, by whom she has a very numerous family.

Upon the death of the late Duke of Richmond, who died at an advanced period of life, and without legitimate issue his title and fortune devolved upon his nephew, General Lenox, the present Duke.

His Grace represented the county of Sussex in several Parliaments, and had always been warmly attached to the party and politics of Mr. Pitt—in truth, his attachment was of a nature more close and affectionate than political alliances generally are. He maintained his connection with Mr. Pitt at a time when his uncle, the late Duke, was extremely hostile to the conduct of that minister; and though General Lenox was chosen member for the county of Sussex almost solely upon the Richmond interest, he did not on that account hesitate to vote against the opinion of his uncle, or to preserve his independence at the hazard of his interest.

Upon the dissolution of the late ministry, when the friends and adherents of Mr. Pitt were again called to the helm of power, the Duke of Richmond was not forgotten. An offer was immediately made to him of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. His Grace accepted the office, and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Bedford, was immediately recalled. It may here be remarked, that the recall of his Grace the Duke of Ledford was softened to his feelings as much as possible, and in being thus superseded by a near relation, the dignity might be considered as still continuing in the same family.

The Duchess of Richmond accompanied her husband to Dublin a few months since; and is, of course, still in the Irish metropolis.

As a public character we have little to say of her Grace. Her conduct is worthy of her rank, and her affability and good humour make her equally beloved and respected.

BIOGRAPHICAL [illegible] OF THE PRESENT QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Louisa Maria Theresa, Queen of Spain, was born a Princess of Parma on the 9th of December, 1751; she was married to his present Spanish Majesty, Charles IV. on the 4th of September, 1765, and is the mother of three sons and three daughters. Had her royal consort the character of his ancestor, Louis XIV. his people would have been happy, and the independence of his kingdom respected; he would not then have suffered himself to be ruled by a weak Princess, governed in her turn by a still weaker favourite, the imbecile upstart, the Prince of Peace; whose pernicious influence has brought disgrace on his Sovereign, and ruin on his fellow subjects As this personage is by the impolitic partiality of the Queen become of great consequence in the actual concerns of Europe, some particulars respecting his origin, the progress and the causes that have contributed to his advancement, must necessarily find a proper place in this sketch.

Don Manuel Godoy, de Alvarez, Prince of Peace, was born on the 8th of March, 1767, at Badajoz, in the province of Estramadura, of very obscure parents. Early in life he was sent to Madrid with his eldest brother Louis, to serve in the King's life guards as common soldiers, his family not having sufficient means to support them as cadets in the army. Don Manuel remained in the guards in obscurity until his brother's banishment. It took place in consequence of information received by the late King, which induced a suspicion that the Queen, then a Princess of Asturias, was particularly attached to him So much was Charles III alarmed by the intelligence, that he ordered Louis to be exiled from Madrid for life, and he was allowed but two hours to prepare for his departure. He was strictly enjoined never to approach within twenty five leagues of the court. He obtained, however, a company of the provincial militia in the place of his birth, with a cross of the military order of Alcantara. During his exile, which continued until the King's death in 1788, Louis had many valuable presents sent him by the Princess of Asturias. These presents were conveyed to him by Manuel, who was introduced to the Princess by the Duchess of Alva, under pretence of hearing him play and accompany on the guitar, which he did, as the Spaniards term it, *con gracia* On the death of Charles III. the same courier who brought this news into the district where he resided, also brought him his pardon, with the commission of a colonel in the life guards, and orders to repair to Madrid without delay.

Almost immediately after the return of Louis the elevation of Manuel commenced A new appointment was created for him, that of adjutant-general of the life guards, with the rank of a major general in the army. He had not held that situation long, when he was raised to the rank of a lieutenant-general, and created a Grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of Duke of Alcadia, the King granting him the royal domains of Alcadia, together with the revenues of the most valuable of the four military orders. His power soon became so considerable, that the proudest Grandees found it necessary to solicit his influence to obtain even ordinary favours from the court. Even the grand council of Castile, with the philosopher and patriot Count D'Aranda at its head, could make no stand against him. At the commencement of the war with the regicides of France in 1793, the pusillanimous opinion of the council of Castile was in favour of defensive operations; that the several passes of the Pyrennean mountains should be strongly guarded, and the army considerably augmented, before a thought should be entertained of sending any force into the French territory. But the Duke of Alcadia thought otherwise, and his opinion prevailed. The council of Castile was dissolved for presuming to resist it, and Count D'Aranda was banished to Saragossa.

The war with France had, from its beginning, been badly conducted by Spain, and the critical situation of that country, in the year 1795, compelled the Duke of Alcadia to change his plan, and to think only of the means of repairing the injury the nation had sustained through his rashness and folly. A peace was called for by the people, as they seemed to believe that it would heal all their wounds. Peace, upon any terms, appeared to the superficial mind of the Duke of Alcadia the best expedient that could be adopted. He, therefore, precipitately concluded a treaty with regicide France equally disadvantageous and dishonourable. It left the Spanish monarchy at the mercy of the French republic, with a territory abridged, her resources considerably diminished, her army almost broken down, and her spirit nearly exhausted. The popular joy and gratitude, however, was extreme; and the King, instead of punishing an ignorant and presumptuous minister, conferred upon the peace-maker the title of Prince of Peace!

The differences with Portugal in 1801 afforded him a safe opportunity to indulge his new-born ambition for military honours and exploits. Accordingly, at the commencement of the campaign, he boldly took the command, well informed that the Portuguese had no means of resistance against the forces with which they were assailed by France and Spain at the same time. This generalissimo had never even witnessed an engagement; and, from the nature of his education, could have but a slight idea, if any, of the theory of military tactics.

Perhaps there is not to be found, among the many incapable members of the cabinets of most Princes of Europe, a person inferior in talent, or any mental acquirements, to the Prince of Peace. But the exclusive favour of the Queen, who has procured him the favour of the King, supplies all defects, overlooks all errors, and bestows all advancements. His abilities are the object of universal ridicule among the enlightened men of Spain, and his character is very much despised by the ancient and more respectable part of the nobility. In opposition to their wishes, and to counteract their jealousy, he has made a vast addition of up starts, like himself, to the *noblesse* of Spain. No man of learning has ever experienced his patronage, no merit has ever obtained his rewards, and no patriotism his protection. He is entirely surrounded by his own creatures, among whom there is not one of reputed or even common capacity.

In providing for his relations, however, he has been nearly as extravagant as Napoleon Bonaparte. Every person who can claim the least affinity to him, either direct or indirect, lineal or collateral, is sure of a good place, whatever his abilities may be. The first offices in the country are occupied by his relations. His father, who has scarcely learnt the first elements of education, now fills one of the highest situations in Spain. His elder brother is Viceroy of Mexico and the West Indies, and his younger brother, Diego, who is almost literally an ideot, has been promoted to the rank of a captain-general in the army, with large pensions.

It has surprised many that the Prince of Peace, with all his numerous deficiencies, has been able to preserve himself so long in favour at a court, which for centuries has furnished, by the capricious inconstancy of its choice with regard to favourites, materials both for romance and tales, for history, and for the drama. But during the first warmth of the friendship of the King, and of the attachment of the Queen, he took care to clear the court, from the first lord in waiting down to the lowest valet, of every person whom he suspected of envy at his elevation, or whose fidelity he doubted. Those he could or dared not dismiss or disgrace, he removed by advancement into distant provinces, or sent them with liberal pensions to reside in the country. He observed the same conduct with regard to the offices of the ministers of state; where the most inferior clerks, messengers, and attendants, as well as the chief secretaries, all are indebted to him for their places. Such is his jealousy and precaution, that nobody is admitted to the presence of their Spanish Majesties, who has not previously asked and received his approbation and consent. Like all other ignorant people he is governed by prejudices, and tormented by illiberal and superstitious notions. Every body who is not born a Spaniard he despises; and those who are not members of the Church of Rome, he hates under pretence of pitying them. He thinks that all valour, honour, and virtue, on the other side of the Pyrenean Mountains are artificial; and that all religions, not acknowledging a Roman Pontiff for its visible chief, and the Vicar of Christ upon earth, is not only condemnable and dangerous, but false. He makes no distinction between the faith of the Protestant, or the creed of the Mussulman. In his opinion they are both infidels, and as such, undeserving confidence in this world, and certain of damnation in the next.

The confessor of the King and of the Queen is also the confessor of the Prince of Peace, who generally every Saturday (but never less than twice a month) eases the burden of his mind before the reverend father, and receives his absolution. All persons who desire to continue in his good graces must imitate his devout example.

His spouse, on whom he bestows a pension of four thousand dollars, resides with him at Madrid, as well as the royal palaces in the country. Her sole occupation is to interpret his dreams, she having, when he was a baby, from one of hers, predicted that he should become a *great* man! His first occupation every morning is to write down what he has dreamt in the night, and to give it to her, that he may have an explication before he goes to bed again. In his day dreams, during his nap after dinner, in the afternoon, he has no confidence nor she any power to comprehend them. He is so jealous of this precious talent, that he was near turning her off for having once gratified the curiosity of the Princess of Peace on this interesting subject.

His annual revenue, from his numerous places and pensions, and from the many estates given him by royal bounty, amounts to five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, about one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. But as he is the master of the royal treasury, no other boundary is set to his expences or cupidity, but his own discretion. He is supposed to have placed

several considerable sums in the public funds of England, France, and Holland, in his own name or in that of his wife. This lady is a daughter of an uncle of the King, whose marriage with a subject was regarded as a *mésalliance*, and never confirmed by the late or present King. So great, however, is his authority, that she is now admitted at court with all the honours and distinctions due to a Princess of the blood.

Such are some of the traits and particulars of a person, who, by his shameful power over the Queen, has reduced the Spanish monarchy to a tributary state of France. By his dangerous incapacity and impolitic conduct, the throne of Madrid is suspended between a revolution daily dreaded, and the burden of a disgraceful war, which has neither object nor motive, in which success would hasten the ruin of the King, and in which every defeat deserves to be celebrated with a *Te Deum*. Thanks to the Prince of Peace, it is in this deceitful position, it is in the arms of the assassins of his family, that the King of Spain drags his existence, a prey to the perturbation of his mind, the ignorance and indecisions of his ministers, the complaints, the misery of his subjects; to anxiety for the present and to terror for the future. Slumbering beneath a roof of poignards, this monarch, bound by the ties of an unnatural alliance, can neither break them, nor suffer them to remain unbroken without danger; can neither make peace nor support war. His allies are his scourges, his enemies are his protectors. He would cease to be a King were the English to cease being victorious. Long ago would Bonaparte and Talleyrand have struck off the King of Spain from among the number of crowned heads; long ago would their regicide and liberticide politics have disposed of the states of this monarch, had not the imposing force of Great Britain, the fear of a new coalition, and the temporary necessity of recurring to artifices, prevented this event.

The weakness of the Queen of Spain, in the choice of her favourite, is the only error with which she is reproached. She is an affectionate wife, a tender mother, a faithful friend, and a generous and good sovereign. Not entirely free from the Italian superstition imbibed in her youth, nor from the Spanish bigotry, which a long residence in Spain has almost naturalized; she is, however, tolerant and endearing, more so than either her royal consort or her princely favourite. That her liberal principles and sound judgment have restrained the inhuman authority and cruel and persecuting spirit of the so much dreaded Spanish inquisition, suspended if not abolished its judicial murders, is reported in Spain, and believed in most other countries. The fanatics at Rome alone do the Prince of Peace the honour of accusing him of impiety for this act, not of philanthropy but of justice.

Both when at Madrid, and in the royal palaces in the provinces, the King and Queen always sleep in the same room in different beds, and often the Prince of Peace obtains the honour of having his bed placed by the side or between the beds of his royal master and mistress. During the journey to the frontiers of the kingdom in 1796, where the King and Queen went to meet their daughter and son-in-law, the Princess and Prince of Brazils, the bed of the Prince of Peace was every night, in every house where they rested, placed between those of his royal Sovereigns, having the Queen on his right and the King on his left hand. From the known religious and moral sentiments of the royal couple, and their mutual affection and regard, what in other countries would have excited ridicule, if not scandal, was in Spain merely considered as a proof of their reciprocal confidence and friendship for their favourite.*

The Prince of Peace, though the real, is no longer the nominal prime minister of Spain. In critical affairs, or when transactions of great consequence are upon the eve of being decided, he however always condescends to entertain foreign ambassadors with his dulness, in his private audiences. Don Pedro Cevallos is the first secretary of state for the foreign department. Don Joseph Antonio Caballero is the minister of justice, and has *ad interim* the portfolio of the war department. Don Domingo de Grandallana is the chief minister of the navy, and Don Miguel Cayetan Soler is the minister of the finances. All these ministers are obliged to communicate their reports, plans, or proposals, to the Prince of Peace and the Queen, before they lay them before the King, who approves of them and signs them as soon as he hears that they have not been objected to by his royal consort. It is impossible to pay a greater compliment to the superior genius of the Queen of Spain.

* Le Voyageur Italien, vol. iii. p. 125. In the summer of 1797, the author met with Count de L—— at Paris, who is a Brabant nobleman by birth, but a superior officer of the Walloon guard of the King of Spain. He confirmed what has been said of the *etiquette* of placing the bed of the favourite in the middle. He was one of the officers on duty during this journey, and spoke of it as nothing extraordinary, or rather as an ordinary occurrence.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CAMIRE.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

I was one day reproaching a Spaniard, lately arrived from Buenos-Ayres, with the cruelties which his countrymen had committed on their first conquests in America. I recalled to mind, with horror, the crimes which had tarnished the glory of a Cortez a Pizarro, and many other heroes who have, perhaps, by their talents and valour, surpassed all that we admire in the ancients; and regretted, that so glorious an epocha in the Spanish history should be recorded on blood-stained pages.

My friend had hitherto listened to me with patience; a tear rolled down his cheek when I pronounced the name of Las-Casas. "He is our Fenelon," exclaimed he, "he did not compose Telemachus, but he explored America to save a few Indians; and traversed the seas to defend their cause at the council of Charles the Fifth, as the Archbishop of Cambray did that of the Protestants, whom the French also massacred in the Cevennes. They were still persecutors at the end of Louis the Fourteenth's reign: and what were we? What was Europe in the 16th century ever to be commemorated by our great discoveries, by the flourishing state of the fine arts in Italy, by the new sects in Germany, and by the crimes of every country? Our neighbours, the Portuguese, put to the sword those they conquered on the coast of Malabar, on the borders of Ceylon, in the promontory of Malacca. The Dutch, who drove them away, were not less cruel. In Sweden, the North in Nero, and the Archbishop of Upsal, were assassinating the senators and citizens of Stockholm. In London the pile was lighted for the Lutherans and Catholics; and the scaffold was already erected which was to be sprinkled with the blood of four Queens.* At Paris, you doubtless remember the name of the Guises, and the horrid sight of the 24th of August, 1572. I will say no more, let us not reproach each other: we have all been barbarians, but leave to history the melancholy employment of recording the crimes of our forefathers, and let us, if possible, only recall to our minds their good deeds, and endeavour to imitate them. You have repeated to me the terrific detail of the conquest of Peru: I was but too well acquainted with it; allow me to relate to you, in my turn, the manner in which we conquired Paraguay. This recital will be less irksome, and may, perhaps, inform you of some circumstances which are not related in history.

Not knowing well how to answer, I determined to listen; and the Spaniard commenced in the following words:—

Travellers have made the world acquainted with that extensive and delightful country, situated between Chili, Peru, and the Brasils. The gold and silver mines which it contains are the least of its treasures. The mildness of its climate, the fertility of its lands, the majestic course of its rivers, its immense forests, the productions of Europe united with those of America, the abundance of its fruits and of every useful animal, make the inhabitants of Paraguay enjoy, almost without cultivation, all the gifts which nature has shared among the rest of the world. Sebastien Cabot was the first who explored it, in the year 1526, while sailing up the river which he called Rio de la Plata. The bars of silver, which the natives offered the Spaniards, soon attracted other navigators. Buenos-Ayres was built, some fortifications were erected in the interior of the country; and, at last, a settlement was formed at a place called the Assumption, on the borders of the river Paraguay.

The natives, at the sight of our soldiers, had abandoned their country, particularly the Guaranis, a numerous and powerful people, who lived amidst inaccessible mountains, the roads to which were totally unknown to us. Several detachments had endeavoured to penetrate into them, but our warriors perished in the attempt, either through hunger or the arrows of the savages. Thus all communication was shut between the Spaniards and the Guanaris; the lands remained in their uncultivated state; and the colony, reduced to ask succour of Europe, could not prosper.

It was in this unhappy situation, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Don Fernando Pedreras was sent there as governor. A man of his character was not fit to recall the Guaranis; the haughty and tyranical Pedreras wished that every one should bow beneath his

* Anna Bullen, Catherine Howard, Jane Grey, and Mary Stuart.

laws. Proud of his authority, and incited by the desire of augmenting his wealth, avarice and pride were the sole inmates of his heart. He was soon detested by the colonists; and the few Indians, who now and then brought provisions, soon totally disappeared to join the Guaranis.

Among the last missionaries arrived at Buenos-Ayres was an old Jesuit, called Father Maldonado. Never did there exist a worthier priest, nor did the word of God issue from purer lips.

It was neither ambition nor remorse that had led him to seek the sanctuary of the cloister. Maldonado, pious from his infancy, endowed by nature with a mild and tranquil soul, only alive to benevolence, and who only sought for peace and virtue, had taken the vows at the age of eighteen, to enjoy the one, and preserve the other. From that moment his life had been devoted to the relief of humanity, in seeking the unfortunate, as an affectionate heart seeks for friends. Rich in the possession of a considerable patrimony, he had dissipated it little by little in sharing it with the afflicted; and at the age of sixty he perceived he had nothing remaining, and then begged of the King to send him to America. "I have nothing more to bestow," said he, "let me quit a country where I behold my fellow-creatures in want; at Peru every one possesses gold, but they know not the gospel, I will preach it to them, and it is a rich treasure I shall distribute among them.

On his arrival at the Assumption, Father Maldonado was astonished to find, instead of the Indians he came to convert, nothing but christians, who stood greatly in need of consolation. He was the more zealous; hastened to visit the colonists, and found the means of gaining their confidence, listened to their complaints, relieved them, and became their advocate towards their inflexible governor. The good Jesuit was blessed by all, and even respected by Pedreras, who since his arrival had displayed less tyranny, for it is in the nature of virtue, and perhaps its recompence, to render better all those who approach it.

One day as Maldonado was walking alone, at some distance from the town, while ascending the banks of the river, he heard screams and sobs, and distinguished on the edge of the water a naked child, violently agitated, by the side of a man who was lying on the ground. Maldonado ran towards the child; who was a boy of about twelve or thirteen; his face bathed in tears, he sobbing embraced, and endeavoured to animate the lifeless body of a man apparently between thirty and forty, naked like the child; his hair wet and in disorder, and bearing on his pale face the marks of long fatigue, and a painful death.

As soon as the child perceived Maldonado, he ran to him, knelt before him and embracing his knees, and fixing his eyes upon him, his countenance seemed to express piety, affection and despair, he pronounced a few words in a faultering voice, which the Jesuit could not understand, the language being unknown to him, but which did not the less affect the worthy father. He raised the child and allowed himself to be led towards the body, which he examined and found perfectly cold and lifeless. The unhappy boy contemplated the Jesuit, attentively watched all his motions, and continued to speak to him in his unintelligible tongue; but when he comprehended by Maldonado's gestures that all hope was fled, he threw himself on the dead body, kissed it a thousand times, tore his hair, then suddenly starting up rushed precipitately towards the stream.

Notwithstanding his age, Maldonado, swifter than the child, caught and held him in his arms, and forgetting that the young savage could not understand him, sought to calm his grief with consoling words. As he wept while speaking the child comprehended his meaning; returned his caresses, always pointing to the corpse, while pronouncing the name of Alcaipa, then turning towards the river, he pronounced that of Guacolde; he laid his hand on his heart and bent over Alcaipa, then again turned to the river and repeated several times Guacolde. Maldonado who sought to read his thoughts, soon comprehended that the dead savage was his father, and was called Alcaipa; but he could not make out why the child always extended his arms towards the river, while calling on the name of Guacolde.

After several hours spent in useless efforts to engage the child to accompany him to the town, Maldonado who would not leave him, fortunately perceived a soldier passing, and desired him to go to the Assumption and seek for assistance.

The soldier obeyed, and soon returned with the surgeon of the hospital, who examined the body and confirmed the Jesuit's opinion, that it was dead. At the entreaty of Maldonado the surgeon and soldier dug a grave in the sand, where they laid the corpse, while the good father forcibly held the boy, who redoubled his tears and lamentations.

Maldonado at last succeeded in conducting the young savage to his home; lavished on him the most soothing caresses, offered him food, and after much difficulty, prevailed on him to take a small quantity. The child did not appear insensible to his kindness; but often kissed his hands, and looking mournfully in his face, would again begin to weep. Thus he passed the night without closing his eyes. As soon as the dawn appeared, he made signs that he wished to go out. Maldonado opened the door and followed him. The boy bent his steps towards the spot where his father was interred. When he reached

it, he knelt on the grave, kissed it several times and remained for a considerable space prostrate upon it. He afterwards arose, and performed the same ceremonies beside the river; then returning to the Jesuit, he raised his eyes to heaven, pronounced mournfully the names of Alcaipa and Guacolde, made a sign which seemed to express that they no longer existed; and threw himself into the arms of Maldonado, as though to make him understand that having lost every thing on earth he gave himself to him.

The good father's benevolent attentions soon won the savage boy's affection: as mild as he was grateful, he seemed to delight in obeying his commands, and even sought to anticipate them. He consented to wear clothing, and accustomed himself with little trouble, to habits which he did not understand, and which often were repugnant to him. But a sign from his benefactor reconciled him to every thing. Endowed with a lively understanding and an excellent memory, he very soon knew enough Spanish to comprehend the Jesuit. The first word he learned, and which struck him particularly when he knew its signification, was that of father, by which every one addressed Maldonado: O my father, said he, I had lost the hope of ever again pronouncing that name: but it is to thee I owe this happiness; and I see you are the best of men, for every one call you their father.

As soon as he could answer the good Jesuit's questions, he informed him of his birth and his misfortunes; it was at the tomb of his departed sire that the youthful savage related his history.

"My name is Camire," said he; "I belong to the nation of the Guaranis, whom your brethren the Spaniards have driven from these plains, and who now inhabit the woods behind those blue mountains. I was the only child of Alcaipa and Guacolde. They had been tenderly attached to each other all their lives, and since my birth all their affection was centered in me. When my father took me to the chase, my mother accompanied us; and when my mother detained me at home, my father remained also with us. My days were spent with them and at night I reposed in their arms. If I was happy they did not fail to be the same, and our hut re-echoed with their songs; if I was ill, they were overwhelmed with grief, and if I slept, they gazed upon me, and my slumbers gave them repose.

"A nation called the Brasilians who I supposed had been drived away by your brethren, came and attacked us in our forests. A battle was fought, and the Brasilians triumphed. My father and mother, obliged to fly, hastily built a canoe of bark, in which we placed all that we possessed, which consisted of two hammocks, a net, and two bows; we then embarked on the great river, without knowing where to land, for the Brasilians were behind us, and we trembled at the thoughts of advancing towards thy countrymen.

"The river had overflowed its banks, and in its course carried away large trees: our canoe was overturned. My father supported me with one hand while he swam with the other. My mother who had for some time been ill swam with difficulty, yet she also assisted in sustaining me. But fatigue soon exhausted her strength as well as mine; Alcaipa observed it, placed us both on his back, and swam in this manner for several hours, but could not land on account of the rocks that edged the river. The rapidity of the current dragged him on, he felt himself become weak, but concealed it from us: we were incapable of supporting ourselves above water. At last when we arrived near this plain where the river widening forms a sea, my father exclaimed: we are going to perish my dear Guacolde! I cannot with my double burthen reach the shore. If you had sufficient strength to follow me for a few moments, perhaps——. My mother without hearing any more let go her hold and immediately disappeared crying, save our son! and I die happy.

"I would have followed my mother, but Alcaipa held both my arms in his hand. He made a last effort to cross the river, reached the shore laid me on the sand, kissed me, and fell dead at my feet.

"You my father soon arrived. You know the rest."

The Jesuit could not hear this relation without weeping: he did not endeavour to console the young savage; he did not tell him to dry up his tears, but shed some with him, and Camire's ceased to flow that he might wipe away those of the worthy old man.

Maldonado's paternal affection soon won the heart of the sensible Camire. He studied at his school, and learned to read and write with astonishing facility. The pious missionary spoke to him on the subject of religion, and described it according to his own feelings. His eloquence which flowed from the soul soon reached that of his pupil, who easily believed the good father's words, because he saw him daily put them in practice: he accompanied him to the hospital, to the poor and the sick, when seated on the bed of disease; Maldonado calmed the grief of the unfortunate by his consolatory discourse. But when he shared with the Indians his frugal repast, and even his clothing, and the young savage admired his charity, "My son," would the Jesuit exclaim, this is not sufficient, my god is the father of the poor, of the orphan, of the afflicted; they are his favourite children, it is thus we must assist each other if we wish to please him.

Charmed with these divine precepts, and impatient to follow so pleasing an example, Camire asked to be baptized. This desire filled the missionary's breast with joy, and he flew to acquaint the Governor with it. Pedreras offered to stand god-father to the converted American; all the Spaniards made him presents, and the Jesuit busied himself in endeavouring to insure an independency to his new prosulyte.

The credit and consideration which Maldonado enjoyed in the colony, and even in Spain, insured him an easy means of procuring Camire various situations. At sixteen his education was finished, and the Jesuit's pupil learned more than most of the colonists. He understood Latin, was well acquainted with mathematics, well read in history and poetry, as well as all Spanish works of celebrity. His intelligent mind had profited by what he had read; he loved books, and understood them well, and often culled more real philosophy from them than the author himself professed.

Maldonado, whom he astonished by his genius, spoke to him seriously on the necessity of choosing a profession which would lead him to fortune; he proposed to him the study of the law, the army, or commerce, and with his usual indulgence, left him a free choice. Camire thus replied:

"The only error of which I find you guilty, my father! is that of believing that fortune, which you so often mention, can be necessary for my happiness. I know very well from what I have read, and from the information you have given me concerning your Europe, where the whole of nature's gifts only belong to a small part of its inhabitants; where the poor are condemned to serve the rich, to be allowed the right of breathing the air, and feeding on the fruits of the earth—I can easily conceive that in that country every means are employed, just or unjust, to leave the extensive class of those who possess nothing, to become a member of the one that enjoys every thing. But look around you, my father! look at these almost unbounded plains, where the maize, the ananas, and a crowd of other salubrious plants grow before our eyes, almost without cultivation: look at those immense forests, filled with cocoa trees, pomegranate, lemon, and citron trees, and many other delicious fruits, which nature creates with less trouble than you have in repeating their names; all those belong to me, I may enjoy them; and the population of Paraguay will not for a long time be sufficiently great for men to divide this extensive country, name a master for each spot of land, and deprive their successors of the gifts of nature.

"As to those employments, which I know not for what reason you call professions, I will frankly confess that none of those you described pleased me. I do not like your laws, insufficient, uncertain, and often contradictory; of all the books you have made me read it is these I have found the most tedious; and as we never acquire well what we dislike, I will not learn them, nor waste my time as many have done. War makes me shudder. I admire, I love the courageous man, who, if his wife, his children, or country be attacked, takes up arms, and braves death in defence of his brethren: that man is not a warrior, as he is erroneously called in your country; he is a man of peace and justice, for he defends the one and the other. But for me, born a Guarani, to engage my life to sell my blood to the King of Spain, to ravage the earth, or destroy men, according to his will! no, my father, the religion you have taught me prohibits this, and I have yet to learn how your Spaniards accord this profession with their duties as Christians.

"Commerce at first pleased me; I thought it charitable and agreeable to cross the sea, and spend one's life in labour and danger, to carry distant nations the assistance they stand in need of, to share with the large family of mankind the gifts of our common father; But, upon further investigation, I discovered the motives which actuated this charity, I discovered that the honestest merchants did not scruple to give savages deadly weapons, and to intoxicate them with strong liquors, to conclude their bargains to advantage. In short, I have seen them bring Africans from their own country, and here expose them for sale in the market-place, like cattle!—Sell our brethren!—Oh! my father, this is galling commerce!—My friend! I will not be a merchant!

"Let me then remain what I am. You may smile, and make me understand I am nothing; but I assure you I am something, and something tolerably good and tolerably happy; thanks to thy care I enjoy health, a good conscience, and am prepared at this instant to appear before the God of mercy and the only regret I should feel would be that of leaving you. Innocence, my father! is an excellent profession; allow me to have no other. Beside you, I want for nothing; and if I had the misfortune to lose you, I would return to my woods, there our trees would afford me satisfaction, and thy memory would detain me in the paths of virtue. Let me then enjoy in peace the happiness you have bestowed upon me. We have perused many large books on what men denominate felicity. I could form a little treatise, which might be reduced to these two lines:—To preserve the heart in its native purity, and to know how to renounce those things which are of little consequence."

Maldonado was at a loss for a reply to his young philosopher's arguments. He agreed that the disciple had surpassed the master, and smiling, asked Camire to instruct him in his turn. But it was ordained that this wisdom should soon be put to the test.

A few months previous to this conversation, a ship from Cadiz had brought to the Assumption, a young niece of the Governor's, whom her father, Don Manuel, Pedreras's younger brother, had left a portionless orphan. Her relations thought the best way of getting rid of the incumbrance of a poor girl was to send her to America, where her uncle had the reputation of being rich. Pedreras received her with more surprise than joy; he was at first tempted to send her back to her other relations in Spain, but Maldonado's representations prevented him; he contented himself with making them some very severe reproaches for having troubled him with her, and consented, through a forced humanity, to allow his brother's only child to remain in his house.

It will naturally be imagined that the young lady did not enjoy much happiness with Pedreras; she knew well, and every day observed that she was a weighty burden. Trembling with the fear of irritating her uncle, certain of displeasing him, she kept a strict watch over her smallest actions, paid the most minute attention to his commands, and thought herself extremely happy when she escaped being rebuked. She had just attained her sixteenth year, and was called Angelina, and truly worthy of that name, by her beauty, elegance, amiable disposition, and more particularly by the qualities of her heart, which were inestimable.

It was impossible to see her without feeling an affection for her; those who loved her dared not confess it; her pure soul was devoid of vanity, and the sentiments she inspired was so nearly allied to virtue, that it might be thought one in those who experienced it.

Angelina often sought the solitude of the country. Profiting by the liberty which the colonists enjoyed, followed by a servant, she walked out every evening to contemplate the face of nature, breathe the perfume of flowers, listen to the birds' songs, and admire the setting sun. These were her only pleasures; and sufficed her mild and placid soul, always quick at appreciating the good, and satisfied with her condition.

In her walks she had often remarked a young man, who each day at the same hour repaired to a certain spot, where he remained kneeling for a considerable time, and afterwards returned to the town. Angelina, who had little curiosity, had avoided meeting him; but one evening as she was returning home later than usual, and passed near the spot, a monstrous serpent, of the species called hunters, so common in Paraguay, raised its head above the long grass, and hissing with threatening rage, sprung towards Angelina. The terrified girl screamed aloud, her attendant ran away with all possible haste, and she attempted to follow her; but the serpent pursued her, gained ground, and had nearly reached her, when Camire appeared, holding a leathern sling, the use of which the Peruvians so skilfully understand. He threw the running knot at the reptile's head, then flying with extreme quickness, dragged with him the strangled monster.

Angelina had fainted. Camire approached, assisted her, and recalled her senses; he then supported her tottering frame till she arrived at her uncle's dwelling, received her grateful thanks with blushes, and left her experiencing a mixture of anxiety and confusion which he had never before felt.

He immediately repaired to Maldonado to acquaint him with what had happened. The joy the good Father felt at Angelina's escape, the interest he took in her fate, and all the praises he bestowed on her, augmented Camire's confusion. While listening, he appeared wrapped in thought, and passed a sleepless night. The next morning he asked the Jesuit, with some embarrassment, whether it would not be proper for them to wait on the Governor to inquire after his niece's health. Maldonado agreed, and they repaired to the house. Pedreras received them with much politeness, re-assured them respecting Angelina's health, and invited them to spend the day. The young Guarani again saw the fair Spaniard, conversed freely with her, and inhaled on all sides the consuming flames of love.

The history of Alcaipa, and the praises which the good Jesuit delighted to bestow on his adopted son, were the subject of the conversation. Angelina, who did not lose a word, kept her eyes bent on the ground, a livelier hue overspread her cheeks, and a secret emotion agitated her heart. From Maldonado's recital she comprehended the cause why Camire so often visited the river's banks. His piety and filial love redoubled the gratitude she felt for her amiable deliverer. She was happy that it was he who had snatched her from the arms of danger; and was pleased to be compelled to bestow her esteem on so good a youth, but dared not raise her eyes upon him.

A very short time sufficed the young lovers to make each other sensible of what they felt, and to assure them, without the assistance of words, that their love was mutual. Angelina kept the secret which her eyes had betrayed; but the ingenious Guarani confided all his thoughts to

the Jesuit In burning words, he described to him the passion which filled his soul, and declared a thousand times that death alone could extinguish it; that he was ready to undertake every thing to become worthy of her hand, and concluded by asking his assistance to attain this happiness.

Maldonado listened to him with grief. "Oh! my son," said he, "how you afflict me, and how many evils do you prepare for yourself. You, who are acquainted with our morals, our customs, our respect for birth, and our passion for riches, can you suppose that the Governor of Paraguay will consent to bestow his daughter on a stranger!—an unknown, who possesses nothing; and whose project is, after my death, to go and live among the savages his brethren. The contempt in which you hold the vain idols which corrupted men adore I have not sought to combat in you, my son—I have held it sacred; but when a human being pretends, my dear Camire, to be above the errors inherent to humanity, he must renounce love; for that passion is sufficient to place us within the reach of all the prejudices of mortals, and all the caprices of fortune. You excite my pity, my child! all remedies and advice are at present useless; it is hope that you stand in need of, and my affection would vainly seek to mislead me a while in order to deceive you. I only know of one method which might succeed: the Governor's avarice might perhaps make him forget thy birth, if we could give him a large sum of gold; but neither you nor I possess this valuable metal"——

"Gold!" hastily rejoined Camire, throwing his arms round the old man's neck, "rejoice my father! it only depends on me to procure some; the mountains where I formerly lived are filled with it; I know the road which leads to it. I will fetch as much gold as you desire; you shall offer it the Governor, and for so vile a gift he will bestow on me the most beautiful, the most virtuous being of the universe; and this fatal metal, which has been the cause of so many crimes, will still make two people happy."

The good Jesuit, whose heart always beat at the sound of happiness, shared his son's joy. The next day he repaired to Pedreras; but knowing well the character of him he wished to gain over, thought he might be allowed to employ a little cunning. He began by speaking of the difficulty of establishing Angelina in a way suitable to her birth, he then made him understand that by dispensing with nobility she would find husbands that would consider themselves very happy to lay a large fortune at her feet, and even to pay the uncle for the honour of his alliance; and seeing this overture did not displease Pedreras, he concluded by proposing his pupil, with an hundred thousand ducats.

E. R.

[*To be continued*]

A TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND,

Along the Right and Left Banks of the Rhine, to the South of Germany, by Sir John Carr, Author of the Stranger in Ireland; a Tour round the Baltic, &c. Phillips, June 1807.

The extraordinary successes of the French have, for some time past, almost entirely closed the avenues of the Continent against us; we have heard but little, and that very imperfectly, of the internal policy of those countries which have unhappily fallen under French domination; or, what is equally fatal in its result, under French influence It is with pleasure, therefore, we turn our attention to a Tour made so lately as during last summer and autumn in that part of Europe, in which the arms or terror of the enemy have so irresistibly prevailed.

This must be our apology for giving, contrary to our practice, an account of this work in the present place.

A short time before Sir John Carr visited Holland, the Dutch, who seem to have been long destined to the broils of war and a variety of revolutions, experienced a new political change; they beheld their government transmuted from a republic into a kingdom, and a new dynasty of princes created for them by that wonderful and malignant spirit which has so long embroiled the repose of the world.

Our Tourist also continued his route along the right and left bank of the Rhine, the latter of which now forms the frontier of the French empire towards Germany; and also through several of the sovereignties which have been incorporated into a confederation, by which the imperial dig-

nity so long exercised by the house of Austria in Germany has been annihilated, and Bonaparte declared chief of a new circle of feudatory princes.

In the preface, Sir John Carr states that the Tour was taken amidst many untoward and embarrassing circumstances, the melancholy effect of war, and therefore trusts that his pages will be perused with indulgent candour. It will naturally be asked under what protection the author ventured upon a foreign and a hostile shore; this we know not better how to explain than in the author's own words, "the public shall be my confessor." "In the summer of the last year, whilst the larger portion of the civilized world was anxiously awaiting the result of our sincere negotiations for a peace, which, alas! the crafty Ministers of Napoleon never intended should be other than mere "*Romans politiques*." The desire of contemplating a country and a race of people to me entirely new, induced me to trespass upon their shores. I resolved upon visiting Holland, although in a state of reluctant war with my own country, of a war which yet permitted to her commerce a few stolen embraces with that of England, and which forced many a pursy Dutchman to lament the separation, and in the narcotic atsmosphere of his consoling pipe, wish for better times. In gratifying my wishes, I was guilty of assuming a character respected in every country, as well for its being most wisely and profitably at peace with all the world, as for its integrity and enterprize.

"I became an American, and by an act of temporary adoption fixed upon Baltimore, in North America, as the place of my nativity." Our author also observes, "The stratagem, if not perfectly blameless, was at least intended to be an inoffensive one, I had no hopes of a peace, and consequently none of seeing Holland in a more regular mode.

"I went not to investigate the nakedness of the land, and by availing myself of its confidence to penetrate the military depots, the dock, and arsenal of a country not in amity with my own. I abhor the character of the spy moving in a friendly garb, however useful his treachery may be to his employers. My imposition extended no further than to enable me to make a picturesque tour through an almost aqueous kingdom, to view its natives in their ordinary habits, to glide upon their liquid roads, to saunter in their green avenues and flourishing gardens, and trace the wonderful results of that during and indefatigable ingenuity, which has raised the permanent habitation of man in the ocean, and made successful inroads upon the physical order of the universe." After such a confession, we shall not withhold our absolution.

At Rotterdam, every object particularly striking is properly noticed, particularly the singular manner in which nearly all the houses are built, so as to lean considerably forward in the street, which we do not recollect being noticed by other travellers. We also find (what is generally considered to be otherwise) that mendicity exists in Holland as well as in other countries. Upon this subject Sir John Carr remarks: "I soon found that the received opinion of there being no beggars in Holland, is perfectly erroneous. I was frequently beset by those sons and daughters of sorrow or idleness, who preferred their petition with indefatigable pursuit but in so gentle tone, that it was evident they were fearful of the police." In his account of this city, some curious and interesting anecdotes are given of the family just raised to the throne of Holland, to which we refer our readers. In speaking of the Dutch language, our author observes: "It is generally understood that the language of Holland is divided into High and Low Dutch, whereas there is but one pure language as in England, which is called Neder Dutch; the language of the Netherlands, or of a country lying very low. In Holland, as in every other country, there is a variety of provincial idioms; for instance, a native of Friesland would not be understood at Amsterdam. The Dutch have been long celebrated for the harmony of their chimes, or as they are called carillons, of which the following interesting account is given: "This species of music is entirely of Dutch origin, and in Holland, and in the countries that formerly belonged to her, can only be heard in great perfection.

"The French and Italians have never imitated the Dutch in this taste; we have made the attempt in some of our churches, but in such a miserably bungling manner, that the nerves of even a Dutch skipper would scarcely be able to endure it. The carillons are played upon by means of keys, communicating with the bells, as those of the piano forte and organ do with strings and pipes, by a person called the Carilloneur, who is regularly instructed in the science; the labour of the practical part of which is very severe, he being almost always obliged to perform in his shirt with his collar unbuttoned, and generally forced by exertion into a profuse perspiration, some of the keys requiring two pounds weight to depress them. After the performance the carilloneur is frequently obliged immediately to go to bed. By pedals, communicating with the great bells, he is enabled with his feet to play the base to several sprightly and even difficult airs, which he performs with both his hands upon the upper species of keys, which are projecting sticks, wide enough asunder to be struck with violence and celerity by either of the two hands edgeways, without the danger of hitting either

of the adjoining keys. The player uses a thick leather coveging for the little finger of each hand, to prevent the excessive pain which the violence of the stroke necessary to produce sufficient sound requires. These musicians are very dexterous, and will play pieces in three parts, producing the first and second treble with the two hands on the upper set of keys and the base, as before described. By this invention a whole town is entertained in every quarter of it; that spirit of industry which pervades the kingdom, no doubt originally suggested this sudorific mode of amusing a large population, without making it necessary for them to quit their avocations one moment to enjoy it. The British army was equally surprised and gratified by hearing upon the carillons of the principal church of Alkmaar their favourite air of "God save the King," played in a masterly manner as they entered that town." Sir John Carr observes that the same thrifty spirit, united to the beneficial effects of public and expanded education, preserved the monuments and works of art in Holland from violence during the fury of the revolution which annihilated the Stadtholderate.

An interesting account is given of the revolution, which changed the republic into a royal government. "In the new constitution, which is given nearly at full length, (and which, by the bye, unnecessarily swells the volume), we notice the following striking features: the guarantee of the national debt; the free and unqualified exercise of religion; the predominant, or, as we think, Sir John Carr ought to have called it, the *despotic* authority vested in the King. The establishment of the Salique law, that only natives shall be eligible to any offices under the state, exclusive of those immediately appertaining to the King's household; that the royal revenue shall be two millions of florins, or about two hundred thousand pounds; and that the royal palaces shall be confined to three; namely, the Hague, the Houses in the Wood, and at Soetdyke. As this constitution has not yet had time to shew whether its fruits will be palatable to the Dutch or not, the author contents himself with merely, and we may add perhaps unnecessarily, submitting it to the comment of his readers.

The descriptions of the several towns through which Sir John Carr passed, are enlivened with brief but interesting, and not generally known, anecdotes of the most distinguished among the Dutch painters.

It appears that the Hague has materially suffered by the revolution, much more so than the commercial towns, owing to the resources which they derived from a high and unsubdued spirit of commerce and enterprize, notwithstanding the severity of British blockades, and the vigilance of British cruisers. We also find that the universities here participated in the melancholy effects of war, which has very much reduced the number of its students, by attracting them to the army.

The principal objects in Amsterdam are briefly noticed. In the description of the Stadt House, there is a curious account of the prisons and the state of the prisoners confined in dungeons, which form parts of the foundation of that stupendous pile, which must prove interesting to every humane reader.

Of the canals in this great city our author thus speaks:—"the canals of this city are very convenient, but many of them most offensively impure; the uniform greenness of which is chequered only by dead cats, dogs, offal, and vegetable substances of every kind, which are left to putrify at the top, until the canal scavengers remove them; the barges used on these occasions present a very disgusting appearance; the mud which is raised by them forms most excellent manure, and the sum it fetches in Brabant is calculated to be equal to the expence of the voyage. Some of the most eminent Dutch physicians maintain, that the effluvia arising from the floating animal and vegetable matter of these canals is not injurious, and in proof, during a contagious fever which ravaged this city, it was observed that the inhabitants who resided nearest the foulest canals were not infected, whilst those who lived near pure water only in few instances escaped; but this by no means confirms the assertion, because those inhabitants who lived adjoining to foul canals were inured to its contagion, from its habitual application; for the same reason medical men and nurses generally escape infection, from being so constantly exposed to it."

The ladies of Holland are spoken of very handsomely by our Tourist, and are represented as observing the French fashions in their attire. There is a charming anecdote given in the account of the resuscitation societies, of the heroic humanity displayed by the present Emperor of Russia, in saving a poor fellow-creature from a watery grave in Lithuania. Our fair readers will smile at the account given of a very singular establishment, called the work-house of Amsterdam, where "husbands upon complaint of extravagance, drunkenness, &c. duly proved, send their wives to be confined, and receive the discipline of the house; and wives their husbands, for two, three, and four years together."

From Holland Sir John Carr departed for the Rhine, where he met with ample subjects for his pen and pencil.

In the beginning of Chap. 22. a singular adventure which occurred to the author, is related,

in which his liberty, if not his life, was in imminent peril, and displays by what artful stratagems the French police is supported.

A description of the principal cities on the right and left banks of the Rhine, and of their political and social state, since the horrors of war have been removed from them, is given. The author proceeded as far as Darmstadt, when hostilities, which were just commenced against Russia and the state of the Continent, obliged him to return.

The volume is embellished with twenty exquisite engravings by a distinguished artist, from drawings made on the spot by Sir John Carr, and is in no respect inferior to his other productions. Though in some instances the lively imagination of Sir John Carr leads him into the error of verbose composition, and words are sometimes more redundant than ideas;—though the sober narrative of the traveller sometimes condescends to supply original information by the records of magazines and the collections of newspapers; and the simplicity of good sense yields to the unmeaning melody of poetic nonsense,—yet will the lines of Sir John Carr not only amuse the hours of leisure, but improve those of thought.

When the "bird's eye view" which our author takes of a country is considered, the greatest credit is due to his industry and observation, and our wonder is excited, not at his opportunity to see so little, but at his ability to write so much. He appears indefatigable in his study of countries and manners, and his remarks and observations are in general well expressed, penetrating and just. Upon the whole, we recommend this work to the notice of all those who cultivate a spirit of inquiry, and are interested in the state and history of other nations.

AN HISTORICAL ESSAY ON THE SECRET TRIBUNALS IN GERMANY.

The curiosity of the public was strongly excited some years since by the allusions that occur in *Hermann of Unna*, and several other novels, to a powerful society, once existing in Germany under the name of the Secret Tribunals. As no satisfactory account has hitherto been given of the nature and origin of this singular society, we have been led to suppose, that a brief narrative of its institution and original tendency would, by no means, be displeasing. On this presumption we present it to our readers from the third volume of *Veit Weber's* (*Sagen der Vorzeit*) Traditions of Antient Times.

When after a war of thirty-three years, the Emperor Charles I. had subjected the Saxons to the sway of his sceptre, and compelled them to worship the cross, the conquered districts were divided by him into counties and bishoprics. On the conclusion of a peace, in the year 803, the Saxons, amongst other privileges, attained permission to retain their national laws, under the inspection of imperial judges (counts,) and to be entirely exempted from the control of the bishops, except in spiritual matters. Several counties and bishoprics composed a delegate county (*send-graf-schaft*), which was superintended by an imperial delegate (*send-graf*), whose office was to watch over the preservation of civil and ecclesiastic order, to unite the private and often clashing interests of the counts and bishops for the Emperor's service.

Invested with the power to decide in matters of appeal from the country and provincial tribunals, and to give judgment, and enforce execution in cases relating to property, personal liberty, breach of the public peace, apostacy, and transgressions committed against the church, they sat in judgment three times a year, in an open field, when all the hereditary proprietors of the district were unexceptionally bound to appear. On these occasions, the ancient national laws of the Saxons, as well as the privileges and restrictions granted by the Emperor, were discussed, the lawful sales of estates confirmed, and all illegal actions committed since the last session, reported. On these heads, the community consulted the decrees of the law, and pronounced decisive sentence provided every thing were perfectly clear, and no capital crime could be proved.

Illegal actions, at that time, were divided into such as admitted reparation, and such as did not (*ablosliche*, and *unablosliche*). The former, for instance, calumny, manslaughter, &c. might be compensated by fines, whilst the latter, treason, assassination, adultery, &c. were punished with death. In the latter class of offences were comprised, apostacy, sorcery, sacrilege, contempt of the christian festivals, profanation of christian tombs, and conspiracies against the worshippers of the cross. In all cases of this kind, the trial was begun in the public session, but concluded before a private or secret tribunal. The whole community, by right, should have pronounced sentence in open court upon the guilty, but the

superficial knowledge which the incidental owners of hereditary estates might have of the christian religion, rendered them incompetent to decide on the heinousness of the crime; hence, transactions of this nature were not finally decided in public session, and seven judges (*schoffen*) were selected from the community, to inquire, in a secret meeting, into the criminality of such transactions, and to pronounce sentence of death, or decree the payment of a fine, as circumstances might require. In the secret meetings also the judges give informations of crimes privately committed, and which were reported to them by their spies.

When the criminal, after having been summoned, appeared, and was incapable of making a satisfactory defence, he was condemned either to pay a mulct, or else was sentenced to suffer death. The latter punishment, however, was remitted, if he had previously confessed his crime to a priest, and atoned for it as required by the ecclesiastical law; whilst, in such cases, neither the priest nor judges were permitted to divulge it. The interest of Christianity, which now was the Emperor's wish to recommended, rendered this indulgence necessary to the Saxons. If, however, the accused did not appear, he was outlawed, and this sentence was communicated to the neighbouring counts, who were called to assist in giving it effect.

Annually a public diet was holden by the Emperor's delegate, in Saxony, to inquire into the state of the Christian religion, and in what manner the magistrates had discharged their duty; as well as to compel the counts and judges to administer justice with impartiality, and to give information of such illegal acts of their countrymen, as had occurred to their knowledge. Besides this diet, he also held special (*gebotene*) sessions, in which judgment was given in matters of appeal, and against such persons as could not properly be prosecuted before the regular judges. The decrees pronounced in these sessions affected the life of the accused. Those who refused to appear, were declared to be outlawed (*verfehmt*), whence, afterwards, arose the denomination of *vehmgericht*, i.e. the tribunal by which the criminal was separated from those who enjoyed the ordinary protection of the laws.

If a conclusion may be drawn from a similarity of procedure and tendency in two criminal institutions, it may be concluded, that these two had both a common origin, and that the secret tribunals of Westphalia were continuations of these secret criminal sessions, gradually changed and new moulded in conformity to circumstances and the wants of the times; although the free knights, actuated by family pride, unanimously maintained, that Charles I. had instituted the secret tribunals in the same form, both external and internal, which it had in the 13th and 14th centuries, and conferred upon them that astonishing extent of jurisdiction, which was gradually wrested from the enfeebled executive authorities.

The Westphalian secret tribunals are first mentioned as generally known in the year 1211, and recorded as having still been in force in the year 1659. They never were formally abrogated; but only lost their influence by degrees, when the sword of justice was again wielded by vigorous hands.

These Westphalian secret tribunals, at first, were only designed for Westphalia, and had no jurisdiction over any other province. The extent of their jurisdiction was limited in the west by the Rhine, in the east by the Weser, in the north by Friesland and the territory of Utrecht, and in the south by the Westerwald (western forest) and Hessia. Tribunals of these secret Westphalian judges (*Freystuhle*) were to be found only in the duchies of Guelders, Cleves, and Westphalia, in the principalities of Corvey and Minden, and the Landgraviate of Hessen; in the counties of Benthiem, Limburg, Lippe, Mark, Ravensberg, Rechlinghausen, Rietsberg, Sayn, Waldeck, and Steinfurt; in the signories of Gehmen, Neustadt, and Rheda, and in the territory of Dortmund, a free imperial town.

The Emperor, being supreme judge of all secular courts of judicature in Germany, was also the sole creator and chief of all free tribunals.

Free counties were certain districts, comprehending several parishes, where the judges and counsellors of the secret ban administered justice, conformably to the territorial statutes. A free county generally contained several tribunals subject to the controul of one master of the chair (*stuhlherr*). These masters of the chair, who commonly were secular or ecclesiastical princes, held their appointment by the will of the Emperor, and forfeited it on deciding in matters not coming under their jurisdiction, or deviating in their decrees from the laws of the free tribunals. They appointed the free counts (*freygrafen*), who were presidents of individual tribunals of the secret ban. They were presented to the Emperor for confirmation by the masters of their chair, who were made responsible for them, upon which they were invested with the royal ban, and obliged to swear fealty and obedience to the head of the empire. The latter also could punish the free counts, or deprive them of their office, occupy the seat of a free count in the tribunals, decide in matters of appeal brought before him, inspect and reform the tribunals, and appoint the free knights (*frey*

schöffen), though in the territory of Westphalia alone. He could, indeed, exercise these prerogatives only when himself was initiated; this, however, was generally done by the master of the chair of the Imperial Chamber of Dortmund, on the coronation of the Emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle. If, however, the Emperor was not initiated in the mysteries of the secret tribunals, he could demand of the judges of the secret ban no other answer to his inquiries, but *yes* and *no*.

The Duke of Saxony was supreme governor and administrator of the Westphalian secret tribunals, and after the partition of the Duchy of Saxony, was superseded in this function by the archbishop of Cologne. To him also the members of the secret tribunals were obliged to swear obedience. The free-counts, whom he nominated for the duchies of Engern and Westphaly, were subjected to his examination and instruction, and after being invested by the Emperor with the royal ban, were not only installed by him, but made liable to be deprived of their function, at his pleasure, without being permitted to appeal.

Every master of the chair was authorized to prohibit the free-counts of his tribunals, to decide in certain cases, and to grant letters of protection against the proceedings of the latter. He received of every free-judge, admitted as a member of the tribunals subject to his jurisdiction, one mark of gold, if the candidate was of noble descent, if not, a mark of silver. Beside this; he also enjoyed other perquisites, amounting to a considerable sum.

The free-counts (*vehmgrafen*) were required to be begotten in legal wedlock, born in Westphaly, and distinguished as free, unblemished, and respectable men in their community. They promised on oath, at their nomination, to be obedient to the Emperor, the governor and the master of the chair, to discharge the duties incumbent on them as free-counts, to take cognizance of no cause not coming under the jurisdiction of the secret ban; to give to the accused every opportunity of defending himself; to initiate no one whose free and legal birth and unblemished life were not warranted as the statutes required; to promote the good of the sacred Roman empire; not to injure the countries and subjects of their superiors, unless they had lawful authority to do it, and never to oppose the reformation of the secret tribunals. They were intitled to receive thirty guilders of every free-judge admitted as a member of their tribunal, and one-third of all perquisites. Their persons were sacred and inviolable.

The free-knights (*Freyschöffen*, *Vehmschöffen*, *Wissende*) were required to be begotten in legal wedlock, freeborn, of an unimpeached character, resident in the free county, and natives of Westphaly. The number of these free-knights belonging to each tribunal, never was less than seven, nor did it amount to more than eleven. Seven free-knights, at least, were required to compose a plenary-court (*Voltgericht*), in which the final sentence was pronounced. Knights of other tribunals were indeed permitted to be present on these occasions as visitors, but were not reckoned, nor allowed to vote. On their reception they promised on oath: to be faithful in discharging their functions as free-knights; to give information to the secret tribunal of every thing coming under its jurisdiction, perceived by themselves or reported to them by creditable persons; and not to suffer any thing created betwixt heaven and earth, to divert them from the execution of their duty. They also bound themselves to promote the interest of the sacred Roman empire, and to invade the possessions of the masters of the chair and of the free-courts only on legal grounds. After having taken this oath, they were not permitted to reveal even to their confessors the secrets of the tribunal, and on transgressing this law, though only in the most trifling point, were hanged without mercy. They pronounced judgment according to the statute of the Westphalian secret tribunal, and executed it conformably to the decrees of the free-courts. They knew each other by certain secret signals.

The free-bailiffs (*Freyfrohnen*) performed the office of messengers, and also were required to be freemen, begotten in legal wedlock, and of an unimpeached character.

The original constitution of the secret tribunal did, however, not long continue in force, bastards and wretches of the most abandoned character being admitted. The number of free-knights allowed to every tribunal, was originally limited to eleven, but in a short time in many amounted to fifty and more, who possessed not an inch of landed estate in Westphaly, and were induced by self-interest, ambition, thirst after vengeance or other disgraceful motives, to join the association. The meeting-places of the members of the secret tribunals degenerated into haunts of sanguinary banditti, who indiscriminately assassinated the innocent with the guilty. The masters of the chair being actuated by the most sordid avarice, divided the free-countries into numerous smaller seats of justice, whereby the number of spies and secret informers naturally was encreased to a most alarming degree, and numberless opportunities for fraud, imposition and extortion were presented. Although they were originally authorized to pronounce sentence only in criminal cases, they interfered in private and domestic affairs, in order to encrease their fees, and contrived to lay even Counts and Princes

under contribution to their avarice. They vowed, on their admission, in the most solemn and awful manner, to judge with incorruptible impartiality, to regard no person, and even to be deaf to the feelings of the heart, in framing their decrees; but, on the contrary, they were swayed by selfishness, accessible to corruption, partial to their friends, and prosecuted their enemies with the most rancorous malice, and prostituted their function by rendering their authority subservient to the gratification of the most brutal lust. They were deaf to the lamentations of calumniated innocence, assassinated their relations to inherit their estates, and were more dreadful to the virtuous than the midnight ruffian. A free-count frequently acted at once as witness and as judge; the spy, informer, witness, and judge, were, in many instances, united in the same person; in short, the abuses which disgraced the secret tribunals, rendered them a real curse to mankind. Towards the close of the 14th, and in the beginning of the 15th century, their power in Germany rose to a most alarming degree; and we may safely maintain that the German empire at that time contained more than an hundred thousand free-knights, who without either previous notice or trial executed every one who was condemned by the *secret ban*. Bavarians, Austrians, Franconians and Suabians, having a demand on any one whom they could not bring to justice before the regular courts of his country, applied to the Westphalian secret tribunal, where they obtained a summons, and in case of non-appearance, a sentence, which was immediately communicated to the whole fraternity of free-knights, a step by which were put in motion those hundred thousand executioners bound by the most dreadful oath to spare neither father nor mother, nor to regard the sacred ties of friendship and matrimonial love. If a free-knight met a friend condemned by the secret ban, and gave him only the slightest hint to save his life by flight, all the other free-knights were bound to hang him seven feet higher than any other criminal. The sentence being pronounced in the secret ban, they were obliged to put it into immediate execution, and not permitted to make the least remonstrance, though they were perfectly convinced that the devoted victim was the best of men, and innocent of the crime alledged against him. This induced almost every man of rank and power to become a member of that dreadful association, in order to be more able to be on his guard. Every Prince had some free-knights amongst his counsellors, and the majority of the German nobility belonged to that secret order. Even Princes; for instance, the Duke of Bavaria, and the Margrave of Brandenbourgh were members of the Secret Tribunal. The Duke William of Brunswick is reported to have said: I must order the Duke Adolphus, of Shleswic, to be hanged, if he should come to see me, lest the free-knights should hang me. It was difficult to elude the proceedings of the free knights, as they at all times contrived to steal at night, unknown and unseen, to the gates of castles, palaces and towns, and to affix the summons of the secret tribunal. When this had been done three times, and the accused did not appear; he was condemned by the secret ban, and summoned once more to submit to the execution of the sentence, and in case of non-appearance, solemnly out-lawed, when the invisible bands of free-knights watched all his steps till they found an opportunity of taking away his life. When a free-knight thought himself too weak to seize and hang the culprit, he was bound to pursue him till he met with some of his colleagues, who assisted him in hanging him to a tree, near the high road, and not to a gibbet, to signify thereby that they exercised a free imperial judicature throughout the whole empire, independent of all territorial tribunals. If the devoted victim made resistance, so as to compel them to poignard him; they tied the dead body to a tree, fixing the dagger over his head, to show that he had not been murdered, but executed by a free-knight.

Their transactions were shrouded in the most profound concealment; and the signal by which the initiated, or *knowing ones*, as they called themselves, recognized each other, never could be discovered. Their secret proceedings were not permitted to be disclosed to the Emperor himself, although he was supreme master of the chair. Only when he asked, has N. N. been condemned? the free-knights were allowed to reply in the affirmative or negative; but when he enquired who had been condemned by the secret ban? they were not permitted to mention any name.

The Emperor, or his delegate, could create free-knights no where but on the *red soil*, *i. e.* in Westphaly, with the assistance of three or four free-knights who acted as witnesses. In this they likewise resembled the free-masons; and if we consider every tribunal as a lodge, and the supreme master of the chair, as the grand-master of all Westphalian lodges, this comparison is rendered still more striking. The real signification of the term *red soil*, and the reason why it was applied to Westphaly, has not yet been traced out. The King Wenzeslaus, had created free-knights out of Westphaly, and when the Emperor, Ruprecht, asked how they were treated by the regular free-knights, he received the answer, *they are hanged without mercy*.

The Emperor alone, and no other German

Prince, could grant a safe conduct to a person who was outlawed by the secret ban, which was a privilege which Charles the Great had reserved to himself in the Saxon capitulars. The free knights, however, maintained, it was more becoming the Emperor not to grant such letters of protection at all, as he was more interested in strengthening than in weakening the power of the secret tribunals: and in this they were right, as the free counts defended the imperial authority against the encroachments of territorial jurisdiction. The Emperor Sigismund took a certain Conrad of Langen, who was out-lawed by the secret tribunal, in his service, in order to save his life. But the free counts continued to prosecute him, till he at last appealed to the ecclesiastical council at Basle.

Reformations of the numerous abuses which gradually had crept into the secret tribunals, were repeatedly attempted, especially in the years 1404, 1419, 1429, 1435, and 1437; but the corruption had already spread too far, and was rooted too deeply to be removed. They were never formally abolished, and only expired by degrees.

AN ESSAY ON THE EFFECTS OF A WELL-REGULATED THEATRE.

SCHILLER.

SULZER observes, in his Theory of the Fine Arts and Sciences, that an universal and irresistible inclination to novel and extraordinary scenes, a desire of feeling ourselves in a state of mental commotion, has given rise to dramatic exhibitions. Being exhausted by a too strenuous exertion of the mental faculties, enfeebled by the sameness and pressure of his professional occupations, and satiated by sensuality, man could not but feel a vacancy in his soul really repugnant to the unremitting impulse to activity inherent in human nature. Our nature, equally incapable of enduring for any length of time a state of mere animal existence, as of continuing the exertions of the higher faculties without intermission, panted after an intermediate state, uniting these two opposite extremes, relaxing the mind from a too intense bent of its powers, and facilitating the alternate transition from one state to the other. This advantage is invariably produced by a susceptibility of the impressions of beauty. But as a wise legislator should exert himself, above all things, to select from two effects that which is most efficacious, he will not be satisfied with having only disarmed the inclinations of his people, but, if possible, render them instrumental to the accomplishment of noble designs, and endeavour to convert them into sources of happiness. Actuated by these motives, legislators gave the preference to the stage, which opens a spacious field to a mind eager for exertion, affords nourishment to all the faculties of the soul, without overstraining any one of them, and unites the refinement of the understanding and the heart with the most innocent kind of amusement.

The person who first observed that religion is the strongest pillar of the state, and that it alone renders the laws effectual, has by this assertion, perhaps without intending or being sensible of it, defended the stage in the strongest manner. That very insufficiency and instability of positive laws, which render religion indispensably necessary for the state, determines also the whole influence the stage can produce. The laws confine themselves merely to negative duties, whereas religion extends its precepts to real actions. The laws counteract only those effects that dissolve the social bonds by which mankind is united, whilst religion prescribes such actions as render these bonds stronger. The laws decide only upon the visible effects of the will; deeds alone are subject to their exertion, whilst religion extends its jurisdiction to the inmost recesses of the heart, pursuing the thoughts of man to their primary sources. The laws are pliant, and as changeable as the humours and passions of man, whereas the bonds of religion are strong and eternal. Suppose that religion actually did exercise this powerful sway over every human heart, will and can it complete the entire refinement of man? Religion (which I distinguish here between its political and divine part) religion, in the aggregate, operates chiefly upon the sensual part of the people; but its efficacy would be lost, were we to purify it entirely from whatever strikes the senses.—And what else is it that renders the stage efficacious? Religion ceases to operate upon the majority of the human race, if we divest it of its awful pictures and problems, of heaven and hell, which operate alone by the influence they exercise over the imagination. What addition of

strength must religion and the laws acquire by a close alliance with the stage, where all is intuition, where vice and virtue, happiness and misery, folly and wisdom, are represented to man in a variety of comprehensive and faithful pictures; where providence unfolds its riddles, and solves the mysterious knots of fate before our eyes; where the human heart, stretched on the rack of passion, confesses its inmost emotions; where all masks are torn off, every gloss is wiped away, and incorruptible truth is awfully sitting in judgment.

The jurisdiction of the stage begins where the dominion of the civil law terminates. When justice is blinded by the charms of gold, and rots in the pay of vice, when the crimes of those that are in power laugh at its impotence, and fear of man fetters the arm of the magistrates, then the stage takes up the sword and balance of justice, and drags vice before its dread tribunal. The spacious regions of fancy and history, the times past and future, are obedient to its nod. Daring criminals, long mouldered in dust, are now summoned by the omnipotent voice of poetry, and repeat an ignominious life for the awful instruction of posterity. Wretches, once the terror of their cotemporaries, pass before our eyes, impotent like the phantoms produced by a magic mirror, and we curse their memory with a voluptuous horror. Though morality should be taught no longer, religion lose all credit, and the power of the law be dissolved, yet man would continue to be seized with awful dread on seeing Medea stagger down the steps of her palace, and be agitated with powerful emotions when the murder of her children is accomplished. A salutary tremor will seize the beholder, and he will rejoice at having preserved his conscience pure, when Lady Macbeth, a dreadful night walker, washes her hands, and calls in vain for all the perfumes of Arabia to dispel the odious scent of murder? It is no exaggeration if we maintain that these pictures, exhibited on the stage, finally incorporate themselves with the morals of the multitude, and in individual cases influence their sentiments. The impressions, produced by such exhibitions, are indelible, and the slightest touch is sufficient to resuscitate, as it were, the whole terrifying picture in the heart of man. Certain as it is that intuitive representation operates more powerfully than dead letters and cold recitation, it is equally certain that the stage produces a more powerful and lasting effect than all systems of morality and the written law.

But the stage in this does not merely aid the law—it has a much more spacious field to act upon. Thousands of vices, suffered by the law to remain unpunished, are chastised without mercy on the stage; and numerous virtues, which the legislature is silent, are recommended from the stage. In this it faithfully follows the directions of wisdom and religion. It derives its principles and examples from this pure source, and enrobes rigorous duty with a charming and enticing garment. How noble are the sentiments, resolutions, and passions, with which it swells our soul, how heavenly the ideas which it exhibits for imitation! When the benevolent Augustus, great as a god, offers his hand to the perfidious Cinna, who imagines to read the sentence of death on his lips, and utters the generous request, "Cinna, let us be friends!" who among the spectators would in that moment not be inclined to shake his mortal enemy kindly by the hand, in order to resemble the great Roman?—When Francis Sickingen, going to chastise an oppressive prince, and to defend the rights of a fellow-man, on the road chances to look round, and descries the smoke of his burning castle, where he left his wife and child unprotected, and proceeds on his road, in order to be faithful to his word, how great must man appear in such a moment, and how contemptible the dread of invincible fate!

Useful as the stage proves itself by representing virtue in the most amiable manner, it produces effects no less salutary by exhibiting the deformity of vice in its dreadful mirror. When the helpless and childish Lear, in a nocturnal tempest, knocks in vain at the house of his daughters, scattering his white locks into the air, and tells the furious elements how unnatural his reign had been; when he at last vents his furious pangs in the dreadful words, "I gave you all I had to give!" how abominable then must ingratitude appear to us, and how solemnly do we vow to love and to revere our parents!

But the effects which the stage can produce extend still further. It is active for our improvement, when religion and the law deem it beneath their dignity to bestow their fostering care upon human sentiments. Social happiness is as much annoyed by folly as by crimes and vices. Experience teaches us, that in the texture of human affairs the greatest weights are frequently suspended by the smallest and most tender threads, and that we, tracing human actions to their primary sources, must smile ten times, before we are once struck with horror. The more I advance in years, the smaller grows my catalogue of villains, whilst my register of fools grows more complete and numerous. If all the mortal transactions of one sex arise from one source, if all the enormous extremes of vice, which ever have branded individuals, are only altered forms, only higher degrees of one quality, which we at last

unanimously behold with a smile of pity, why should nature not have led the other sex the same road? I know but one secret of preserving man from depravity, and that is this—to guard his heart against weakness.

The stage is highly capable of performing great part of this momentous task. It presents the mirror of truth to the numerous classes of fools, and with salutary ridicule lashes folly under whatever form it may appear. It effects in such instances, by means of satire, what in others it performs by exciting tender emotions of terror. If we were to attempt to estimate the respective value of tragedy and comedy by the measure of the effects which they produce, experience would perhaps adjudge the preference to the latter.—Ridicule and contempt wound the pride of man more severely than indignation tortures his conscience. Our cowardice flies from the dread of horrors, but this very cowardice betrays us to the stings of satire. The laws and our conscience preserve us frequently from crimes and vices, whilst the perception of our follies requires a more refined sense, which we can sharpen no where more effectually than at the theatre. We may, without much reluctance, empower a friend to attack our morals and our heart, but we find it more difficult to forgive him a single laugh at our expence. Our transgressions admit of an observer and censor, but our follies scarcely can bear a witness. The stage alone is permitted freely to lash our weakness, because it spares our peevishness, and does not desire to know the guilty fool. We see in its mirror, without blushing, our follies drop their mask, and in general are thankful for the gentle reprimand.

The effects produced by the stage do not, however, terminate here. The theatre is in a higher degree than any other public institution a school of practical wisdom, a guide through civil life, an unerring key to the most secret recesses of the human soul I will not deny that infatuation and callousness of conscience frequently destroy its best effects; that these barriers to truth enable numerous vices to stand undaunted before its mirror, and that thousands of generous sentiments, recommended from the stage, make no impression upon the icy heart of the spectator; and I am inclined to believe that Moliere's Harpagon may not have reformed one usurer; that the suicide Beverley has reclaimed but a few of his brethren from the dreadful vice of gambling; and that the representation of Charles Moor will not contribute much to render the high roads safer: but though we should admit this to be the case in most instances, or even be so unjust to maintain that the stage contributes nothing at all to restrain the progress of vice, we cannot deny that its salutary influence is very great in many other respects. Though it should not be capable of either destroying or even diminishing the sum of vices, must we not confess that it makes us acquainted with them? We must live with these slaves of vice, and associate with these fools. We must either shun or counteract them; undermine their influence, or fall under it. The stage renders them incapable of taking us by surprize. We are prepared against their designs. The stage has betrayed to us the secret of detecting and disarming them. It has stript off the deceitful mask that concealed the hypocrite, and laid open the net with which cunning and cabal encompassed us. It dragged deception and falsehood out of their crooked labyrinths, and exposed their countenance to the light. Though the dreadful remorse of the unfortunate Mrs. Haller, in Kotzebue's Stranger, should not deter one voluptuary from his criminal pursuits, and the picture of the baneful effects of seduction should not be capable of quenching his guilty flame, will it not enable unsuspecting innocence to see through the artful web of seduction, and teach it to tremble at the vows and the homage of the vile seducer?

The stage does, however, direct our attention not to man and human characters alone, it also renders us attentive to the fate of man, and teaches us the great art of enduring its blows with firmness.

Accident and design act an equally important part in the vicissitudes of our life; we direct the course of the latter, but must implicitly submit to the former. We have reason to be satisfied with the advantage, if unavoidable fatalities do not surprise us unprepared; if our courage and prudence have exerted themselves already on similar occasions, and our heart has attained a sufficient degree of firmness to endure the sudden blow inflicted by adverse fate. The stage presents to our view a variegated scene of human sufferings. It involves us artfully in foreign distresses, and rewards us for momentary pangs with voluptuous tears and a most valuable acquisition of courage and experience. We follow on the stage the deserted Ariadne through the re-echoing Naxos, descend with her through the horrid tower of Ugolino, attend her to the dreadful scaffold, and await with her in anxious dread the arrival of the awful hour of death. Here we hear surprised nature unobjectionably confirm what the secret palpitations of our soul prognosticated. The betrayed favourite of his Queen is deserted by her favour in the dungeons of the tower; the agonized Francis Moor is abandoned, at the point of death, by his faithless sophistry Eternity restores the deceased to the world, to reveal secrets which no living mortal can know, and the secure villain is driven from his last horrid retreat,

because the grave evomits a dreadful witness against him.

Besides the information which the stage gives us of the fate of man, it teaches us also to be just to the unfortunate, and to judge him with indulgent humanity. We are made acquainted with the whole extent of his necessities before we are permitted to sit in judgment upon him.—Humanity and tolerance begin to predominate in our age; their cheering rays have forced their way into the courts of justice, and even farther—into the hearts of princes. How ample a share has the stage had in this beneficent change, by rendering man better acquainted with his brethren, and unfolding the secret springs which determine human actions!

A certain eminent class of men has more reason to be grateful to the stage than the rest.—Here the great and powerful hear what they never or rarely hear—truth; and behold what they never or rarely see—man in his natural form.

Thus extensive is the influence of the stage upon moral refinement; but its merits, in illuminating the human mind are no less important and obvious; and it is in this higher region where a great genius and zealous patriot turns it to the best advantage. He casts a scrutinizing look at the whole human race, compares nations with nations, centuries with centuries, and observes how slavishly the great mass of the people bend their neck beneath the yoke of prejudice and opinion, which continually counteract their happiness—observes that the purer rays of truth enlighten only a few solitary individuals, who purchase the small gain, perhaps, at the expence of a whole life. By what means can a wise legislator make a whole nation partake of the salutary light emahating from these purer rays of truth?

The stage is the common channel by which the light of truth emanates from the more enlightened part of a nation, and diffuses its gentle rays through the whole state. Notions more correct, principles more refined, and purer sentiments, flow from her through all the veins of the great bulk of the nation; the mephitic mist of barbarism, the Egyptian darkness of superstition disappears, the night gives way to conquering light. I beg leave to select only two from the numerous excellent fruits of the better stage: How universally has religious tolerance been diffused within these few last years. Before Lessing's Nathan the Jew, and Voltaire's Saladin, the Saracen put us to the blush, and preached the divine doctrine that pious submission to the will of God does not depend on our opinions of the nature of the Supreme Ruler of the world. Before Joseph II. conquered the dreadful hydra of pious hatred, did the stage already plant humanity and meekness in our heart; the horrid pictures which able dramatists drew of pagan priestly fury, taught us to avoid religious hatred, and this dreadful mirror enabled Christianity to wipe off the spots with which it was stained.—The errors of education might, by means of the stage, be attacked with equal success; but unfortunately not one of our great dramatists has as yet attempted to treat upon this important theme. Though there is nothing, by its consequences so important for the general welfare of a nation as education, yet it is totally abandoned to the prejudices, the indolence, and the thoughtlessness of every individual. The stage alone would be capable of exhibiting to public view the numerous unfortunate victims of neglected education; here our fathers might learn to renounce perverse maxims, and our mothers to love rationally—False notions lead the heart of the best pedagogues astray, which renders the consequences the more pernicious, if they boast of unnatural methods, and systematically ruin the tender plant in academies and pedagogic hot houses. The present predominant custom of instructing children in every thing but in what tends to render them practical Christians and useful subjects, deserves, more than any other fashionable folly of the age, to be lashed by the scourge of satire.

The stage might also be rendered instrumental in correcting the ideas of a nation relative to government and the superior powers. The legislative power might here speak to the subject by the medium of others, defend itself against his complaints, before they could grow loud, and bribe the mistrust of the multitude without appearing to have any share in the attempt.

I cannot omit to animadvert here on the great influence which a well-regulated theatre might exercise over the spirit of a whole nation. By the national spirit of a people, I mean the similarity and harmony of its opinions and inclinations relative to subjects concerning which another nation entertains different notions and sentiments. The stage alone has it in its power to effect this harmony in a superior degree, as it pervades the whole territory of human knowledge, exhausts all situations in life, and lays open the most hidden recesses of the human heart, and as it is resorted to by all ranks and classes, and has the earliest access to the understanding and the heart. If in all our dramatic pieces, one leading feature did prevail, if our poets agreed among themselves, and would form a close union for this purpose, if rigorous discrimination guided them in their labours, if they would resolve to

devote their pen exclusively to popular subjects, the stage might, in a superior degree, guide the spirit of the nation.

Before I conclude, I must mention one more advantage of the stage, which is more important than it is commonly thought. Human nature cannot endure, for any length of time, to be uninterruptedly stretched on the wreck of business, and the charms of the senses die away as they are gratified. Man, being cloyed by animal enjoyment, tired from long continued exertions, tormented by an incessant desire of exercising his faculties, pants after better and more refined enjoyments, or plunges heedlessly into brutal excesses, which accelerate his ruin and destroy social tranquillity. Bacchantic orgies, ruinous gambling, numberless wild excesses hatched by idleness, are unavoidable, if the legislature does not know how to direct this activity of the soul to more noble pursuits. The man of business, who generously devotes his life to the service of the state, is in danger of falling a prey to misanthropic spleen—the man of learning to become a dull pedant—and the multitude to be reduced to a state of brutality. The stage is an institution where pleasure is blended with instruction, rest with exertion, diversion with improvement; where no one faculty of the mind is strained at the expence of the other, nor any pleasure is enjoyed to the injury of society at large. When sorrow preys on the mind, when gloomy melancholy poisons our life, when we loathe the world and our occupations, when heavy burdens depress our mind, and our strength is nearly worn out by fatigue, then the theatre receives us; the artificial world into which we are transported, makes us forget the real world with all its cares and burthens; we are regenerated, as it were; our feelings are roused; salutary passions shake our dormant spirits, and give quicker circulation to the stagnating blood. The unfortunate sufferer weeps away his own sorrows while he sheds a sympathizing tear at the distresses of another; the giddy favourite of fortune grows sober, and the secure is rendered apprehensive. The sentimental Sybarite is inspired with manly firmness, and the icy callousness of the raw barbarian is thawed. Every individual participates in the universal rapture of the audience; the pleasure that sparkles in every eye and glows in every bosom, seizes irresistibly upon his sympathizing heart, all distinctions of rank and circumstances are forgotten, and the whole assembly seems to be but one happy family.

SPAIN,

In its present Physical, Moral, Political, Religious, Statistical, and Literary State.

The Spaniards in general are by no means inferior in point of capacity to any other civilized nation; the mental lethargy, in which the whole nation seems to be immersed, is owing to the thraldom in which it has hitherto been kept by the inquisition. Bigotry and an excessive national pride are the most predominant features in the character of the Spaniards. They would sooner submit to the most excruciating tortures than give up any one of the numerous mechanical ceremonies which disgrace the christian religion in Spain. A Spaniard would deem it the most enormous crime to omit hearing mass read, a holiday, or to eat meat on a fast day, though he would not scruple to assassinate an enemy, or to commit a breach of the sixth commandment, on the same day. The holy Virgin is in every respect worshipped by this nation with much greater devotion than the Supreme Being. Another instance of the total neglect of the essential precepts of our religion, is the indifference which the Spaniards display with respect to the keeping of the sabbath, it being a common sight to see them on that day work in the fields, or perform any other manual labour, though they would deem it a mortal sin were any one only to talk of labour on one of the numerous festivals of the Virgin Mary.

"The state of literature in Spain cannot but greatly contribute to support the lamentable and pernicious reign of darkness in that devoted country. The clergy take all possible pains to render foreign literature suspected by the Spaniards, bestowing the names of *protestants* and *heretics* upon all authors of eminence; and these epithets alone are sufficient to prejudice a Spaniard against the compositions of men of universal literary celebrity. The titles of prohibited books are usually affixed to the doors of the churches with a superscription purporting that they savour of protestanism. The weekly papers are likewise commonly swelled with the titles of books that come under this denomination. The best English and French authors are

indeed to be found in two public libraries at Madrid; but they are separated from the rest, as if pregnant with contagion, and can be obtained for perusal only by means of a special licence from the inquisition. On observing to one of the librarians, that this anxious care of precluding the public from reading the works of foreign nations was a manifest proof of the apprehension entertained by the Spanish clergy of the weakness of their articles of faith, I received for answer, "That it could not be denied that the people were not sufficiently instructed in religion, to be proof against the specious reasoning of foreign philosophers; the Spaniards, moreover, were not accustomed to meditate on the theological and philosophical subjects, and to enter into solid investigations; that they, consequently, were not capable of distinguishing truth from error."—The Spaniards are, however, no great lovers of reading scientific works, or any other serious composition. The literary works that interest them most, are plays, and legends of saints, which contain the most extravagant absurdities. Large collections of this kind of religious composition are found almost in every house: these and romances of knight-errantry comprehend, generally speaking, the whole compass of literary works that are deemed interesting. It is, indeed, to be lamented, that a people endowed with considerable natural capacities, and living in one of the finest countries on the face of the globe, should have been reduced so low by spiritual and political despotism. Spain formerly had a great many advantages before the other European countries, as her language attained an high degree of refinement, and the arts and sciences were successfully cultivated by the Spaniards, whilst the greatest part of Europe were involved in profound darkness.

The despotic restraint laid upon the progress of the Spaniards in mental refinement, is one of the principal causes of the avidity with which they plunge into the vortex of sensual pleasures.

There is, perhaps, no country in Europe where the goddess of love is more ardently worshipped than in Spain, which renders effeminacy of manners more universal in that country than it is any where else; prostitutes and married women are indiscriminately given to intrigue.

Charitable institutions abound in Spain, especially at Madrid, and reflect great honour on the character of the Spaniards.

The charitable disposition of the Spaniards, is the most prominent feature in the character of both rich and poor, and is not confined to their countrymen alone, but most generously extends itself to all foreigners without distinction. This laudable disposition of the nation has been productive of the most excellent public institutions for the reception and relief of the sick, and amongst these none is more distinguished than the grand hospital for male patients.—Besides this hospital, there is another called the grand general hospital for women, which was founded by two private gentlemen. These two hospitals were formerly under the direction of the council of Castile, but now are superintended by a special commission appointed by the King. The chief director is a grandee of Spain, and the members are spiritual and secular persons of the first respectability. With these hospitals are united several orders of both sexes, who are bound to afford the patients all assistance in their power. Regularity, cleanliness, and the most careful attention to the wants of the patients, are the most striking characteristics of these hospitals. There are three hundred surgeons appointed at the grand hospital for male patients, who must attend the regular physicians to the sick bed, and see their prescriptions carefully executed. After having served some years in the hospital, they are promoted in the army and navy, preferably to all others. The apartments are cleaned, and the beds made by the charitable brethren and sisters, whose tender attention to the wants and comforts of the patients is most exemplary. All the bedsteads in the hospitals are made of iron. I never saw a single flea in these hospitals; an evident proof of the great attention which is paid to cleanliness. The strictest regularity with respect to the diet of the sick, is enforced in both hospitals. The patients have an excellent convenience to take the benefit of the air. The reception into the hospital is not attended with the least difficulty. Those that can walk, go there without any previous application or recommendation, and such as are unable to walk, send word to the governors, informing them of their situation, when a chair is sent from the hospital to fetch them. Foreigners who are admitted, are not even asked to what religious sect they belong. Ecclesiastics of different nations are appointed to console foreigners in their own language. Every Sunday and holiday the hospital for male patients is visited by the charitable fraternity, and that for female patients by the charitable sisterhood, who comb and wash the sick, and do every thing in their power to render the situation of these unfortunate people particularly comfortable on the Lord's day. In these humane exertions they are generally assisted by people of the first rank, and I have frequently seen on these occasions even grandees zealously employed in consoling and administering relief to the sick. Ladies of the first eminence perform the same charitable office in the hospital destined for their own sex. Thanks to *our superior refinement!* our ladies of fashion contrive to spend their time on the Lord's day in

a more *rational* manner at the card-table!—Besides the ample funds with which these hospitals are provided, they derive also a considerable revenue from one third of the net produce of all theatres, and the total produce of all bull baitings, which in the year 1804 amounted to 1,705,131 reals.—Besides these two grand hospitals, there are several more in Madrid of a smaller size, namely, the French, Italian, Flemish, Irish, Portuguese, &c. hospitals In these smaller hospitals every patient has a room to himself—Madrid likewise posseses a lying-in and a foundling hospital, which are equally well provided and administered A public institution for lending money upon pledges without interest, established in Madrid, is particularly honourable to the Spaniards. It is left entirely to the justice and gratitude of the debtor, whether he chooses to pay a small sum, in lieu of interest, on redeeming his pledge A committee for relieving the wants of the poor is appointed in every parish. Their principal care is directed to relieve such as are ashamed to make their necessity publicly known. The numerous religious fraternities existing in Spain contribute likewise kindly to relieve the necessities of those that are in distress. Many grandees of the first class are members of these pious associations.

Madrid contains many public libraries. The royal library is the most complete, and open every day. Any one may without difficulty obtain the book he wants; but this library as well as all others contains very few modern works of eminence. The philosophical writings of the English, Germans, and French, are entirely excluded. A separate apartment is allotted to prohibited books, which are extremely difficult to be obtained. With the royal library there is also connected a very valuable collection of scarce gold and silver coins: it possesses likewise a great number of ancient manuscripts. The royal collection of natural curiosities is extremely rich in minerals. The collection of precious stones is more complete and valuable than any in Europe.

There are several academies of arts and sciences at Madrid, namely, the royal academy of Spain, and the academies of history, painting, and medicine. The former has published an excellent dictionary of the Spanish language, in six large quarto volumes. The medical academy is the least respected. The academy of painting has of late contributed very much to the promotion of the fine arts in Spain. The lectures on drawing, mathematics, and architecture, are open to all who wish to profit by them. The admission is gratis. No foreigner can obtain the prizes annually distributed by this academy. Agricultural societies are established in several parts of the country. They keep up a constant correspondence with the *los amigos del pais* at Madrid; but little good has been effected as yet by these societies

The state of the Spanish universities is very lamentable: they are seminaries of superstition. The number of students at Salamanca once amounted to fifteen thousand; at present it does not exceed four thousand. The life of the students is dissolute in the extreme. The grammar schools are not better than the universities. The Spaniards speak their language with great purity. The Spanish language not being crowded with too many consonants, is much superior in harmony to the French, English, and German, and possesses a more numerous mass of popular songs and ballads than any other European language. Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, Garcilasso, Calderon, Gongora, Boskan, Augustine Moreto, Anthony de Solis, are the favourite authors of the nation They have distinguished themselves by romances, novels, poetry, and plays. Cervantes, besides his celebrated Don Quixotte, has written many works, as novels, comedies, and eight smaller pieces, called *entremezes* (intermezzos), which, by their comic spirit, are rendered far superior to his plays. None of his novels are deemed equal to his Quixotte: they are twelve in number, and contain a most faithful and animated description of the manners of his age. Of his plays, twelve only are extant. Angels, devils, and sorcerers, are the leading characters. Cervantes lived and died in poverty, and frequently was on the point of starving. Lopez de Vega and Calderon are the principal Spanish dramatists. Lopez de Vega was born in 1562, at Madrid, and died on the same day with our immortal Shakespeare; a coincidence very remarkable Cervantes, Calderon, and Quevedo, were his cotemporaries. He acquired an immense fortune by his writings, which are uncommonly numerous. He is notorious for having neglected all rules of the dramatic art, a defect which also distinguishes the numerous works of Calderon. He is less original than Lopez de Vega. His Cat-Fopee (*Gatomachia*) is the most finished of all his works Augustine Moreto occupies the third rank among the Spanish dramatists. A drama, entitled the Cavalier, is reckoned the most eminent of his compositions Gongora has written satiric-lyric poems, which are highly valued, but difficult to be understood The miscellaneous poems of Boskan and Garcilasso are much easier. The compositions of the latter are strongly tinctured with a melancholy cast which is said to have been the effect of many domestic misfortunes. Quevedo has rendered himself famous by his novels and dreams. The prominent characteristic of his writings are satirical wit, original humour, and knowledg

of the human heart. His dreams have been translated into several languages, and frequently imitated. He has also written several works on historical, political, and theological subjects. The most eminent modern authors are, Vego, Sarmiento, Flores, Buriel, and Isla, all of them ecclesiastics. Isla has written a keen satire upon indifferent preachers, under the title of *Historia del famoso preditator fray Gerundio*, in which he attempts to reform the Spanish preachers; but his excellent plan was frustrated by the persecutions of ignorant and fanatic priests. Many of the latest writers display a considerable degree of good taste. The most distinguished of them is Yriarte, who has translated several English works, amongst which are, the Spectator, Rambler, and Hume's History; besides some others of the amusing kind, as Clarissa Harlowe and Tom Jones. He is, however, closely watched by the inquisition, which has already prevented the publication of the translations of several important works, as for instance, the Encyclopedia and Robertson's history of America. The monthly publications which appear display also many proofs of an increasing refinement of taste, and enlightened understanding. The best historians of the Spaniards are, Mariana, Solis, and Herreras. None has, however, distinguished himself by a philosophical spirit. Father Isla has written the best compendium of the History of Spain. The Spaniards have done much for typographical beauty. The most splendid works are, Mariana's History, and a Translation of Sallust, by the Infant Don Lewis. The price of the latter work is an ounce of gold.

SINGULAR FASHIONS.

The rage of fashion is not confined to the female sex in Europe alone; it extends its fantastic sway over the whole globe; and proud as our fashionable belles may be of their refinement in dress, we may venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that they will never succeed in eclipsing the inventive genius which the fair ones in the interior of America display in the disposal of their attire—though it consists of nothing else but the *skin* with which kind nature has furnished them.

No female Indian in America would be so indecent as to go abroad *naked*; the women in the interior of America being invariably compelled, by the tyranny of custom, to appear in public completely dressed, which they perform by besmearing the whole body with oil, and painting on it a great variety of figures in different colours; and travellers protest, that when thus arrayed they appear to great advantage at a distance. Another article of their dress consists of large teeth of fishes, suspended from their ears, which hang down to the shoulders, the tips of them being pierced by their mothers in their earliest infancy, and the holes gradually extended so much, that a hand might pass through. They wear rings in their nostrils, which hang down to the upper lip, a necklace composed of monkies teeth, and bracelets consisting of shells; ornaments which render them objects irresistibly bewitching in the eyes of the young men of taste and fashion.

The women of a certain Indian nation in America consider a very bulky calf to the leg as one of the greatest personal charms, and in order to put their girls in possession of this singular accomplishment, the mothers fasten strong rings round the legs of their female infants, below the knee, and above the ancles, which they wear all their life. These rings, obstructing the free circulation of the blood, force it to extend that part of the leg which they confine; whence the calves attain a most astonishing size, which affords to these Indian belles a charm whose all-conquering power no young Indian gentleman is able to resist. The beaus of the ladies with these bulky calves wear enormous wigs made of feathers, which in size completely correspond with the protuberant charms of the belles. An assembly of this nation, consisting of naked men with enormous wigs of feathers, and of girls with calves of such an unnatural size, must exhibit as ridiculous a sight as a party of French ladies and gentlemen of fashion in the 16th century, when the former wore enormous artificial posteriors stuffed with horse-hair, and the latter bellies of an astonishing size, consisting of cushions filled with husks.

The Achaguas reckon it one of the most charming ornaments to wear large artificial whiskers, covering one half of the face, and uniting on the chin. These whiskers are so durable that nothing is capable of removing them. The mother takes a fish's tooth as sharp as a lancet, tattooing with it the figure of a pair of whiskers on the lips, cheeks, and the chin of the child, and after having wiped off the blood, rubs the incision with a black powder, which produces the figure of a pair of whiskers never to be effaced.

The Omaguas, a nation of the kingdom of Quito, make small syringes of gum elastic, one of which is presented to each of their guests when they give an entertainment. The omission of this act of civility would be looked upon as a mark of an utter want of good breeding, and the application of a clyster, in the presence of the whole company, before they sit down to dinner, is reckoned by them as necessary for the purposes of cleanliness, as the washing of hands on the same occasion in the eastern countries. The ancient Romans are known to have taken a gentle emetic during dinner, in order to make room for an additional quantity of victuals, a custom of which the fashionable world at Vienna are likewise accused by several travellers, though we have great reason to suspect that this charge is utterly unfounded, and nothing but the effect of a foolish desire of saying something new, though at the expence of truth.

SABINA

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

[*Continued from Vol. II. Page* 128.]

Scene VI.—Droso fetches the Robes; Washing of Hands; View of the Wardrobe and of the Apartments of the Slaves; Presses for Clothes; Shoes; the Tunic.

The interruption of the officious Zenothemis, and Myrrhinetta's unexpected delivery had protracted Donna Sabina's breakfast to such a length, that double diligence was now necessary in arranging the other necessary parts of her dress. One of her maids had long been waiting for orders to that effect. Her name was Droso and to her the chief care of Sabina's wardrobe was committed. She now advanced to ask the important question whether her mistress would wear the gold flounce, or that which was festooned with pearls, together with the state dress in which it was necessary she should appear at the solemnity. "The maids," added Droso, "are all waiting in the wardrobe for your orders. The clothes are taken out of the presses and every thing is ready."

The question is obviously of considerable importance, and requires a mature, but at the same time speedy consideration. Sabina was going to a review and was likely to be herself surveyed by a thousand eyes; she was going to see and to be seen, exposed as she would be in an open balcony from head to foot, to the inquisitive eyes of jealous rivals. "What is your opinion, Kypassis?" said the lady to her favorite attendant who has already been introduced to the notice of the reader.

With the utmost respect the brows Kypassis replied: "Who can presume, most excellent mistress, to direct your taste which all the Roman ladies implicitly take for the standard of their dress! But, some weeks since when you sent your cousin Saturninus the beautiful bandeaus of pearls for the chest and head of his charger, did you not say that, on this day, you would wear the new pearl dress *Isis-Cleopatra* which your husband lately brought you from Alexandria? You certainly only wanted to put my memory to the proof. For that dress must likewise be accompanied with the pearl flounces."

Sabina turned to Droso, with a look of severity on her brow from which the name of Saturninus pronounced by Kypassis had scarcely been able to disperse the gloomy clouds which again began to gather there. "You have your answer," said she.

At her nod Kypassis brings a wet sponge in a silver wash-hand basin. The slave had just dipped it into asses milk, and now gently rubs with it the hands of her mistress. A maiden standing by her side, holds the soft towel ready for drying them*. It was not for nothing that Sabina had cast her eye on the golden and silky locks of the page who was still waiting in the corner for her command. At her beck he advanced and the haughty lady wiped her hands in the beautiful ringlets of the fair boy†.

* These were linen towels, the stuff of which had been so beaten both in the thread and web, as to be perfectly shaggy, but extremely soft and pleasant to the touch, like cotton wool. This was a refinement far surpassing our modern towels of the finest damask.

† In Petronius c. 27. we find Trimalchio doing the same thing. It cannot be doubted that the history of the fair sinner in the Gospel who washed the feet of her respected teacher and dried them with her hair, ought to be taken in the same manner.

Droso meanwhile flies back to the wardrobe, and accompanied by two other maidens brings the Domina's dress. But let us first attend the swift footed slave into the wardrobe-apartment, situated in the left wing of the house, near the rooms of the weavers, the embroiderers and the dress-makers, and which promises to afford our curiosity for a few moments abundant gratification.

Figure to yourself the back part of the spacious place where Sabina resides, swarming like an ant's nest with slaves of both sexes, who have no other employment than by the exercise of every kind of art and profession to supply in the cheapest manner every want of the Domina, to gratify her every whim however impracticable it may appear. Here a whole wing is divided partly into small chambers to which the female slaves are obliged to make a wretched shift, and partly into larger rooms where certain occupations require the joint labours of many. The first apartment backward is the spinning and weaving room. This we may know from the singing of the industrious weavers and spinners; for thus these poor creatures who are obliged to work late and early in order to execute their allotted tasks, beguile their tedious labour. The spinners are superintended by a very severe task mistress, and some of them by the commands of the Domina are even compelled to do a double portion of work as a punishment. Near them are the weavers who are employed in weaving a kind of fine muslin after a new pattern for a summer dress for the Domina. Formerly in the more virtuous and happy days of Rome, the mistress of the family occupied herself in spinning and weaving in the great hall, in the midst of her female slaves. This practice had however been relinquished long before the days of our Sabina; and it was regarded as mere affectation in the Empress Livia, that she was determined to make all the ordinary clothes worn by her husband, the Emperor Augustus. Now a Roman lady of fashion had scarcely time to revise the accounts of her overseer once in a decade, and to give her a new pattern for a torment to her wretched spinners and weavers.

The next apartment is occupied by the dress-makers. Though a rich Roman lady might perhaps purchase the most costly stuffs of Syrian and Alexandrian merchants, they were always made up by her own slaves kept in the house for that particular purpose. Close to this was the apartment of the embroiderers, of whose skill and ingenuity we shall soon see a specimen; and next came the room containing the wardrobe itself, where some slaves especially employed there, awaited with eager expectation Droso's return. These females had also a peculiar appellation, and were called *vestiplicæ* (folders of clothes) As etiquette forbade the Roman ladies of distinction to appear in public in any other costume than that appropriated to matrons, excepting the purple flounce, and the stripes of gold in the tunic, this dress admitted of no other colour than white for the upper garment, and no other material than the finest woollen or half-silk; and no pains were spared to give these white garments the highest degree of smoothness and brilliancy of which they were susceptible. For this purpose they used particular presses, beneath which the clothes were kept, till they were taken out for use. Before they were put into this machine, they were folded with the greatest care, and this practice was also extended to the garments of the men of Rome, when they became as effeminate as the women. From this employment then these slaves received their appellation, and in this apartment we observe several presses and smoothing machines, for the above mentioned purpose. In the exquisitely polished chests ranged round the room are contained all the treasures of our Domina's wardrobe. The inscriptions afford some idea of the multiplicity of the garments kept here, for Sabina in private parties of pleasure was fond of imitating the coloured fancy dresses of females of easy virtue*, and had a distinct wardrobe for each particular festival and for every season.

"Dorcas!" cried the half breathless Droso, as she entered the apartment containing the wardrobe, to one of her companions, "make haste, and get ready the train with the flounce festooned with pearls! The Domina has chosen that dress for the day!" Dorcas had fortunately received an early intimation from Kypassis, and had already sewed the purple train decorated with pearls, to the most beautiful new and brilliant white tunic. The other garments has long been ready; and the little troop of clothes-folders instantly set off with the different parts of the Domina's dress carefully laid over their arms, and carried them, exhaling the most costly perfumes into Sabina's dressing-room. Karmion had just put on the feet of her mistress the shoes of the finest white leather, paying particular atten-

* Though in Ovid's Art of Love and other poets, we find mention made of as many different colours for ladies clothes, as there are among the patterns of modern times; it should not be forgotten that they are speaking only of that class of dressy and good-natured females who were called at Rome, *libertinæ*, and not of matrons, who wore no other coloured stuffs than gold and purple, unless they chose wantonly to degrade themselves.

tion not to give an unfavourable omen by any mistake*.

The mere putting on of these garments cannot take up much time. Sabina had already put on her shift on her first entering the dressing room. This is a delicate tunic with sleeves, which cover only half of the upper part of the arm, made of the finest cotton, and till she is completely dressed, fastened under the breast with a narrow girdle. Kypassis, who alone has the honour of assisting her mistress in this operation, unties the girdle, and first winds a small purple ribbon round the breasts, by which means the ladies of antiquity obtained in an easier manner those advantages which the females of modern times seek to procure by means of elastic corsets. This done, Dorcas reaches the tunic, properly so called, which Kypassis helps the Domina to put on.

As this tunic, the uppermost of the undergarments, constitutes the principal article of dress and displays the greatest luxury, it may not be amiss, while Kypassis is thus employed, to take a view of it for a few moments. This garment is made of a stuff, the warp of which is composed of the finest Milesian wool, and the woof of cotton, of a brilliant white. It has short sleeves, which only reach to the elbow, and which after a fashion common among the Dorian Greeks, are cut longitudinally, and fastened together again with gold clasps. At the bosom it has a border two fingers in breadth of double-dyed purple, call *dibaphon*, which was not only twice as strong a colour, but also twice as expensive as that which had only been once dyed. Of the same colour is also the lowest part of the train, which was considered as characteristic of the tunic of the Roman matrons. The white tunic, properly so called, descended only a little lower than the knee, and was not worn so short by any but females of no reputation, of the class of libertines, who did not fail to wear gaudy and expensive sandals with gold chains, buckles and other ornaments above the ancles. But the tunic of a matron had a peculiar kind of train†, with abundance of folds, which reached so low as scarcely to suffer any part of the feet to be seen. This train was usually decorated with all kinds of ornaments, and what the French term *agréémens* and *appliqués*, and also with embroidering. Fine plates of beaten gold, or gold threads were likewise frequently sewed to it: but in general it had at the bottom a wider purple border. The tunic of our Sabina had such a border, which was still further embellished by a bandeau of pearls fastened to it with great art.

Kypassis now girds this long tunic-chemise with a simple white ribbon, as any other decoration would be completely concealed by the mantle which is to come over it, or by the bagging folds of the tunic itself. The whole art of the sleeve in this operation consists in drawing up the train, which otherwise would fall upon the ground and prevent the possibility of walking, so far as to shew only the toe of the foot, and to form a handsome fold all round above the girdle.

Sabina is now completely dressed except throwing on the long white mantle which Droso holds in readiness. But the most important thing of all still remains to be done. The pearl ornaments which Sabinus recently brought his wife from Alexandria, are still to be hung on. The bracelets are not yet fastened, nor the rings put on her fingers. Spatale already stands waiting with the open jewel casket. In a few moments our Venus Anadyomene will go forth perfect from the hands of her busy maidens.

* As the ancients had a particular shoe for each foot, consequently a right and left shoe, any mistake in putting them on was looked upon as a sign that every thing would go wrong during the whole day. This silly notion was sufficient to give uneasiness even to the first of the Roman Emperors, who in many respects was a man of a very little mind.

† The train was called *instita*, and was made of the same kind of stuff as the tunic, but, as may still be seen from many Roman statues, it had a great number of small folds, and a purple or gold border at the bottom. The tunic and the train together were called *stola*, which exactly corresponds with the modern expression, *full dress*.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page 248, Vol. II.*]

CHAP. XII.

History of French Fashions, Continued.

THE farther we proceed, the greater abundance we find of materials relative to the different changes of female dress in France. On entering upon the epoch of Henry the fourth's reign, we might introduce very circumstantial details concerning the fashions; these, however, would not only occasion too great prolixity, but would be uninteresting to the reader. All the existing monuments exhibit representations of these costumes. I shall therefore pass very lightly over the reigns of Henry and his immediate successors, confining myself to a few anecdotes and the principal traits, which will give some idea of the ridiculous taste of the females even in the most enlightened ages. It will be seen that the fashions of the age of Louis XIV. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. were infinitely more extravagant than those of the early period of the monarchy.

Henry IV. perceived the necessity of assigning limits to a luxury that kept continually increasing. Of all the sumptuary laws enacted at different epochs, none was so judicious as the edict of 1604, in which Henry, after prohibiting the wearing of gold and silver upon apparel, adds, "excepting, however, women of pleasure and rogues, for whom we are not sufficiently interested to do them the honour to pay attention to their conduct." This ordinance was perhaps the only one that produced a speedy effect; the women of pleasure and rogues durst not avail themselves of this exclusive permission, though they had paid very little attention to the repeated prohibitions which had heretofore been issued: so true it is that these brilliant superfluities are held in no higher estimation than the example of the great procures them.

But this law acted upon the women only as a repellent, if I may be allowed to use that expressive term of the medical arts; that is, the fair sex being restricted in the employment of exterior ornaments, concentrated the science of the toilette and of dress, and invented a fashion which certainly no law could have touched, because it was out of sight. We shall briefly illustrate it by a passage from St. Foix's Essays on Paris:—"The Marchioness d'Estrées, mother of the beautiful Gabrielle, was killed in a sedition at Essone, in Auvergne. It appears that her body was left in the streets very indecently exposed, and furnished an opportunity of observing a fashion which had been for some time introduced among women of quality. It was not only the hair of the head that they adorned with crimp ribbon of different colours." *To obtain the favour of a lady*, was an expression that might then be taken in a literal sense.

During this reign likewise appeared the prodigious ruffs invented in Spain, to conceal the wen, an endemial malady in that country. The hoops became larger than ever, to judge from the portraits of that age which are still extant, and among others, from those of Queen Margaret, which brings to my recollection the following anecdote of that Princess:

Margaret of France, the first wife of Henry IV. was inordinately addicted to gallantry. Henry himself often rallied her smartly on this subject. She was married to him in 1572; the marriage was annulled in 1599; but still she was always called Queen Margaret. M. de Freine Forget being one day with that princess, observed, that he was astonished how men and women with such enormous ruffs, could eat soup without spoiling them, and especially how the ladies could be gallant in their prodigious large hoops. The queen made no reply, but a few days afterwards having a very large ruff, and *boulle* to eat, she directed a spoon with a long handle to be brought, so that she dispatched her mess without soiling her dress. Having finished, she turned to M. Fresne.—"There," said she to him, with a smile, "you see that with a little contrivance, a remedy may be found for every thing."—"Certainly, madam," replied he, "as to what relates to the upper part I am perfectly satisfied."

Let us now pass to the 17th century; the fashion of wearing hoops ceased, and the lofty head-dress disappeared for some time; the latter, however, returned at the conclusion of the century more ridiculous than ever. It is true they changed their name, being then denominated *fontanges*.

Figure to yourself a vast edifice of wire, sometimes two feet in height, and divided into several stories. On this frame was put a great quantity of bits of muslin, ribbon, and hair. At the least motion the whole fabric shook, and threatened destructions which was extremely inconvenient. It was nevertheless asserted that the husbands liked this fashion, and that it guaranteed the di-

cretion of their wives. Every piece of which this enormous head-dress was composed had a particular name, and these names were not less ridiculous than the things they denoted. Among which were the duchess, the solitaire, the cabbage, the mouse, the musqueteer, the crescent, the firmament, the tenth heaven, and others equally ludicrous. This fashion was, however, suddenly relinquished; the head-dress became extravagantly low; and to make amends, the women adopted high heels. This sudden change gave occasion to the following lines, by Ghaulieu, which conclude with an epigram of considerable point:

" Paris cède à la mode et change ses parures,
" Ce peuple imitateur et singe de la cour,
" A commencé depuis un jour
" D'humilier, enfin, l'orgueil de ces coiffures:
" Mainte courte beauté s'en plaint, gronde, et tempête,
" Et pour se rallonger, consultant les destins,
" Apprend d'eux qu'on retrouve, en haussant ses patins,
" La taille que l'on perd en abaissant sa tête.
" Voila le changement extrême
" Qui met en mouvement nos femmes de Paris:
" Pour la coiffure des maris
" Elle est ici toujours la même."

This happy change in the head-dress was not of long duration. The women soon began again to erect magnificent edifices upon their heads. But, alas! the empire of fashion, like all other empires, is subject to violent revolutions; a single moment was sufficient to destroy a head dress or demolish a bastile—and that moment arrived. Two English ladies effected a most astonishing revolution in the fashions, which cannot fail to form a distinguished feature in this history. These two ladies who had recently arrived at Paris, went to Versailles in June 1714, to see Louis XIV. at supper. They wore an extreme low head-dress, which was then as ridiculous as one two-feet high would appear at present. No sooner had they entered than they produced such a sensation that a considerable noise took place. The King inquired the reason of this extraordinary bustle, and was informed that it was occasioned by the presence of two ladies, whose heads were dressed in a very singular style. When the King saw them, he observed to the duchess and other ladies who were supping with him, that if the women had any sense, they would relinquish their ridiculous head-dress and adopt the simple fashion of the two strangers. The wishes of a King are commands to his courtiers. The ladies were sensible that they should be obliged to submit: the sacrifice was painful—to demolish such lofty head-dresses was little better than decapitation. There was no remedy; the fear of displeasing the monarch overcame every other consideration, and the whole night was employed in destroying the edifice of three stories. The two uppermost were totally suppressed, and the third was cut down to one half. Thus ended the reign of high head-dresses, which had been relinquished and again adopted at various periods during 300 years, and which again appeared, some time afterwards, as we shall presently see, with increased extravagance.

I regret exceedingly that I am obliged to adduce an additional proof that women never drop one ridiculous fashion, without adopting another; it is the duty of an historian to adhere to the truth. *Vitam impendere vero* was the motto of Rousseau, who, however, did not treat of subjects so important as that which now employs my pen. But to proceed.

High head-dresses having now disappeared in a single night, as if by enchantment, it became necessary that feminine caprice should fix on some new object. Hoops again came into fashion. It is true they were not called by their former appellation of *vertugadins*. What woman would have worn a fashion as old as the time of Francis I. She who could have proposed such a thing would have become an object of derision. But by a stroke of genius, the name of *panniers* was given to them, and all the women fell passionately in love with them. The circumstances which led to the revival of this extravagant costume were these:

The return of hoops was owing to the same two English ladies who have been already mentioned. Two days after the downfall of the towering head dress, they took a walk, in the evening, in the great alley of the Thuilleries. Their robes expanded by vast hoops of whalebone, excited the curiosity of the Parisians, naturally an inquisitive race, but whose curiosity in this case was very pardonable, since the spectacle was then in view. They crowded round the two ladies to examine them, and the concourse increasing every moment, they had well nigh been squeezed to death. A bench saved them. There was at that time a yew hedge on either side of the alley, and seats were placed at intervals, near the hedge. It was behind one of these seats that the two ladies entrenched themselves, and there they could with less danger sustain the impetuous assaults of public curiosity. Nevertheless, their situation became rather awkward. It is true they were protected both in the front and the rear; but they began to be warmly attacked on the flanks, when a soldier found means to extricate them. He opened a passage through the yew hedge, assisted the besieged through the breach, and conducted them to the orangery of the Thuilleries.

[*To be continued.*]

ESSAY ON POLITENESS IN MANNERS.

Politeness, like taste and grace, is something that pleases us, that we feel and love, without being able precisely to define its nature. It might even be styled, without impropriety, taste and grace in manners. In this point of view, an investigation into the nature of politeness would lead us into the metaphysics of taste; and the numerous observations which we are daily enabled to make in society, are capable of furnishing us with sufficient light to trace the connection of politeness with letters and the arts.

If, indeed, we observe that politeness in manners was always cotemporary with taste in the arts, that the ages of Pericles, of Augustus, and Louis XIV. were the most brilliant epochs of attic wit, Roman urbanity, and French politeness, it will be difficult to deny this analogy, the existence of which I suspect.

In the origin of societies men had little connection with each other; domestic cares occupied their lives, whose only ornaments were family virtues. If accident brought them together, benevolence shone in its utmost purity, when it was not obscured by interest; a stranger was either a guest or an enemy, and never was man an indifferent object to his fellow. Their virtues were open, their manners rude, and their passions violent. Each had at that time his peculiar character, and bore strong marks of originality — Similar, but not perfectly alike, all the individuals of the species were distinguished by remarkable differences; as the leaves of the oaks of the forest, though of the same texture and form, all vary from each other in the exact shape and tint.

Society in its progress, assembling men in large masses, and inclosing them in towns, connected them by closer ties. Their interests were combined in a thousand ways; the wants of individuals became more numerous, and their affairs more complicated; their very passions changed their aspect, as wild plants removed into our gardens, there assume new forms; in a word, their relations and dependencies were infinitely diversified

Social order soon extended itself like an immense net, one of the meshes of which cannot be shaken without affecting a great number of others. Women entered more or less into society*, they consequently assumed an influence over it, and exercised a kind of dominion by means of that talent of seduction which is peculiar to them, and which Montesquieu calls "the art which little minds possess of governing great ones" Force was then obliged to yield to address; the question now no longer was how to vanquish and subdue, but how to attract by insinuating manners and to please, became a necessity. The constant collisions of society had worn off its asperities; a general tone of amenity and politeness began to distinguish the inhabitants of cities; rudeness became disgusting; it was confined to the peasantry, and received the contemptuous appellation of clownishness.

The influence of women was still stronger in society than in business; it was only through their empire over society that they usurped political authority: grace subdued force. The versatility of their imaginations, the delicacy of their impressions, the vivacity of their sentiments soon imparted a character of elegance to manners. They created taste, and gave publicity to the secrets of graces. That art of exciting interest without feeling any; of paying attention to all, and of engaging the attention of all even while thinking only of one; that delicacy in touching the weak side of a heart; that address in sparing every one's self-love, that dexterity in pleasing every one's taste, that universality in all the means of charming soon awakened tender sentiments. The arts were the offspring of the passions, which they tend to strengthen: sensibility animated genius; imagination formed enchanting chimeras, which were encouraged in every heart by the magic of poetry and music; all the passions were blended into one, and hence sprung that model of the beautiful, which created all virtues, all talents, and all graces. Influenced by the same charm, and, as it were, by one com-

* The seclusion of women was a law of antiquity among all the Orientals. Among the Greeks, they had separate apartments, and very little communication with the other sex. But the intrigues of the Seraglio and the revolutions caused by women in almost all the eastern courts, prove that the shutting them up is but a feeble obstacle to their influence. It was the jealousy of a plebeian woman against her sister whose husband was consul, that caused the elevation of plebeians to the Consulate. From the invasion of Greece, by Xerxes, to the peace of Utrecht, it is impossible to mention, perhaps one single great political event in which the influence of women has not been exerted in two opposite ways.

mon inspiration, courageous minds performed great actions, which great talents immortalized on canvass and in marble. The th atre arose; artists became more numerous, and monuments multiplied heroes. A picturesque religion, mingled heaven with earth in a concurrence of reciprocal passions; the pencil and the chisel in the hands of Phidias and Apelles, were solely occupied in producing images of the gods, of heroes and of beauty; while the lyre and the flute united their melodious tones to embellish the hymns of Callimachus, the strains of Pindar and the odes of Anacreon. Such is the picture of that period of attic politeness which for a short time blessed a soil fertile in prodigies, and enveloped in an atmosphere of voluptuousness.

Rome, barbarous and flushed with conquest, incessantly agitated by civil dissensions, by the continual struggles of ambition for power, retained the rudeness of her manners in the midst of her triumphs. To no purpose did subjugated Greece adorn with her spoils the capital of the conquerors of the world; the love of arts and of letters, and the politeness of manners, which is so intimately connected with it, could never gain a footing in their ferocious hearts. The monuments of genius transplanted to Rome remained strangers to them, and served rather for trophies than models, till Marius, Scylla, Pompey, Cæsar, those scourges of their country and avengers of the world, had at length by their atrocities and disasters, created a necessity for the government of Augustus. Every thing then assumed a new form: the gates of the temple of Janus were shut; all the violent passions, restrained by authority, became tranquillized, and were lulled to sleep; repose and felicity softened every mind, and rudeness disappeared. The love of pleasure, so natural to peaceful man, the sensibility, arising from pleasure, or the expectation of it, taste, politeness and the graces were every where displayed, and assigned to this historical epoch a distinguished place in history.

The age of Louis XIV. the comparison of which to the age of Augustus does honour to the latter*, likewise succeeded civil wars which had desolated France almost without intermission ever since the death of Henry II. Similar circumstances produced similar effects. Louis XIV. had even some advantages in point of situation over Augustus. In France as at Rome, the people sighed only for repose and an established authority. Legitimate power, established on the most ancient basis, gave the young King, at the very beginning of his reign a firmness, which Augustus, the usurper, could obtain only from time and the benefits of his reign.

The blood of Henry IV. and St Louis, which, for so many ages had rendered the glory of a single family the glory of the whole nation, was more venerable to the French, than it was possible for the fable of Venus and Anchises to be to the Romans. The youth of the King, his graceful person, his wit, the greatness of his character, that mixture of Spanish dignity and Italian elegance, which he had acquired from Anne of Austria and the Cardinal Mazarine, filled all his subjects with admiration, affection and enthusiasm; and it might be asserted of him with more truth than Virgil said of Augustus: "He reigns over people who willingly submit to his laws." Every heart was opened to love, joy and hope; all were prepared to receive agreeable impressions. What dispositions could be more favourable to the introduction of the arts, of letters, and of politeness of manners!

What then is taste, what is grace, what is their effect on society, and how can they alter manners?

Taste is a delicate touch of sensibility applied to agreeable objects. Its judgment is the result of the impressions it has received. It adopts or rejects at once, without reflection or calculation; it consists entirely in emotion. It is independent of rules, for it precedes, may it made them: and before the understanding has combined the proportions and proprieties, taste has decided: it has judged, because it has felt. It may be said that taste is the consciousness of beauty. Those two principles have, in fact, one common source, sensibility affected by moral sentiments, or by agreeable sentiments. How fertile is this principle of sensibility! The discovery of the nature of the human soul, which is acknowledged to be the principle of love, is the sure basis of morality and of arts as well as of religion†. This discovery gives birth to a new system of metaphysics, which proposes for the object of its researches the whole theory of the affections, as the other embraces in its speculations the whole theory of the ideas.

Ideal beauty, that torch of genius which

* To persons not divested of classic prejudices, this assertion will perhaps appear exaggerated; but if it be considered that the age of Augustus was distinguished only by letters, and that elegance of manners, which cannot be appreciated but by contemporaries; while the age of Louis XIV. was that of all arts, of all talents, of all genius, from Turenne to la Quintinie, from Bossuet to Lenôtre, we shall be astonished at this prodigious fecundity of nature at one period, and shall acknowledge is without either a model or a copy in history.

† "What is religion?" says Pascal, "God sensible to the heart."

illuminated the statuary and the painter, is nothing but moral beauty, intellectual beauty, applied to the arts of imitation. 'Tis there that Phidias found the head of his Olympian Jupiter; thence Raphael borrowed the sublime traits of his transfiguration, and Michael Angelo the sombre touches of his last judgment. The terrible, the graceful and sublime, issue alike from this common source.

In society, where to please is every thing; gracefulness is the sublime in manners; but it can only be acquired by not being sought after; it is the natural fruit of a mind happily formed, or so improved by cultivation and experience of the world, that amiable habits have become perfectly natural.

In fact, grace is the unstudied expression of an amiable sentiment left totally uncontroled; it has its source in truth, its form in negligence, which betrays the truth; it shews it, because it does not think any one is looking on: it is the chaste Diana surprized by Endymion. Grace shines in a word, in a gesture, in a look, in a smile, in an attitude, in every thing that strikes without intending to be remarked. the smallest degree of preparation destroys it; 'tis like the powder on flowers, which is removed by the most delicate touch, by the slightest breath of air. Such is grace in manners; such also is grace in style and in works of art. In all, it is a tender and easy sentiment, which is when unadorned the most adorned; 'tis that delicate art or that happy nature which have so eminently distinguished Virgil and Racine among the poets, and Raphael and Corregio among the painters. As to manners, they are fugitive like their objects; it is impossible to fix models for them; a delicate and practised taste alone can seize them in society.

These observations give us occasion to correct a vulgar error which seems to attach the graces exclusively to voluptuousness. Whetever a tender and amiable sentiment is expressed with truth and negligence, there is also grace. A picture of Henry IV. besieging Paris, and representing that excellent Prince sending bread to his rebellious subjects, reduced to such extremities as to eat the bones from charnel-houses, might be made a subject replete with grace. The painter would have only to infuse into that august head the celestial expression of supernatural benevolence, and as Raphael has done in the Transfiguration, to place a divine head upon a human body.

The aged Priam, demanding of Achilles the body of Hector, would likewise be a graceful subject. That dignity of a great mind, which reigns over its misfortunes; that paternal tenderness which covers and absords the humiliation of the conquered; that resignation which has known every vicissitude of fortune, would all diffuse over the features of the aged monarch a particular grace, the expression of which it belongs to genius to divine; for every air, the accent, and gesture, all the tones and inflections are in nature. The soul placed in a proper situation seems to create them; it is only necessary to feel them, and the artist who attempts to reproduce the scene, must try all the tones of nature, and select that which is in unison with his own heart This can only be the effect of delicate sensibility.

La Fontaine says:

"Et la grâce plus belle encore que la beauté."

This expression is most strictly true; for if I may venture to say so, beauty is always but imaginary. A certain arrangement of features, a certain aspect of the physiognomy indicate a certain disposition of the soul. I anticipate good-humour, intelligence, sensibility. 'Tis moral beauty that we love, to this the heart flies with ardor; but yet it may all be feigned: Medea knew how to render herself beautiful. In grace it is impossible to be mistaken; it fulfils all the promises of beauty; I cannot be deceived, for I have beheld the soul.

Taste is the delicate sentiment of what pleases the heart, and grace is the true and unstudied expression of an amiable sentiment. We have shewn the application of these principles to the fine arts: let us now endeavour to apply them to the analysis of manners. It would be very difficult to define politeness considered as an art; for the rapidity and multiplicity of circumstances afford no time for the calculations of reflections; there a wrong stroke of the crayon cannot be effaced; the effect is already produced. But, it is not nature that we have to imitate; 'tis our own impressions which it is our business to render; 'tis nature herself that we must carefully cultivate before-hand.

Quintilian defined an orator to be "a good man, skilful in speaking." Thus, according to that great master, eloquence is only the expression of a noble and upright mind, which moves and captivates the hearts of the auditors by the beauty of its sentiments. We shall, in like manner, assert, that politeness† is only the expression of a good disposition, which, by its very goodness, pleases and attracts.

A delicate sentiment of what is due to one's self and to others, and an acute judgment, which at one view comprehends circumstances and their varieties,—these are the basis of that art of

† "Politeness does not always produce benevolence, equity, complaisance, gratitude; it gives at least the appearance of them, and makes the man appear without what he ought to be within." *La Bruyere.*

living, the happy application of which depend on habit, exercise, and practice; these it is that make men polite and amiable. The gift of pleasing is superadded, and hence all the magic of the art is derived.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault was likewise of opinion, that good manners and judgment constitute the basis of politeness, when he said, "Politeness of mind consists in thinking things honourable and decent; and gallantry of mind, in saying flattering things in an agreeable manner."

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

[*Continued from Page 303, Vol. II.*]

The morning began to dawn when the old man concluded his relation: he then sought on his couch the repose which age and fatigue required. Friedbert followed his example, but a thousand confused ideas agitated his brain; he was still awake when the sun arose, and took for a swan every bird he perceived flying near him.

A few months after this, father Bruno was laid in the silent grave by his adopted son. All the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains deeply lamented his loss, and performed frequent pilgrimages to the spot where he was interred.—Time, however, diminished the crowds that resorted to this holy sepulchre; but solitude suited Friedbert's romantic disposition, and he rejoiced at the liberty he enjoyed.

At length the summer solstice appeared, and the young hermit never failed to repair every morning and evening to the cabin of reeds, and attentively contemplated the smooth surface of the lake. Long did he wait in vain, but at last he perceived, about noon, three handsome swans, that wheeled their majestic flight at an uncommon elevation above the glassy waters, as though desirous to ascertain whether any mortal were lurking in ambush. The reeds effectually screened Friedbert from their glances, and they descended slowly into the bosom of the lake. When, in a few minutes, three young virgins, holding each other by the hand, appeared sporting amidst the cooling waves, and presented the loveliest group which ever greeted the sight of man.

After having displayed the beauty and elegance of their shape in a thousand playful attitudes, the ravishing strangers began to sing.—But though filled with the liveliest sensations of delight, Friedbert did not yield to the pleasing intoxication; and recollecting Bruno's advice, softly quitted his shelter, and stealing unperceived to the shore, snatched the dazzling plumage, which the agitation of the water had rolled at his feet. Near it he perceived habits of sea-green and flesh-colours; but as the plumage was the only object that could secure him the possession of the daughter of the fairies, he was satisfied with that treasure, and fled exulting to his habitation, where he concealed it in an iron box, and waited impatiently for the prize of his temerity.

As soon as the evening star shed its rays in the sky, two swans alone cleaved the air with hurried flight, as though full of terror, and conscious of the dangers which had threatened them. Friedbert followed them with his eyes, and, certain that his plan had succeeded, determined to assume the appearance of sanctity; and lighting his lamp in order to attract the beautiful nightly wanderer knelt in his grotto and seemed to count his beads with religious attention.

He presently heard a slight noise like that of a timid footstep, which feared to betray itself while treading on the yielding sand. The wily hermit appeared still more wrapped in prayer; but, at length, perceiving he was observed, he slowly arose, and cast his eyes towards the door.

He then beheld his lovely prisoner, decked in all the charms of her age and sex; with a countenance that expressed the liveliest sorrow, and the pangs of alarmed modesty.

The first glance captivated the affections of the tender Friedbert; and when her delicate lips opened to address him, he listened enraptured to her melodious voice, but could not understand the words she spoke, her language being quite unknown to him.

He, however, guessed that she was entreating him to return her the plumage which he had stolen, but feigned not to comprehend her, and only sought to make her sensible that her virtue had nothing to fear while under his protection.

He shewed her a neat and comfortable bed in a separate part of the grotto, presented her some excellent fruits and preserves, and attempted by every means in his power, to win her confidence.

But the afflicted maiden seemed unconscious of all around her, and abandoning herself to grief sobbed aloud. The good-natured hermit was so

affected at witnessing the sorrow which he had occasioned, that he could not refrain from tears; and played his part so well, that the lovely stranger seemed to feel some consolation from the sympathy which he expressed.

She no longer suspected him of having taken her plumage, but mentally entreated his forgiveness for having accused him. She now wished to discover some means by which she might make her benevolent host comprehend the cause of her grief.

The first night was spent in sadness; but at the first dawning of the morning Friedbert performed his usual devotions, which the young stranger was not displeased to observe. She even partook of some breakfast with him, and then hastened to seek, on the banks of the lake, for her lost plumage, which she at last fancied had been carried away by the light breath of the evening gale. The officious hermit seemed as active as herself in searching for her treasure, which he knew very well was not in her power to discover. This employment renewed in some degree the grief of the beautiful descendant of the fairy race; but the blood which warms their veins flows more cheerfully than that of mortals; sorrow is soon effaced from their hearts, like the shades of night from the surface of the earth. By degrees she became accustomed to her situation, and her countenance brightened like the sky after a summer's shower. She likewise felt reconciled to the companion of her solitude, and her eyes sometimes rested with pleasure on the animated and pleasing countenance of the young hermit. He observed this with internal joy; and, by every attention that love could suggest, sought to deserve and increase the favourable sentiments she already evinced for him. Love had metamorphosed the common good sense of the soldier into a refined understanding, and had given him the faculty of fathoming all the hidden recesses of the female heart; it also inspired them with the means of comprehending each other. It was, however, long before Friedbert's curiosity could be gratified respecting the young stranger's country, name, and condition in life; but by the assistance of their new language, he learned at length that the fair maid was a Grecian, but his pleasure and surprise greatly encreased when he discovered that she owed her birth to Prince Zeus and the lovely Zoe, of Naxos, so long the object of Bruno's attachment.

"And now, my good father," continued she, "tell me how you came acquainted with the virtue of the lake; and why my mother warned me and my sisters to avoid the western bath? Had she met with a similar misfortune? We were sent every year to the sources of the Nile, but my mother never accompanied us; for my father, tormented by jealousy, strictly confined her, preferring the loss of her charms to the possibility of her preserving them for any one but himself. This prohibition has entirely deprived her of her youth and beauty. My father is now dead, and my mother spends her widowhood in cheerless solitude; we lived with her, far removed from my uncle's court, who has succeeded our father in the government of the Cyclades, and never quitted her but during our journies to the fairy baths.

My eldest sisters took, a few years ago, the imprudent determination of steering their flight towards the west, against my mother's advice. During this journey, which we carefully concealed from her, we met with no accident; and as we were less incommoded by the heat of the sun than when we crossed the Deserts of Egypt, we continued to repair to this lake until I became the victim of my sisters' folly.

"Where does that wicked magician conceal himself," continued the maid, "who watched the nymphs in the bath, to steal a plumage which can prove of no utility to him? Conjure him, holy man, to descend from the regions of the sky, if they be his dwelling, or rise from the bosom of the earth, and command him to restore me that invaluable treasure which distinguishes my race from the rest of mortals."

Pleased with Calista's error, for such was the name of the fair Grecian, Friedbert related to her the wild frolics of the Prince of the Genii, who, he affirmed, took a malicious delight in tormenting the bathers. He told her also that he had no power over spirits; but he had heard of a certain sylph, who had likewise lost her feathers, but found a faithful lover, who dispelled every feeling of regret.

Comfort seemed to drop from the lips of the youth; yet, notwithstanding the beauties which nature had strewed around, their solitude appeared tiresome; but no sooner had the complaisant hermit been made acquainted with the wishes of her heart, than he declared his readiness to forsake the lonely grotto; but at the same time informed her that nothing could indemnify him for this sacrifice, but domestic happiness in the arms of a virtuous wife. While uttering these last words, he fixed his eyes on her with such expressive tenderness, that his meaning was no longer doubtful. She blushed and looked down, but Friedbert understood her answer. From that moment he exerted himself in making the necessary preparations for their departure; and after having resumed his military garb, set off with his lovely companion for Suabia.

In this province there is a small town called Eglisau, there Friedbert's mother resided. Not

having heard from her son for so long a time, she concluded that he had been killed in battle; and never failed to bestow a trifle on every maimed soldier who stopped before her door on his return from the army. She asked a thousand questions about her dear Friedbert; and often did an artful invalid impose on her some story respecting her son,—told her how bravely he had fought and honourably fallen, and how many blessings he had sent her with his dying breath. She then never failed to set before him a bottle of her best wine, while tears fell from her eyes, and her heart throbbed with grief.

A messenger on horseback at last announced one day that the brave Friedbert had not perished in the wars, but was returning to his native land crowned with riches which he had won in the east, from which place he had brought back a bride of exquisite beauty, the Sultan of Egypt's daughter, with immense treasures for her portion.

Such were the modest reports of fame, yet they were not without some foundation; he had found in Bruno's grotto a sum large enough to support the rank of a knight, and augmented his suite as he approached the place of his nativity. He had purchased horses superbly caparisoned, and wore, as well as the lovely Calista, the most splendid apparel.

When the inhabitants of Augsburg saw the cavalcade passing through their streets, they hailed their brother citizen with shouts of joy. His relations, even to his tenth cousins, as well as a large party of his townsmen, headed by the magistrates, advanced to meet him, with the city flag unfurled, while bagpipes and hautboys proclaimed his arrival. Joy and pride sparkled in the eyes of Friedbert's mother as she embraced her son. She gave a great entertainment, to which all her friends were invited, and distributed among the poor the whole contents of her purse. The town resounded with the praises of the beautiful Grecian; and many knights, who were great admirers of beauty, eagerly sought Friedbert's acquaintance. One called him his fellow-soldier, another his old friend, a third his cousin, and all were profuse in his protestations of friendship.

The object of his former passion had been for some time married, and therefore her family was no longer exasperated against our young soldier; and since he had acquired riches, he also found means of palliating his conduct towards his captain. The fair stranger alone occupied all his thoughts; and as she saw no prospect of ever returning to her own country, she felt no reluctance in becoming the bride of a young man in the bloom of youth, and who appeared now to much advantage, since he had changed the hermit's cloak for the dress of a knight — She, therefore, overlooked the difference of their rank, and consented to bestow her hand upon him.

The wedding clothes were purchased, the hour fixed, and the good mother had superintended all the preparations for the festival, when the day previous to the ceremony the bridegroom went on horseback, according to the custom of the country, to give invitations to his friends. Calista, meanwhile tried on her splendid dress, but perceiving something which required to be altered, sent for her mother-in-law to ask her advice. When the old woman approached, she burst forth into exclamations of praise upon the beauty, elegance and grace of her daughter, and at last on the habit itself, but when she perceived that Calista's opinion differed from hers, she immediately changed her tone, lest she should betray her ignorance of the prevailing fashions The young Grecian's chief objection rested on the awkward form of her head dress. "Why," said she, sighing, "have I not on my wedding day my beautiful feathers, as light and dazzling as flakes of descending snow I should have proved an object of envy to all the young maidens of the city, and then indeed you might have praised my beauty. This ornament of my country women is no longer mine, and I have lost the jewel which spreads resistless charms over its possessor, and captivates the heart of every beholder."

A tear, the child of painful recollection, stole down Calista's cheek as she spoke these words, and the kind heart of her mother-in-law was melted, and she could no longer refrain from betraying a secret, which had been entrusted to her, and which she had long wished to reveal. Her son had related to her how he had acquired the plumage without telling her its properties, and had consigned it to her care as a pledge of affection, enjoining her to conceal it from every eye. Pleased with this opportunity of communicating her secret; "weep not, my dear child," she exclaimed, "the brightness of your eyes must not be dimmed with tears, and regret spoil the joys of your wedding day. Your feathers are perfectly safe, they are in my possession, and since you long so much for them, I will instantly restore them to you, provided you promise not to betray me to your husband." Calista remained mute with astonishment; she felt the most lively joy at finding her lost plumage, and the bitterest resentment at the deception which Friedbert had practised upon her. She had, however, recovered in some degree from her surprize, when the old woman returned, and

hastily snatching the snowy feathers from her hands, she opened the window and fixed them on. No sooner had they touched her shoulders than she resumed the form of a swan, and expanding her silver wings, took her flight and bade adieu to Friedbert's abode.

[*To be concluded in our next*]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON THE POWER OF MUSIC UPON ANIMALS;

With an Account of the Concert given to two Elephants at the Botanic Garden in Paris, on the 29th May, 1798. In a Letter to a Friend, dated the 7th of August following.

"*Natura ducimur ad modos.*"

"By Nature we are inclined to Music."—QUINTIL.

You wish to be informed particularly what effects music produced on the Elephants, those animals whose social instinct and habitudes are at all times very apt to pique our curiosity. You think that the experiment of giving pleasure to a sensible being is certainly better than that of giving it pain; I am of your opinion; and, under favour of the learned Haller, and all those physiologists who have worked like him, I believe it is more rational, and above all more humane, to study the springs and functions of life, in life itself, than to seek them in death, or in the convulsions of an expiring animal.

Be this as it may, I thank those artists, who, armed, not with scalpels and instruments of torture, but with hautboys, flutes, and fiddles, came to exercise the charm of their art, on two beings endowed with sentiment; to loosen their natural faculties which slavery holds in chains; to excite and calm them alternately; to revive in their wild mind the instinct of their native country; and at last to conduct them, by means of the accents of joy and tenderness to the illusions of that love, which to be fully satisfied will bear no witnesses; in truth a deceitful enjoyment, but which, at least give a glimpse of the manner in which those animals fulfil the functions to which nature calls them for the multiplication of their species.

For this lively demonstration, such as can never be seen on anatomical theatres, we are indebted to the talents of thirteen of the most distinguished musicians in Paris, chiefly attached to the conservatory of music.

The orchestra was placed out of sight of the Elephants, in a gallery above the place they were kept in, and round a large circular trap door, which was not opened till the moment the concert began. In order to give more liberty to the motions of Hans and Margaret, for so they are called, the enjoyment of both the apartments which compose their habitation was left to them, so that they being ready, and the instruments in tune, all was silent, and the trap-door was lifted up without noise, whilst to improve the effect of the surprise, their *cornac* or keeper gave them cakes and other dainties, to prevent their attending much to what was doing.

The concert began with a trio for two violins and a bass, in B *major*, consisting of short airs with variations of a moderate character.

No sooner were the first sounds heard than Hans and Peggy, lending an ear, left off eating; they soon ran towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded. The opening over their heads, the instruments of a strange form, of which they only perceived the extremities, the men floating as it were in the air; the invisible harmony, for which they attempted to feel, with their trunks, the silence of the spectators, the immovable attitude of their *cornac*, all at first appeared to them subjects of curiosity, wonder and apprehension.

They went round the trap-door, directing their trunks towards the opening, rising from time to time on their hind legs; approached their *cornac*, sought his caresses, returned with more uneasiness, gazed at the assistants, and seemed to examine whether there was not a snare laid for them. But those first emotions of fear were soon appeased, when they found every thing remained peaceable round them: then giving way without any mixture of dread to the impulse of sound, they seemed to feel no other sensations but what proceeded from the music.

This alteration in their temper was particularly remarkable at the end of the trio, which the performers terminated with the famous

Scythian dance in B *minor*, in the opera of *Iphigenia in Tauride*, by Gluck; music of a savage character strongly pronounced, and which communicated all the agitation of its rhythmus to the Elephants.

From their gait, sometimes precipitated, sometimes slackened, from their motions sometimes sudden, and at other times slow, it appeared as if they followed the undulations of the song and the measure. They often bit the bars of their cells, wrung them hard with their trunks, pressed them with the weight of their body, as if they wanted room to play in, and that they wished to enlarge the boundaries of their prison. Piercing cries, and whistlings escaped from them at intervals; is this from pleasure or from anger? was asked of the *cornac*: *they not angry*, answered he.

This passion was calmed, or rather changed its object with the following air: *O ma tendre Musette*, performed in C *minor*, on the bassoon alone, without any accompaniment.

The simple and tender melody of this romance, rendered still more plaintive by the melancholy accent of the bassoon, attracted them as it were by enchantment — They marched a few paces, stopped to listen, returned and placed themselves under the orchestra, gently agitated their trunks, and seemed to respire its amorous emanations

It must be remarked that during the performance of this air, they did not emit a single cry, nor received any determination extraneous to the music. Their motions were slow, measured, and partook of the softness of the tune.

But the charm did not operate equally on both. Whilst Hans contained himself with his usual prudence and circumspection, Peggy, impassioned, caressingly flattered him with her long and flexible hand, which she passed and repassed over his back, and on his neck, then over her own, touched her breasts with the finger at the extremity of her proboscis, and, as if that finger was imprinted with a more pressing and tender sentiment, she instantly carried it to her mouth, and afterwards into the ear of Hans, who did not attend to, or perhaps was still ignorant of that language.

This dumb scene took all at once a character of transport and disorder from the gay and lively accents of the air *Ou Ira*, performed in D, by the whole band of musicians, and of which the effect was singularly heightened by the piercing sound of the small flute.

From their transports, from their cries of joy, sometimes grave, at other times shrill, but always varied in their tones; from their whistlings, their goings and comings, it might have been supposed that the rhythmus of that tune, which marches in doubled time, pressed them hard, and forced them to follow its mood.

The female redoubled her solicitations; her caresses were more demonstrative, her allurements more poignant; she often ran rapidly away from the male, and returned backwards, kicking him gently with her hind feet, to acquaint him she was there; but poor Peggy lost her labour. Happily for her the invisible power which troubled her senses, was likewise able to appease them.

The instruments were no longer playing, and she still followed their impulse, when like those refreshing rains which temper the summer heats, the soft harmony of two human voices descended from the orchestra like a cloud to calm her delirium. In the midst of her most lively transports, she was seen to moderate herself suddenly, to suspend gradually all her desires; and lastly to stand still, letting her trunk rest on the floor. The repose of which she reflected the image, was in an *Adagio* of the opera of *Dardanus*, "*Plaintive Manes*," sung by two voices, with all its accompaniments in B *flat*.

These effects, however marvellous they may appear, have, notwithstanding, nothing which ought to surprise us; if we reflect that the passions of animals, like human passions, have naturally a rhythmical character, absolute, independent of all education and habitude. In marking the movements which are suitable to those passions, and joining to them the proper accents, music revives and excites them; it changes and calms them at will, by combining the measure, the order, and the succession of those movements. To which we add, that the passions of animals owning no other law than nature, are always simple, and consequently more easily moved, directed and ruled than those of mankind, which are for the most part composed, and participate more or less of each other.

But nothing more strongly proves those relations, those intimate correspondencies of rhythmus and melody with the motions and actions of the passions, than the indifference in which both our Elephants remained whilst the band was for the second time playing the air of *Ca Ira*, immediately after that of *Dardanus*, only changing the key from D to F. It was still the same tune, but it no longer retained the same expression: it was still the same harmony, but it had lost its first energy; it was still the same relative duration of the measures, but those measures were less marked, and no longer indicated the same rhythmus.

I pass rapidly over the following pieces, such as the overture of the *Devin du Village*, which excited them to gaiety; the song of *Henri IV.*

Charmante Gabrielle," which plunged them in a sort of languor, and relenting temper, which were well expressed in their looks and their attitude. Some other tunes produced nothing, these are not worth mentioning; and I return to the third repetition of *Ca Ira*, performed as at first, in D, with the addition of several voices. None but a witness can form any just idea of its effects. The female could no longer command herself, she trotted about, leaped in cadence, and mixed accents like those of a trumpet, with the sounds of the voices and instruments, which were not discordant with the general harmony. On approaching the male, her ears flapped against her head with extreme quickness, whilst her amorous trunk solicited him in all the sensible parts of his body. Neither did she spare her gentle kicks. She often during her delirium, fell on her croups, with her fore-feet in the air, and her back leaning against the bars of the lodge. In this posture she was heard to emit cries of desire; but instantly after, as if she had been ashamed of an action to which there were so many witnesses, she rose and continued her cadenced course.

After a short rest, new tunes and new instruments were tried. This second part of the concert was given under the eyes of the Elephants and close to their lodges.

Although the male had not as yet felt the ardour of his female, and although no sensation of appetite and desire had yet shown itself in his exterior motions, the moment was not far off, in which he would emerge from that state of indifference.

At first he showed neither pain nor pleasure whilst a brilliant symphony of Haydn, in C *major*, was performing. The sight of the orchestra, the musicians and their apparatus, with the resounding tones of the various instruments, did not attract his attention; he testified neither curiosity nor surprise; but when that piece was finished, no sooner did the clarinet alone, begin to play the simple and pathetic pag-pipe air in the overture of *Nina*, than he sought for the voice which flattered him, and stood still just before the instrument, extending his trunk towards it. Attentive and immoveable he remained listening. In the mean time the fires of love insinuated themselves into his veins; betrayed by exterior signs, and as it were himself astonished at that new sensation, he retreated a few paces, and when the symptoms diminished, or were quite gone, he returned to the music, listened, and found himself again in the same state; these were transient fires, which only sparkled a few moments and disappeared, without even serving to guide him towards his mate.

The clarinet having slid without interruption into the romance *O, ma tendre Musette*, in D *minor*, (which had been before performed on the bassoon in C *minor*,) his illusion kept up; but the charm appeared to forsake him all of a sudden when the air *Ca Ira* was repeated for the fourth time. Perhaps the effect of that tune was exhausted; perhaps also the organs of those animals began to be fatigued with being exercised too much. This is very probable, because neither of them paid the least attention to the french-horn, which terminated the concert. That instrument, which they had not before heard, would probably have made some impression on them if it had been sooner blown.

A few days after this concert the elephants were detected by their keeper, in attempting to practise at night the lessons they had learned from the agitation and heat into which they had been thrown by the music.

It would therefore be prudent not to repeat the proof but with great caution, and not till they enjoy greater liberty in the park which is preparing for them. Then three other means no less powerful might be made to concur: the food more choice and abundant; the pleasure of meeting each again after a short or long separation; and the season of spring which invites all beings to love. Above all, the experiment ought to be made on a fine moon-light night: it should appear they were placed in the most absolute solitude, and where the most powerful silence reigned: they should not see any of the musicians, nor even their *cornac*. Not a word should be heard, but only the vocal and intrumental melodies. Their instinct thus recalled, their desires revived, not suspecting any traps or surprise, perhaps they might accomplish the wish of nature, in giving themselves up, as if they were in the solitary countries of India, to that security which is exacted for an act which leaves them without defence against their enemies.

We find in the writings of Pliny, of Suetonius, and of Plutarch, anecdotes about elephants, which prove their natural inclination to music. Some were seen in the public spectacles of ancient Rome who were taught to perform in cadence to the sound of instruments, certain evolutions, or sorts of military dances. In the Indies where they hold such a distinguished rank at the court of Kings, they have musicians attached to their service.

"When the King of Pegu gives audience, the Dutch travellers say, that his four white elephants are brought before him, who pay him their reverence by raising their trunk, opening their mouth, and giving three distinct cries, and kneeling——." "Whilst they are cleaning and dressing, they stand under a canopy which is supported by eight servants, in order to shelter them from the heat of the sun. In marching to those

vessels which contain their food and their water, they are preceded by three trumpets, the chords of which they attend to, and march with great gravity, regulating their pace by the sound of these instruments."—*Collection of Voyages of the Dutch East India Company.*

So great is the empire of music on all living beings, that men have made use of it not only to civilize themselves and regulate their own manners, but also to subdue animals, soften their ferocious nature, direct the use of their strength, excite their courage, develope and extend their most generous qualities. At the beat of the drum, and the accents of the warlike trumpet, the horse feels his natural pride redoubled; his eyes sparkle, his feet paw the ground, he only waits for the signal of his master to rush into the midst of dangers; does he return victorious? behold him still foaming with ardour, impatient of the bridle, and subjecting his paces and his motions to the grave and moderate measure of a triumphal march*.

The charm of melody supports the ox in the midst of his painful toils; it beguiles his fatigue and revives his strength The custom of whistling or singing to those animals, is universal in France, but especially in that part which is called Lower Poitou On this subject the interesting author of the "Essays on the Propagation of Music in France," says:—"It is not enough to be young and robust, to cultivate the land there; the labourer who is most sought after, and who receives the greatest wages, is he whom they call the *Noter* (*le Noteur*) His principal function is not to hold the plough, or to handle the spade, but to sing whilst the oxen are painfully tracing their furrows."

"The song of the *Noter* is not any regular tune: it is an extempore melody composed of a series of pure sounds, often artfully prolonged, and with accents infinitely varied, although on a smaller number of chords."

"The short extent of the *Gamut* which is used by the *Noters* in this kind of music, gives it a melancholy character, which suits both the country and its inhabitants Perhaps this apparent sadness is indicated by nature, as an harmonic proportion with the slow, painful, equal march of the oxen, and the efforts of the tiller, whose hand laboriously directs the plough-share in a hard thick soil. Be this as it may, the peasants there are passionately fond of this melody, and believe that it dissipates the weariness of their oxen."

"The camel, one of the animals which has been longest subjected to man, learns to march by the song; he regulates his pace by the cadence, and moves slowly or quickly according to the time of the tunes which are sung to him; he stops when he no longer hears the song of his master; the whip does not make him advance, but if he be required to travel farther than usual, the song which the camel prefers is resumed."—[*Chardin's Travels in Persia.*]

Even the violent character of the buffalo, and its gross manners, yield to the charms of melody.

The keepers of the young buffaloes which inhabit the Pontine marshes in Italy, give a name to each of them, and to teach them to know that name, they often repeat it in a singing tone, caressing them under the chin. These young buffaloes are thus instructed in a short time, and never forget their name, to which they answer exactly by stopping, although mixed in a herd of two or three thousand buffaloes. The habitude of the buffalo to hear his name cadenced is so fixed that when grown up he will not suffer any one to approach him without that kind of chant, especially the female who is to be milked.

The taste of the dog, for music is well known, particularly that of which the strongly marked rhythmus bears a relation to the frank and open character of that animal; and likewise his antipathy to continued discords, and sounds prolonged without any determinate measure.

Buffon makes mention of some dogs who left their kennel or the kitchen to attend a concert, and afterwards returned to their usual residence. But a still more remarkable fact deserves to be recorded in the moral history of those animals. At the beginning of the revolution in France, a dog went every day to the parade before the palace of the *Thuilleries*, placing himself between the legs of the musicians, walking with them, and stopping when they stopped. After the parade he disappeared till the next day at the same hour, when he returned to his customary place. The constant appearance of this dog, and the pleasure he seemed to take in music, made the musicians take notice of him, who, not knowing his name, gave him that of *Parade*. He was very soon caressed by them all, and invited alternately to dinner. He who wished to invite him, had only to say, stroking his back, *Parade, you dine with me to day.* This was sufficient; the dog followed his host, eat his dinner with pleasure, but soon after, constant in his taste as well as in his independence, friend *Parade* took his leave, without attending to any entreaties for his stay, and went either to the Opera or to the Italian play-

* What Pliny relates of the cavalry of Sybarites, which moved in cadence to the sound of instruments, may be seen at the *Manège* of *Franconi*, in Paris, where the horses of their own accord, follow the rhythmus of the airs which are played to them.—The same may be seen at Astley's and the Circus.

house, entered without ceremony into the orchestra, placed himself in a corner and remained there till the end of the performance.

It is needless to dwell on the musical talents of birds, of whom the greater part are born melodists. This art with them, is only the language of nature and the interpreter of pleasure.

Fish, who cannot live in the same element as man, have escaped from his yoke, and retained the primitive grant of their nature. Notwithstanding which the sound of instruments is capable of modifying them to a certain point. "I have seen," says Chabanon in his *Treatise on music*, "little fish which were kept in a glass vessel of which the top was uncovered, seek the sound of the violin, rise to the surface of the water to hear it, lift up their head and remain immoveable in that situation: if I came near them without touching the instrument, they were frightened and plunged to the bottom of the vessel. I tried this experiment many times." it is well known that Carp in ponds rise to the surface of the water at the tinkling of a bell, or the sound of a whistle, and they have been seen to follow the person who made these sounds, swimming all round the pond and leaping playfully out of the water.

Lastly, the musical instinct is manifested even in insects. Spiders have been seen to descend from their web, and to remain suspended by a single thread as long as an instrument was played on.

Gretry, in his *Essays on music* says, In a small old house which I inhabited, a person happened to crush a spider which he saw on my Piano-forte whilst I was playing. He was very sorry for having done so, when I told him that for a long time past I had seen the spider come down from its web as soon as I began to play, remain on the piano, and when I left off playing, remount to its usual place. There was no doubt but it was attracted by the music.

These observations might be more extended; it might be shown how rhythmus joined to melody, first united men and regulated the primitive societies: rhythmus, by measuring time and motion, without which measure, men cannot work in common; and melody by charming their troubles, which charm appears to be innate, as the child in the cradel feels it, and is appeased by the song of its nurse; how animals themselves sensible of this art approached mankind, and how men had bent them to his yoke, not only by gentleness and good treatment, but also by means of the influence of music on all animated and sensible beings: for, by force slaves may be made, but not friends and faithful servants. Do not the foregoing examples sufficiently explain the prodigies of *Orpheus!* And when we read in *Chardin*, that in *Persia*, when a work is to be undertaken which requires a multitude of hands, and great expedition, such as to construct or demolish edifices, level a piece of ground, &c. the inhabitants of a whole district assemble and work together to the sound of instruments, in order to increase the dispatch; does it not seem to be the walls of Thebes rising to the sound of the Lyre of Amphion.

THE ANTIQUARIAN OLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

A great part of my leisure hours has been devoted in perusing the characters, amusements, habits, and eccentricities of our ancestors, and among the rest, the various changes, improvements, &c &c of this metropolis.

I flatter myself by affording a portion of your valuable and elegant Miscellany to my occasional extracts and observations, under the title of *The Antiquarian Olio*, you may give some information as well as amusement to your numerous subscribers. I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

B——.

UNITED to London by a continued succession of houses, as Westminster now is, it will scarcely be imagined that it was at one time a separate and distinct village, a mile distant from London; but still less will it be conceived to have been as it actually was, an island cut from it, by a branch of the river Thames, and originally denominated Thorney Island, from the circumstance, as it is said, of its being over-grown with thorns and brambles. Its connection with the main land was by means of a bridge, which Matilda, Queen of Henry I. erected over the stream in King-street, at the east end of Gardener-lane.

STRAND.

At this early period no houses existed in the Strand, which, as its name implies, was at first only an open plain, sloping down to the river, but intersected by several little cuts or channels, through which the water from the hills on its

north side was conveyed into the Thames. And over these rivulets, wherever they occurred, bridges, consisting probably of no more than one small stone arch, were erected, to continue the road and preserve the communication One of these, called Strand-bridge, was between Surrey-street and the present Somerset-place; another, named Ivy-bridge, between Salisbury-street and where the Adelphi now stands; and a third, it is said, discovered not long since, opposite the end of Essex-street. These water-courses and bridges are, in fact, still existing, but being converted into sewers and covered with streets, are no longer visible. And where the spot called Charing-cross now is, was, in ancient time, the village of Charing, equally detached from both London and Westminster, and nearly equidistant from each.

About the time of Henry III. the Courts, particularly the Common Pleas, became stationary at Westminster, which had also become the most usual place of holding the Parliament. Many of the bishops especially, and others of the nobility, therefore, for the purpose of more convenient attendance when the Parliament was held there, were induced to erect palaces on the edge of the river, and by so doing to connect, by a line of buildings, the two villages of Charing and London. Howel has remarked, that from Dorset-house, Fleet-street, to Whitehall, all the great houses built on the Thames were episcopal palaces, except the Savoy and Suffolk-house.

Within a few years a house has been pulled down, though not old, yet rendered sufficiently illustrious, by the temporary residence of the Duke de Sully, when Ambassador here. It stood on the north side of the Strand, near Temple Bar; it is said to have been at that time inhabited by Chrisopher Hatley, Count Beaumont, ambassador from France in the year 1605, and the Duke de Sully, who came over as ambassador extraordinary, resided here for a few days after his arrival, till Arundel-house, then situated where Arundel street now is, could be prepared for his reception.

On the south side of the Strand, beginning from Temple Bar, the first in local situation, though not in chronological order, was Exeter house, erected, as it is supposed by the then Bishop of that see, about the reign of Edward II.

Near this and between Essex house and Milford-lane, was a chapel dedicated to the Holy Ghost, called S Spirit.

To the west of this last was the bishop of Bath's house, or inn, as it was usual to call such residences. Beyond this, on the side of the street, was a church-yard, in which stood the parish church of the Nativity of St. Mary and the Innocent. In the Strand, nearly adjoining this church, and between that and the river, was an inn of Chancery, called Chesters inn, because it belonged to the Bishop of Chester; but denominated by some, from its situation, Strand inn.

At a small distance from the church, stood Strand-bridge, which had a lane or way under it, leading down to a landing place on the bank of the Thames The precise spot may still be ascertained from the name of Strand-lane, which a turning down from the Strand to the water, between Surrey-street and Somerset-place, still retains.

The bishop of Chester's own house, or residence, stood a little to the west of Strand-bridge. It was called equally the Bishop of Chester's and the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry's inn, and was first built by Walter Langton, bishop of Chester, treasurer of England in the reign of Edward I.

In the High-street, opposite the bishop of Chester's, or Coventry's inn, stood at one time a stone-cross at which, in 1294, and at other times, the justices itinerant sat, without London; but afterwards they sat in that bishop's house. No great distance from the cross occurred the palace of the Savoy, erected in 1245.

To the Savoy, succeeded the bishop of Carlisle's inn, which in 1618, and also in 1633, was inhabited by the earl of Bedford, and called Russell, or Bedford house. It is described as extending from the hospital of the Savoy to Ivy-bridge, which, in the map of St. Martin's parish, in Strype's Stow, book vi page 66, is represented as the next turning beyond Salisbury-street to the west; so that it must have been the house which stood on the scite of the present Beaufort-buildings, and was at one time inhabited by the earl of Worcester.

(To be continued.)

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Vol. II. Page* 151]

ON PASTRY.

PASTRY is to cookery, what rhetorical figures are to speech; its life and ornament. An harangue without metaphors, and a dinner without pastry, would be equally insipid; but as every body is not possessed of eloquence, so few people know the art of scientifically handling paste. Good pastrycooks are almost as scarce as great orators; and if in the records of speech, five or six great men have been justly celebrated, we should find some trouble in the history of the oven, to quote as many famous artists. The bar of Greece has been immortalized by a Demosthenes and an Eschines; and that of Rome by a Cicero and an Hortensius; and in France the rolling-pin has only been scientifically wielded by a Rouget, a Lesage, a Leblanc and Gendrons, and very few others, who follow their steps. As to the pastrycooks of other countries, they are never even mentioned. Those of France alone have distinguished themselves Toulouse and Strasburgh have acquired a great name by their liver pies, and Perigueux by its partridge ones; but how far are these preparations from those productions at the same time ingenious and deep which daily issue from the first ovens of Paris.

Pastry is an art both agreeable and useful; which young ladies would do well to practice; it would give them a pleasing occupation, and sure means of recovering or preserving their health and beauty. May I be allowed to quote on this subject, a few lines from a celebrated writer on cookery and pastry, to whom the world has been indebted for the best works that have ever been composed on the alimentary art:

"Cookery has the power of banishing *ennui* from all ranks; of offering a variety of amusements; of giving a gentle and salutary exercise to the human frame; of promoting a free circulation of the blood, from which we acquire appetite, strength and gaiety; of reuniting our friends; and tends to the perfection of that art, known and revered ever since the darkest ages of antiquity, and which on that account deserves some attention from all those who compose society.

"Amiable fair ones, who are suffering under the affliction of ill health or *ennui*, quit the destructive couch, which consumes the spring of your days; and let those moulds, destined for the purpose of forming innumerable delicacies, be no longer grasped by hands that are often disgusting, but let sugar, jessamine and roses be united by hands of the graces, and your offerings presented under a variety of interesting shapes, will make your delicious productions be sought for with avidity, and they will prove invaluable, when created by those who are so dear to us!"

ON COOKS.

In cookery, as well as almost every other art, theory is nothing unless it be accompanied with practice; and a man who possesses all the elements of cookery, and who has all the treatises that have been written on this art engraven on his memory, will be incapable of making a good fricassee of chickens, if he has never worn an apron. A blind routine, void of study and knowledge, does not indeed constitute an artist; but a theory without practice, will never afford the means of composing a faultless ragout. The lowest scullion will succeed better in this, than the most learned philosopher.

But the practice of cookery is accompanied with so many disagreeables, and even dangers, that those who devote themselves to it ought to meet with our respect, our esteem, and attentions; for money alone is not an adequate recompence for a scientific cook.

We will not speak of the unwholesome vapours exhaled by the coals, which soon undermine the most robust health; of the intense heat of the fire, so pernicious to the lungs and sight; of the smoke so inimical to the eyes and complexion, &c. These are dangers which incessantly arise, and which nothing can ward off. A cook must live in the midst of them, as the soldier in the midst of bullets and bombs; with this difference, however, that for the first, every day is a day of battle, and the combat is almost always unattended with renown, and the name even of the most skilful cook is, alas! generally unknown to the guests who frequent an opulent table.

It belongs to the *Amphitryon*, who wishes that his table should retain its pre-eminence, to remedy this injustice. If he wishes to be uniformly well served, his cook ought to be his best friend. He must tenderly watch over his health; he must bestow on him those little attentions, which an honest and grateful heart knows so well how to appreciate, and above all things he must often make him take physic!

At this word, we anticipate that many of our readers will start with astonishment, and deny that any connexion can possibly exist between an artist in cookery and an apothecary's shop, and refuse to credit how the delicacies of a table

can depend on the care a master of a house takes to make his cook often take physic. A few explanatory words will demonstrate that nothing can be more simple.

We have said at the commencement of this article, that practice was absolutely necessary to obtain perfection in this art. Tasting continually the various dishes forms a very prominent feature in this practice. A good cook should be almost incessantly thus employed, or he will never be able to season his ragouts with a masterly hand. His palate must then be extremely delicate, that a mere nothing may stimulate it and inform him of his fault.

But the continual fumes arising from the stoves, the necessity of drinking often, to cool their parched throats, the vapours arising from the walls, the bile and humours that when in motion enervate their faculties, in short all conspire to soon alter a cook's taste, unless he be carefully attended to. The palate becomes in some measure incrusted, and no longer retains that *tact*, that quickness, that exquisite sensibility, on which depends the organ of taste; it finishes by being excoriated, and becomes as callous as the conscience of an old judge.

The only means of making him recover his pristine purity, delicacy and vigour, is to make him take physic, whatever resistance he may be inclined to oppose; for there are some who, deaf to the voice of glory, do not perceive the necessity of taking medicine when they do not feel ill.

But how is the precise time when the above remedy should be put in practice to be ascertained? There can be no fixed period: it depends on the person's labour, his constitution, and a thousand other circumstances. But in general when you observe that your cook appears negligent, when his *ragouts* are too salt, or too highly seasoned, you may be assured that his palate has lost its faculty of tasting, and that it is time to call in the apothecary to your assistance. He must first be well prepared by a two days regimen, and then a potion composed of manna, senna, and salts must be administered to him, the dose of which must be regulated according to the more or less sensibility of his palate; you must afterwards allow him one day of complete rest; renew the potion to free him of all humours, let two days of perfect rest again follow this last medicine, and you may after this flatter yourself to have at the head of your kitchen a quite regenerated man.

This recipe, to insure a good cheer is not a joke. It is practised in all families where the *Amphitryon* is desirous of carefully preserving the honour of his table. All eminent cooks submit to it without a murmur; and to prevent any opposition on their part, it ought to be mentioned to them as the first article of their engagement. He who would make any objection would prove that he is not born to soar above the vulgar, and this indifference to glory would immediately make him be ranged in that class of simple artisans, who all their lives are destined to remain low born scullions.

O you, who wish to enjoy the pleasures of the table in its highest perfection, make your cooks often take physic, for this precaution is indispensably necessary to its attainment.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

[*Continued from Page 313, Vol. II*]

LETTER V.

PERMIT me, before I enter upon this important subject, to recall to your mind a rule written by Aristotle, and which I have already mentioned to you. It is, that we ought not to form a decided opinion upon any point from the authority of one single sign, but the union of several. Thus, should the complexion and the conformation of the face not agree together, to give any judgment would be a rash and improper act. There are, however, some peculiar cases which, even according to Aristotle's doctrine, are not subjected to the same general rule, thus one sign may sometimes be so expressive as to equal the value of two or three; it may also prove sufficient to those who wish to obtain a superficial knowledge only, but it ought never to be chosen for the basis of a settled opinion —. Sunken eyes always indicate some degree of wit, or at least of fire, which might have been improved into wit; and you will find that a florid complexion expresses a better temper than a pale and lived hue. Cæsar gave a strong instance of his knowledge in physiognomy, when he answered his friend, who advised him to mistrust Anthony and Dolabella, "I do not fear those fair and florid complexioned men, but those meagre and pale visages," pointing at Brutus and Cassius.

The next important rule, is that which teaches you to distinguish the *accidental* physiognomy of a man from that with which nature has endowed him; for a visible difference exists be-

tween them. That usual state of the features, which I call *permanent* physiognomy, is often altered by an unforeseen accident, which produces a new character of physiognomy, which, as I told you before, I will style accidental.

I can scarcely refrain from laughing, when I read, in the works of ignorant people, the pitiful reasonings of which they make use, to affix a meaning to the large or small size of the head, the length or shortness of the nose, the fat or meagre state of the body. They grant to all these signs nearly the same signification, with the hope of surprising us by their number, if the proofs they attempt to bring forward be found too weak to convince us It happens sometimes, that as they repeat the same stories to every being who longs to have his physiognomy explored, they may meet with truth, but they are not in general to be trusted upon. The most apparently perfect symmetry of the shape, the most regular proportions, are not always the heralds of an excellent disposition. How many pleasing tempers do we not often descry beneath a rugged exterior! We are not therefore to judge of the superior qualities of the mind from the beauty or ugliness of its mansion of clay.

The complexion of a face, and conformation of the features, are the most solid foundations upon which our theory may rest. To them I will add also the eyes, those expressive luminaries of the body; and I will give you the scale of the different powers of these signs. The complexion indicates the passions in general; the conformation, or *ensemble*, those that are most habitual to us, and the eyes, their duration, moderation, or excesses

Whoever has reflected on the principles of our nature, well knows, that the fluids as they circulate through the organized matter with which our bodies are composed, tinge the very outsides of the channels through which they flow, with their predominant colour. Whether through its transparency, or the incessant return of those same fluids to the same places, our skin preserves a shade of their native die, and thus reveals their nature to our knowledge. Their hues are as varied as their motions: some run rapidly, while others move but slowly; some are red, others of a leaden cast, some are yellow, others green and even black. Every one may have remarked that florid visages wear the appearance of cheerfulness, while those of a livid complexion, seem dark and sad. The vivacity of the man endowed with the first may be very great, but will not last, while that of the other knows no end. When I have been told that such a person was of a very lively and excellent temper, easily bursting into a passion but as easily appeased, the sole idea which arose in my mind was that of a fair and florid complexioned man. When I have heard of a gloomy disposition, the hidden fire of which was never extinguished, my imagination presented me with a picture of a pale face. You may remark, that love of pleasure is equally expressed by both; but in the first it will be productive of follies alone, while in the other it may give birth to the most unbridled excesses. The former are capable of sacrificing their lives in the pursuit of enjoyment; the latter, of leading those who accompany them in their wild seach for it, to utter destruction.

Pleasing and lively passions are expressed by lively colours, and the contrary ones by dark hues. It would be of no avail to bring forward the complexion of the Africans to overturn my argument, as the attentive and constant observer will discover as much real difference between their black, as between the white of the Europeans. But we are more used to behold men of our own colour, and seldom find ourselves in company with several negroes, to be able to descry distinctly their every shade. One instance alone will suffice to prove the truth of my argument; is not the blush of modesty widely different from the animated hue of anger? Many people are very sorry not to have the power of checking their blushes in certain cases, either when they betray the consciousness of a fault, or proceed from the pure spring of innocence afraid of being suspected. But no reasoning can persuade me that the reddening shame which overspreads the face of the guilty, can bear any resemblance to the colour which dies the cheeks of the innocent.

Before I finish this letter, I must again repeat, that the complexion being only one of the signs which I have mentioned, it has no weight but with the concurrence of others, and is in itself more liable to error than any other. It denotes the germ of a passion, but not its fruits: education, necessity, the caprices of fortune, and especially the dictates of religion and virtue, the two celestial and inseparable allies, may stifle it in its birth, and the outward appearance may still remain visible, and deceive our observation. In my next I will treat of the conformation or *ensemble* of our bodies, and of the eyes.

E. R.

(To be continued.)

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE HUNGARIAN GIPSY'S SONG.

From Presburg's plain, from Bada's tow'rs,
From old Carpathia's mountains drear,
To bounteous halls and fruitful bow'rs,
We charter'd libertines repair.
There by Danube's silent wave,
Or 'mid the shades of Szelitz's cave,
Our ample feast we share;
While round the bowl in fearless glee,
We sing of love and liberty.

And oft the Vaivod's fur-clad dame,
Soft-smiling thro' her azure veil,
In whispers tells some cherish'd name,
And fondly hears our mystic tale;
While where the honied chesnut dwells,
Or where the melting melon swells
In Semeswara's dale;
We fill the bowl with fearless glee,
And sing of love and liberty.

Now tho' in Alpine woods no more
Our lawless revelry we hide;
Tho' chased from Elba's envied shore
By Saxon wealth and Saxon pride;
Still to this gem-fraught mountain's head,
Or to yon river's golden bed
Our weary feet we guide;
Then round the bowl with fearless glee,
Rejoice in love and liberty.

Clipstone-street. A. V—LL.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

Little offspring of the tender spring,
By Zephyr borne on flutt'ring wing;
Thine is Phœbus' cheering ray,
Thine is Ceres' golden reign,
The greenest grass thy humble bed,
On palest primrose rests thy head;
The sweetest gifts of bounteous earth,
That burst spontaneously to birth,
Or grow beneath man's fost'ring hand,
All for thee their buds expand.
For thee, in snowy vesture spread,
The modest Lily rears its head;
For thee around the blushing Rose
Its sweetest, softest, fragance throws;
When wearied, heavy hang thy eyes,
The Poppy then her pow'r applies,
Bid thy light wing to cease its flight,
Till cheer'd by Sol's returning light.
And when stern winter's frowns severe
Proclaim how changed the smiling year,
Its chilling pow'r thou canst defy,
Give Sol a kind adieu—and die.

AN ORIGINAL AIR,

BY A CASMERIAN INDIAN.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again!

Tho' in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,
Tho' the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
When our burnish'd locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
May this long-lov'd bow'r remain,
Here may we three meet again!

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, pow'r and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign
Then may we three meet again!

Clipstone-street. A. V—LL.

MARIA, OR THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM CAREY.

DIRGE THE SECOND.

How fragrant is the breath of spring;
The Lark and Linnet, on the wing,
Their wild-wood carrol sweetly sing:
Oh list, how sweet, my daughter.

The morning sky is ting'd with gold:
The landscape lovely to behold:
The groves their vivid buds unfold:
Awake, arise; my daughter.

Art thou so fast in slumber bound?
And is thy chamber so profound?
So barr'd from light and clos'd from sound?
So cold thy bed, my daughter?

No sun thy narrow house can cheer:
No spring, no summer there appear:
No change of season marks the year:
No voice is heard, my daughter.

No play-mate can to thee repair;
Thy bed no lov'd companion share;
The worm alone has entrance there,
The silent worm,—my daughter.

Of late, I mark'd on Avon's side,
The bending lily's silver pride;
Reflected in the crystal tide;
And thought on thee, my daughter.

Alas, in one revolving hour
A chilling blast, an angry show'r,
Beat down the lovely, ruin'd flow'r;
How like thy fate, my daughter.

The spring is past, it swiftly fled;
For Pain and Sorrow, on thy head,
The phial of affliction shed,
And blighted thee, my daughter.

But ah, the graces of thy mind,
Thy sense and gentleness combin'd,
Thy looks of love and voice so kind,
Can I forget, my daughter?

Since I must quit this fatal place,
Oh could I once more view thy face,
And fold thee in a last embrace,
And press thy hand, my daughter.

Or could I ope' thy lowly shrine,
And lay my burning cheek to thine,
The world, I think, I could resign,
And sleep with thee, my daughter.

LINES

Occasioned by the departure of a Friend for Canada.

UNRUFFLED the wave and unclouded the sky,
The sails gently swelling as kissed by the wind,
Sweet England receding, the passenger's eye
Still look'd but in vain for the prospect behind.

The cliffs proudly rising no more can he view—
(Which the sailor, return'd after many a storm,
Hails with transport as beacons of happiness true,)
Not a shadow is left for sweet fancy to form.

In vain would he catch, at the close of the day,
For the last time the sound of some far distant bell;
But nought—save the vessel dividing its way,
Is heard—or the boatswain proclaiming "all's well."

Adieu, England! adieu, then my dear native land,
Ye winds on your wings kindly waft my adieu;
Many years must pass by, e'er again on your strand
I may hope the sweet joys of the past to renew.

Down my cheek let the tear be permitted to steal,
At the song I have caroll'd, my bosom to swell;
Believe me, "'tis hard to be parted," I feel—
Believe me, "'tis hard to be saying farewell;"

And perchance too, "for ever." Before I return,
Of those whom I leave with so keen a regret,
Haply some will be gone to that far distant bourne,
And the friend of their youth—haply others forget.

As I dwell on the thought shadows transiently rise,
And my breast, at the sound of "for ever," beats high;
But a glance of sweet sunshine from Anna's bright eyes,
Bids the gloom be no more, and disperses the sigh.

Yes, Anna, with thee I contented will roam;
With thee the wild beauties of nature explore;
As thy falls in the sun, Niagara shall foam,
We with awe will their mighty creator adore.

When the beautiful white bird announces the spring,
And the flowers of the cotton tree glisten with dew;
When their fragrance around palms and cedar-trees fling,
We will far from the dog star their solitude woo.

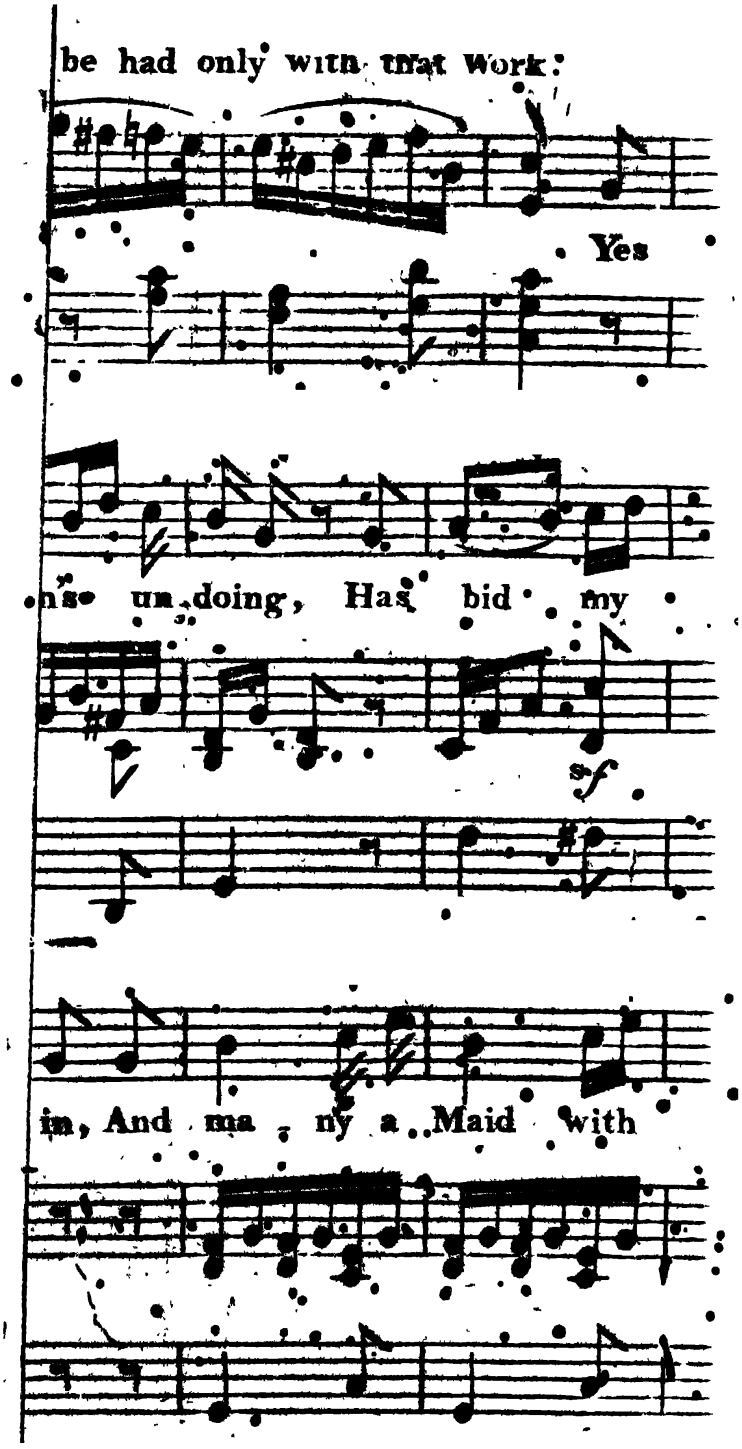
When for mirth and for converse the circle we form,
At the social fireside, when snow covers the ground,
We will smile at the boisterous force of the storm,
And pass "to our friends," the sweet sentiment round.

Thus the passenger spoke, till the shadows of night
Stole slowly the bosom of Ocean along;
To its rocky abode the gull winging its flight,
On the breeze of night swelling the mariner's song.

** The white bird, mentioned in the 9th verse, is the chief Canadian bird of melody; it is a kind of ortolan, and remarkable for announcing the return of spring.

The cotton-tree is peculiar to Canada; tufts of flowers grow on its top, which, when shaken in the morning, before the dew falls off, produce honey that may be boiled up into sugar; the seed being a pod, containing a very fine kind of cotton.

Immense forests apparently coeval with the world, abound in North America; trees in an endless variety of species, losing themselves in the clouds.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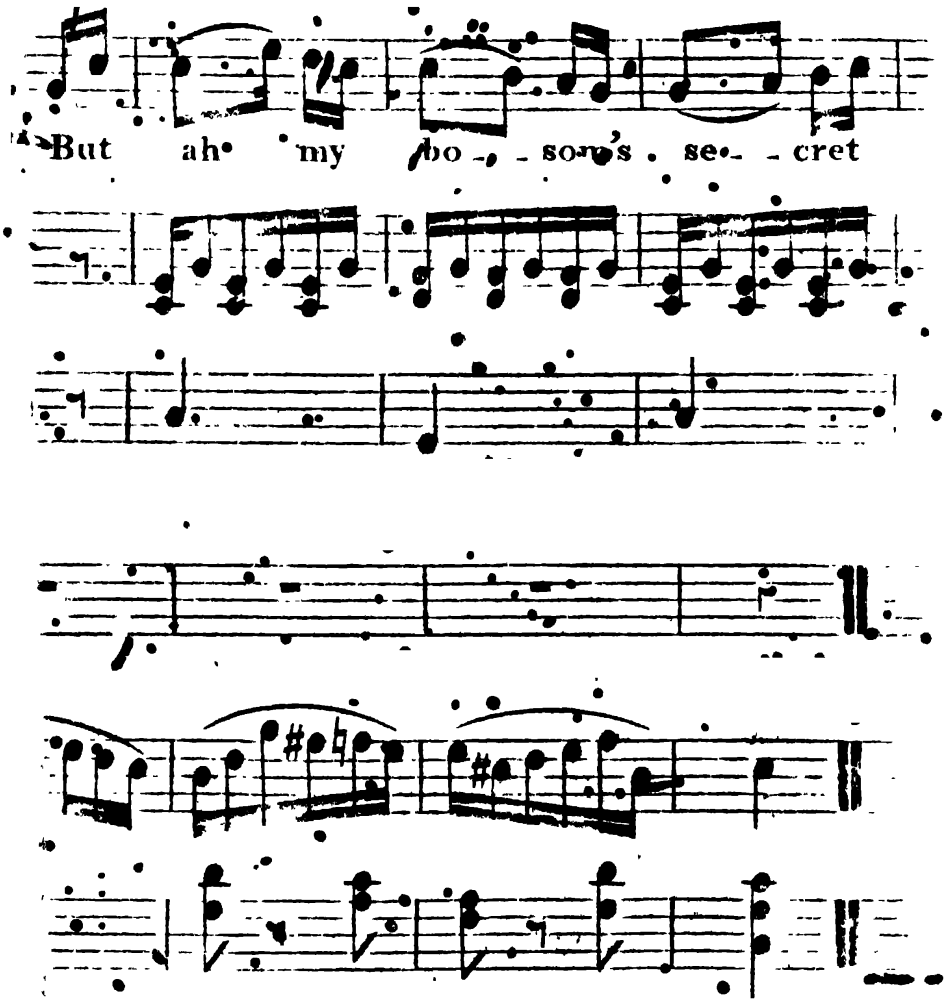
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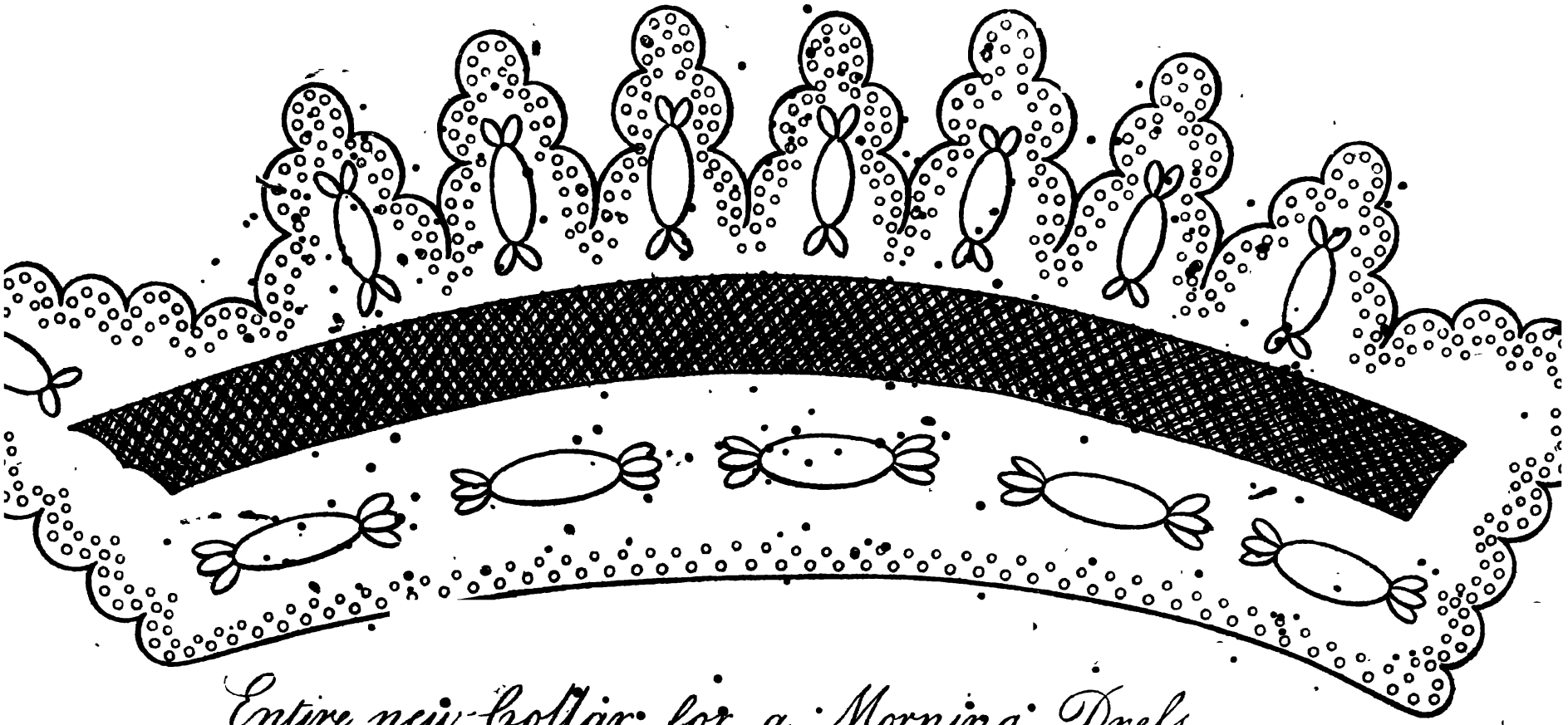

Entire new Collar for a Morning Dress.

Printed for the 20th Number of La Belle Assemblée, for John Bell, Weekly Messenger Office, Aug.t 1st 1807.

TO A YELLOW BUTTERFLY.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Hail, loveliest insect of the Spring!
Sweet buoyant child of Phœbus, hail!
High soaring on thy downy wing,
Or sporting in the sunny vale!

O! lovely is thy airy form,
That wears the Primrose hue so fair;
It seems as if a passing storm
Had rais'd the beauteous flower in air!

Far different from the spotted race
That sultry June's bright suns unfold,
That seek in her fair flow'rs their place,
And proud display their wings of gold.

For, brilliant is their varying dye,
And, basking in the fervid ray,
They in the new blown roses lie,
Or round the opening Cistus play!

But thou, with April's modest flower,
Her Violet sweet of snowy hue,
Tranquil shalt pass the noontide hour,
And sip, content, the evening dew.

Ah, may no frosts thy beauties chill,
No storms thy little frame destroy;
But, sporting gay beside the rill,
May'st thou thy transient life enjoy!

TIME AND CUPID.

His life in travelling always spent,
Old Time, a much renowned wight,
To a wide river's margin went,
And call'd for aid with all his might:
"Will none have pity on my years,
"I that preside in every clime?
"O, my good friends, and passengers,
"Lend, lend a hand to pass old Time
Full many a young and sprightly lass,
Upon the adverse bank appear'd,
Who eager sought old time to pass,
On a small bark by Cupid steer'd;
But one, the wisest if I ween,
Repeated oft this moral rhyme—
Ah! many a one has shipwreck'd been,
Thoughtless a gay, in passing Time!
Blythe Cupid soon the bark unmoor'd,
And spread the highly waving sail;
He took old father Time on board,
And gave his canvass to the gale.
Then joyous as he row'd along,
He oft exclaim'd,—"Observe, my lasses,
"Attend the burden of my song,
"How sprightly Time with Cupid passes!"
At length the urchin weary grew,
For soon or late 'tis still the case;
He dropped the oar and rudder too—
Time steer'd the vessel in his place.
Triumphant now the veteran cries,
"'Tis now my turn you find young lasses,
"What the old proverb says is wise,
"That Love with Time as lightly passes!"

THE SWALLOW.

Written on board his Majesty's Ship Vengeance, on a Swallow familiarly entering the Ward Room, the ship being then one hundred leagues from Land.

BY DR. TROTTER.

Welcome hither, airy trav'ler,
Hither rest t' y wearied wing,
Though from clime to clime a rev'ler,
Constant to returning spring.

If along the trackless ocean,
Thou by chance hast miss'd the way,
I'll direct thy wav'ring motion,
But a moment with me stay.

I have news of note to freight thee,
Bear a wand'ring sailor's vow,
So shall not dire fate await thee,
Love shall be thy pilot now.

Shun, I pray thee, gentle stranger,
Touch not Gallia's hated shore,
There is death, and certain danger,
She is stain'd with royal gore.*

But to happier Britain tend thee,
Where the milder virtues rove,
And this kiss with which I send thee,
Bear it to my distant love.

Near her window fix thy dwelling,
No rude hand shall do thee wrong,
Safer far than arch or ceiling,
Delia's self shall guard thy young.

There a thousand soft sensations,
Lull the tranquil mind to rest;
Nature there, with fond persuasions,
Oft shall soothe a parent's breast.

Haste then, gentle bird of passage,
When thou leav'st our wint'ry isle,
Bring me back my Delia's message,
Bring a kiss and bring a smile.

* Perfectly coinciding in sentiment with the author of these stanzas, we cannot forbear observing, that this is a stain which will remain an everlasting blot in the annals of France. While his savage subjects dipped their handkerchiefs and pikes in the blood of the ill fated Louis, he fell,

"By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JULY.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[Continued from Page 328, Vol. II.]

(*Enter* AGATHE, *in a riding-habit.*)

Agathe. My presence, perhaps, is troublesome?

Pauline. Not in the least, this gentleman was about to leave me. But what means this riding-habit?

Agathe. The weather is so beautiful, that I formed the project of exploring the neighbouring country. But you, my dear sister, what a studied negligence there is in your dress?

Pauline. Studied; I assure you I paid no attention to it.

Sainville (*aside*). Is all this intended to captivate my attention?

Agathe. The old steward goes with me. Will Mr Sainville be so good as to accompany me, we would hunt by the way. You are fond of the chace.

Sainville. Moderately.

Agathe. I like it passionately, and am glad my taste agrees with yours.

Pauline (*aside*). Very well, my dear Agathe.

Sainville (*aside*). This time it is plain that Corsignac was not mistaken. (*Aloud*). I am very sorry that I must tear myself from your company, but Mr. Jaquemin expects me, and the business in which we are engaged is too important to admit of any delay. My friend Corsignac is at liberty, and may prove a more acceptable companion. (*To Pauline*). I beg you will resume your reading.—(*Aside*). They are mad, or at least very foolish; I'll go in search of Louise. [*Exit.*

Agathe (*aside*). How impertinent to send me to his friend Corsignac!

Pauline (*aside*). He is a true citizen, some successful merchant's son perhaps; he has nothing of a gentleman; what stories Ursule has told me!

Agathe. O that I had not been so difficult in my time!—Mr. Ledoux is now the only one who pays his addresses to me.

Pauline. Hear me, Agathe, we promised to be frank: I had some intentions upon Sainville.

Agathe. So had I, sister.

Pauline. I guessed it, when I saw you dressed like an amazon.

Agathe. The same idea struck me when I perceived you had turned shepherdess.

Pauline. I give him up to you.

Agathe. Had he seen me alone, I might not have been affronted with a refusal, but the charms of four girls younger than I, could not fail when compared with mine, to deprive me of all hope of success.

Pauline. You have acted wrong in treating poor Ledoux so ill.

Agathe. Did you not remark that during breakfast Mr. Corsignac had his eyes constantly fixed upon you.

Pauline. Indeed! well he has at least some originality in him. But stay, it is he who told Ursule that Sainville was a romantic, sentimental swain.

Agathe. You mistake; he told her that Sainville was fond of dashing, hunting, and horses.

Pauline. Are you sure she did not deceive you?

Agathe. No, it is rather through giddiness; but as to Corsignac, he has his views—let yourself be taught by my example, do not refuse him.

Pauline. And be you not so cruel towards your lover Ledoux.

(*Enter* CORSIGNAC)

Corsignac (*to Pauline*). Vouchsafe to dispel my anxiety, and confirm the truth of what Sainville just now told me. Am I fortunate enough to have been sent for by you.

Pauline. No, Sir; you have been misled, it is my sister who wishes for your company.

Agathe. I am too much your friend for that, and I give up my walk; for I should be sorry to deprive Mr. Corsignac of the pleasure of Pauline's conversation.

Corsignac. Amiable sister; how grateful I feel for your kindness! it encourages me, and plucks my secret from my heart.—(*To Pauline*). I love you to madness.

Pauline. Sir?

Corsignac. Forgive this sudden declaration, but when it is the resistless power of sympathy that acts upon us.

Agathe. Of sympathy!

Corsignac. I am a man such as you want. It is true, I have met with no romantic adventures, but I feel capable of writing novels; and in order to taste the joys of life, I believe it is far preferable to be their author than their hero. We will translate together all the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the English misses, will melt with interest at every stroke of misfortune their imagination shall have

invented. In after times we may perhaps invent some ourselves: and then the delightful pleasure of enriching them we love, will stand within your reach. In a word, I am an honest man, a good natured fellow, I have obtained your guardian's consent, and feel inclined to be for ever in love with my wife. What else could you require.

Pauline. You will permit me, Sir, to look upon this speech as a mere joke.

Corsignac. As you please, only remember that under a veil of pleasantry, many serious affairs may be conducted.

Pauline Answer this question; what account of your friend Sainville, did you give Ursule.

Corsignac. That which honour and truth dictated to me. But let me dwell a little more on the tender and powerful sentiment which a glance of yours has awakened in my heart.

Pauline. Not yet, think only of assisting my sister.

Corsignac. To be useful to the sister of the person I love so ardently, would indeed make me happy.

Pauline. This morning she received Mr. Ledoux very coldly; and now she repents her imprudence.

Corsignac. I understand you, in a few minutes he will be at her feet. [*Exit*

Agathe. His vivacity is charming—but how could you send him after Mr. Ledoux?

Pauline. Shall I call him back?

Agathe. I do not mean that; but let me know what is your opinion about this Mr. Corsignac.

Pauline. My opinion—hush! here is Louise.

(*Enter* LOUISE)

Pauline I will be as plain with you, my dear Louise, as I have been with my sister; you may without apprehension of hurting my feelings, marry Sainville; I think no more of him.

Agathe. Nor I either; we resign the conquest; for it is just you should not be disappointed of the husband your father meant to give you. Farewell, I must talk a little in private with my sister

Louise (alone) They yield Sainville to me, have they discovered more of his disposition than Ursule has revealed to me. Always gallant with the ladies, she said; yet he appears so sincere, so open, perhaps I should be able to change him. Should I love, or should I avoid him? —Shall I act a coquette's part?——Yes—I must follow Ursule's advice. O heav'ns! he is coming towards me, and she has forsaken me. I must try to escape him.

(*Enter* SAINVILLE)

Sainville. Do I intrude upon your time, madam? you seem desirous of shunning me, the reception you first gave me, was more favourable; what caprice has so suddenly altered your mind

Louise. What caprice, Sir, am I accused of being capricious?

Sainville. I fear to dive too deeply into the feelings of your heart.

Louise. You may draw any inferences from them, I never attempt to conceal the state of my soul.

Sainville. As your father's friend you received me with some demonstrations of pleasure, as your intended husband, you seem to detest my presence.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*]

HAYMARKET.

On Wednesday, July 1, Mr. Young made his appearance in the character of *Don Felix*, in *The Wonder*. He does not appear to have that ease and versatility of countenance, or that vivacity of feeling and variety of expression, which are necessary to a comic actor. His features are stern and unpliable, and his general manner solemn and harsh. Nothing can be more foreign from merriment than his attempt at mirth: his gaiety is so apparently effort, and what humour he brings forth is spoiled by the constraint and labour of its production. To succeed in comedy a man must have a peculiar temperament which no education can give. All the excellencies of the tragic actor may be taught; the comedian's are the gift of nature alone. We can pronounce, therefore, that Mr. Young will never become celebrated as a comic actor..

The general fault of his performance in this character was, that he was boisterous and declamatory; that his jealousy was too much of a tragic cast, and more suited the ravings of an *Othello*, or the phlegmatic acrimonious jealousy of a *Kitely*, than to the busy, bustling, sanguine temperament of *Don Felix*. Altogether, his performance was that of a man of good sense, who was unequal to the character for no other reason than because nature never intended him to perform it.

Mrs. Litchfield's *Violante* was admirable. Her clear, mellow, and harmonious enunciation was excellently fitted for the character. She was at once dignified and tender; she rallied and rebuked her lover with equal ease and nature. Her humour was without constraint, and her dignity without severity. In a word, we know no actress who approaches her in this character but Mrs. Jordan, to whom the comic muse has justly yielded the palm.

Mr. YOUNG's STRANGER.

On Friday, July 3, Mr. Young appeared in

the character of the *Stranger*, and we can say, with justice, that whatever reason we had to condemn him in the character of *Felix*, we feel no inclination but to applaud him, almost without reserve or moderation, in the performance of this difficult part. That solemnity and severeness of style which rendered his comedy ineffective and disagreeable, adapted him in a more peculiar manner to the part of the *Stranger*.

His sorrow was truly dignified and simple, his misanthropy was majestic, and the whole of his representation was suited to the tone of feeling of the *Stranger*; it was a warm heart, keenly sensible of injury; a doating husband, with a distempered sensibility of honour; a friend more credulous than prudent; in a word, a man of extensive philanthropy, whose powers of mind, and high wrought delicacy of feeling, served rather to attract misfortune,—to accumulate and fasten it upon him, than to lighten it by a worldly philosophy, and an easy yielding to the stream. All the features of this varied character, the more subtile distinctions, and nicer traits, were most admirably caught and embodied by Mr. Young in his performance on the above night.

His judgment was conspicuous in what may be called the grand style of acting,—in sinking subordinate parts; in other words, in subduing them to the general ease and simplicity of nature, and bringing forward and rendering prominent those parts alone, to which strength and effect belong. His taste was exercised in a just and forcible selection of beauties, as well in the delivery of the dialogue and tone and feeling of the character, as in the choice of attitude and general manner of personation: we can say no more. His correctness never made him languid or mechanical; his warmth was natural feeling, rising by due degrees to its proper height. In the scene in which he relates his misfortunes to *Baron Steinfort*, he was not surpassed by Kemble; and in the reconciliation with his wife, Kemble alone has excelled him.

Mrs Litchfield's *Mrs Haller* is inferior only to Mrs Siddons.

On Thursday night, July 16, was produced at this theatre a new melo-drama, called *The Fortress*. It is from the pen of Mr. T. Hook, the author of *Tekeli*, and is a free translation from the French. The name of the French piece is *Les Evenements d'un Jour*. The following are the principal

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Governor	Mr CHAPMAN.
Count Everard	Mr YOUNG.
Count Adolphus	Mr. CARLES.
Oliver	Mr DE CAMP.
Vincent	Mr. MATHEWS.
Philip	Mr LISTON.
Thomas	Mr. TAYLOR.
Celestine	Mrs TAYLOR.
Paulina	Mrs. LISTON.
Alice	Mrs. GIBBS.

Scene, AUSTRIA.

As to the plot of this piece it is simple enough. It is an Escape dramatised—One or two attempts fail; but a guard being put asleep, or his eyes covered, and a great coat thrown over the prisoner, the catastrophe is fortunately brought about. It has certainly as much merit as most things of the kind; but, in scenific effect and incident, is inferior to *Tekeli*.

Mr. Hook, jun. is a young man of much talent; and it is to be lamented that he confines himself to translating, and the importation of what is perhaps not very well worth the freight.—The chief merit of this Piece, however, is the Music which accompanies it.

The excellence of Mr. Hook, the composer, is not fully understood. He is truly a master; his music has a distinct character of its own. It has the sweetness, the plaintiveness, and simplicity of the Scotch melody, without its weakness and monotony.—It thus produces a pleasing and gradually increasing impression, when listened to with attention. It is strictly the music which is suited to Silvan scenery; to Gondolas gliding through the waters on a summer's evening—to any thing that is tranquil, placid, and Arcadian. He neither excels in gaiety or greatness; his music has too much sentiment for the one, and too much regularity for the other. In the pastoral kind of music (we mean the Italian pastoral) where simplicity does not preclude elegance, nor nature science, Mr Hook is not only the first master of his time, but we believe, without exception that he is perfectly at the head of this species.

There is one song in this piece peculiarly in this master's best manner. The words, we believe, were

"*The village in which I was born.*"

From some accident, however, the whole effect of this song was spoilt by a most barbarous inelegance—a strain of peculiar sweetness was terminated by a full *burthen*, or symphony, or whatever they call it, of *Tol, lol, de, rol, lol*; and which Mr. Taylor, to mend the matter, gave with infinite fun. Surely this should be omitted, as the song alluded to is the sweetest in the whole piece.

To conclude, this *Melo-Drama* was received with great applause, and must prove extremely popular.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

FASHIONS

For AUGUST, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION

ENGLISH COSTUME.

Kensington Garden Dresses.

No. 1.—A plain cambric round dress, a walking length. Roman spencer of celestial blue sarsnet, with Vandyke lappels and falling collar; finished with the same round the bottom of the waist, and flowing open in front of the bosom. A village hat of Imperial chip, with bee-hive crown, confined under the chin with ribbon the colour of the spencer. Cropped hair, divided in the centre of the forehead with full curls. Gloves and shoes of lemon-coloured kid. Parasol of salmon-coloured sarsnet.

No. 2.—Round train dress of India muslin, with short sleeves, ornamented round the bottom and sleeves with a rich border of needle-work. Promenade tippet of Brussels lace, lined with white satin. Hat of white chip, or fancy cap of lilac satin, with a Brussels lace veil. Hair confined in braids over the right temple, and formed in loose curls on the opposite side. Gold hoop earrings. Gloves and slippers of lilac kid.

London Walking Dresses.

No. 3.—A French jacket and petticoat of India muslin, finished at the extreme edge in Vandyke and beadings of embroidery. Plain short sleeve; frock bosom, confined at each corner of the bust, where the jacket falls in easy lappels. Full frill of French net round the back and shoulders. Brunswick bonnet of pale jonquil sarsnet, ornamented with a wreath of similar flowers. Hair a waved crop; oval hoop earrings; York tan gloves; shoes of jonquille kid; parasol of bright lavender blossom.

No 4.—A plain round gown of the finest cambric, with gored bosom, and slashed sleeves. Lace tucker, with shell-scolloped edge. Robe pelice of jaconot muslin, bordered all round with needle-work and Vandyke. A Gipsy hat of satin straw, with edge *à-la chevaux de-frise* tied across the crown, and under the chin with a handkerchief of Paris net, or coloured sarsnet. Bosom of the gown confined with a bow of ribbon to correspond. Straw-coloured kid gloves and shoes. Parasol of shaded green sarsnet.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT STYLE OF FASHIONABLE DECORATION.

Having given, in regular progression, our delineations and remarks on the various fashions of the passing season, we at length offer to our several readers a close of equal animation, attraction, and splendor. We scarcely ever witnessed a period when taste and fashion were more perfectly in unison; nor any season when elegance and grace shone with such unrivalled fascination. Not only amidst the assemblies of rank and opulence, but in those simple unobtrusive adornments appropriated to the intermediate station—in those chaste habits becoming

such as move in a more domesticated sphere, have our fair country-women exhibited testimonies of their advancement in taste, and the graces of life.

The era is long since past, when the daughters of our Isle condescended to turn copyists; and the females of a neighbouring kingdom are now happy to aid their exhausted inventions, by adopting the correct graces of English style.—When, therefore, we offer a sample of Parisian decorations, it is more with a view of rendering our information extensive, various, and amusing, than from the necessity of offering to British females prototypes for imitation.

Although the metropolis is gradually losing on the score of fashionable attraction, yet do the Opera, Vauxhall, and our summer Theatres, still continue to exhibit a crowded display of beauty and fashion. Pleasure still holds her court within its walls; and her votaries, beguiled by her various allurements, seem reluctant to quit the field.

Little alteration is visible in the out-door costume since our last communication; but at Vauxhall we observe a novelty and grace of style appropriate to that place of captivating resort. The light flowing robes, and shadowy vestments, flowery ornaments, and azure veils, worn by our fashionable *elegantes*, conspire to render this brilliant scene truly Arcadian. Gowns and robes are now usually made round, and short; trains, even in full dress, being almost entirely exploded. We trust, however, that a speedy edict from the throne of taste, will again introduce this graceful appendage; for, however convenient and appropriate (which the short dress certainly is) to the morning, or walking costume, the distinguishing effect of a drawing-room is destroyed by this general reduction, and our females unquestionably deprived of much external dignity and elegance. Frocks of coloured muslin, or Italian crape, with a painted border of shells in Mosaic, worn over white sarsnet slips, are a new and elegant article; and French veils of coloured gauze, forming at once the head-dress and drapery, are considered as most graceful ornaments. They are usually worn with a plain white sarsnet or muslin gown, with flowers or wreaths in front of the hair, placed towards the left side, so as nearly to obscure the eye brow.

At the Duchess of M——'s last rout, we noticed two dresses of much novel attraction. The one entitled 'the Pomeranian mantle,' was formed of pea green gauze, cut in irregular pointed drapery, and trimmed with a silver tufted fringe; it was worn over a Gossamer satin underdress, which had a narrow border of the hop-blossom delicately painted round the bottom.—The hair in alternate ringlets, and bands, was ornamented with the same flowers, tastefully disposed. A sandal of white satin, laced with green chord, fastened with a tassel above the bend of the ankle.

The second dress, which struck us as singularly attractive, was styled 'the Cashmerian robe.' This dress was formed of azure blue crape, with alternate spots of blue and silver foil, and ornamented at the extreme edge with silver fringe. It was worn over a white satin round dress; was fastened with a pearl brooch on the left shoulder, and fell in a kind of Roman drapery round the form in front, gradually descending till it composed the train, completing the most elegant *tout ensemble* that imagination could paint. The head-dress, worn with this habit, consisted of a small half-square of blue patent-net, spangled and bordered with silver. It was tied simply across the forehead, in the Chinese style, beyond which the hair appeared in dishevelled curls, and occasionally fell over the handkerchief. The shoes were blue satin, with silver rosets.

Dress gowns are still worn high in the bosom, and very low on the back and shoulders. No handkerchief is seen in full dress; but the bottom, sleeves, and neck, are frequently ornamented with borders of natural flowers. Dancing dresses of Italian tiffany, crape, or leno, bordered with the convolvolus, wild roses, daisies, violets, &c. &c. have this season given a most animated *coup d'œil* to the ball-room. Indeed flowers as an ornament were never introduced with a more distinguishing effect. For the hair, they are formed in wreaths, tiaras, and small bunches; and each are placed very low on the forehead. The hair is now scarcely every seen without an ornament of this kind, or the small half handkerchief, which consists of patent net, embroidered or spangled. The latter was the distinguishing ornament of a fair bride of rank, on her first appearance at the opera, after her marriage. It was disposed in the Chinese style; but they are equally fashionable placed at the back of the head, and brought under the chin, with tiaras formed of carnations in front of the forehead. *Bandeaus* of broad gold are classed amidst a fashionable selection; but the turban has long resigned its place, in the sphere of taste and elegance. That dignified and graceful ornament, the winged ruff, *à la Mary Queen of Scots*, seems entirely confined to a few females of rank and taste, and is perhaps more immediately appropriated to such as may claim the privilege of singularity. The Vandyke though still very prevalent, is not considered so novel, or genteel, as the shell or crescent scollop; and the promenade tippets, and French bonnets, are now become absolutely *canaillish*. The Gipsy hat,

and robe pelice, form an elegant morning costume: the former are generally of chip with silk crowns; and the latter of white, or coloured muslin, trimmed with thread lace. The French cloak of white sarsnet, is very generally esteemed; this article is also trimmed round with broad lace; and is formed somewhat like the *capuchins* worn by our females of old. Caps are considered an indispensable in the morning costume. These are variously formed; but the Anne Bullen cap, and the Brunswick mob, are those in general estimation, both for their novelty, simplicity, and elegance. A large bonnet, styled the woodland poke, has lately been introduced. It forms a complete shade for the face; and is particularly adapted for those ladies, who, on the public promenades, or by the sea side, would be otherwise exposed to the scorching rays of a summer's sun. These bonnets, so conspicuous for unobtrusive neatness, are best formed of clear leno, with the raised pea spot. They are lined with coloured sarsnet, agreeably to the taste of the several wearers; trimmed round the edge and crown, with a Vandyke lace, and simply confined with a ribbon under the chin. The French jacket and petticoats, of cambric, edged with a beading of embroidery, are the last new article for morning attire: the jacket is made with a square collar, and long sleeves; shaped to the form of the arm. Sometimes it is cut with a round frock bosom; and worn with an embroidered shirt. Trinkets have undergone little change since our last information. The sapphire necklace, earrings, and brooches, are most distinguishable on females of taste; but pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and the union of gold and hair, must ever be ranked amidst the most chaste and elegant ornaments in this line. Gloves and shoes admit of little variety. The kid slipper for walking; and the sandal of satin, for full dress, are generally adopted.

The prevailing colours for the season are pink, lavender blossom, green, and jonquille.

LETTER ON DRESS.

FROM ELIZA TO JULIA, PREVIOUS TO HER DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.

Alas! my dear Julia, this will probably be the last letter you will receive from me bearing the date of dear enchanting London. My spirits are, I confess, a little below par at the prospect of quitting its gay and jocund scenes. The polished societies, the fashionable assemblies, the theatres, gardens, and public drives, the works of genius and the productions of art; have all afforded me amusement and delight; and, I fear, given me a relish for higher enjoyments. Perhaps, my friend, it had been better had I never quitted Truro. There I was at least contented. The confined circle in which my faculties were permitted to roam, gave little opportunity for the expansion of thought, or the intercourse of polished life. A still quiet routine of domestic pursuits and feelings, rendered my spirits calm and serene. My pleasures were not dazzling, were not vivid; but then they satisfied me. And if (as is asserted) all happiness is comparative, I cannot say absolutely that I am benefited by the change. For with all the numerous pleasures by which I have of late been surrounded—while friends have flattered and *beaus* pursued; yet do I not feel that perfect tranquillity I was sensible of when in Cornwall. A restless anxiety, a sort of hurrying apprehensive emotion, flutters in my breast; and I am not philosopher enough to trace the cause which actuates, or the medicine which heals. We were to have quitted town three days since; but have this morning received cards for the Marchioness of S———'s last grand assembly; which will collect together all the rank and beauty in London and its environs. Mary is one of those happy mortals who catch pleasure as it flies, and will not deprive herself of any amusement morally within her reach. A letter is travelling by to-day's post, soliciting an indulgence, which, after so long an absence, I scarcely dare hope to obtain—nothing less, Julia, than that I be permitted to accompany these delightful relatives, first to their country seat in Kent, and from thence to Brighton races. Forgive me, Julia, if I say that I wait in fearful suspence the result of this petition. Brighton, I am told, is the very centre of fashionable attraction at that season; and the scene will to me possess all the charm of novelty in addition. I shall, from this place, be able to continue my communications to you from the most select and elegant sources; and how much subject for personal conversation will it afford for our evening *tete a-teles* on my return to you. Do not, therefore, condemn me on the score of friendship, dear Julia! Gladly would I bring you to me; but as this is impracticable, I will endeavour to atone for my protracted absence by renewing my treaty with you. There are people, Julia, who prefer epistolary to personal converse. You remember the story related by Madam de Luxembourg in the *Confessions of Rousseau*, of the man who quitted the company of his mistress purely that he might have the pleasure of writing to her. Now though this conduct may by numbers be thought the very essence of romance, proceeding from visionaries, who, dissatisfied with things as they are, form to themselves a world of their own, and people it with the offspring of their own refined imaginations: yet will I maintain that there are situations in which an epistolary

correspondence is more interesting and effective than a personal commune; and, I trust, that my determined exertions to afford you instruction and amusement, will substantiate what I advance.

Now then, dear Julia, to begin with the time present and to come; for each, I assure you, is fully occupied with a succession of engagements. To-night we attend the Duchess of B———'s concert; and scarcely a disengaged two hours presents itself during our stay in town: for though many fashionables of acknowledged celebrity have quitted the metropolis, it only seems to have excited a more determined animation in those which still sojourn within its walls; and every place of fashionable resort still exhibits an assemblage which bespeaks neither a dearth of beauty, rank, or elegance.

Last evening we mustered a strong party for the opera, to witness the unparalleled powers of Catalani at her second benefit. Now, Julia, I charge you not to laugh at, or cavil with me when I say, that though I do not understand more than a few words of Italian, yet did I feel every note poured from the enchanting pipe of this sweet minstrel. Never did I witness such versatility of powers. The emphatic, the dignified, the expressive, the sublime, the insinuating; all reach the hearts of her enraptured auditors, and proclaim this surprising woman to possess the very soul of harmony. Thus much for my favourite enchantress, who appears to have only one thing to learn, that of economizing her talents; or rather, the art of making herself scarce. So tottering and incomplete is the fabric on which public applause is founded; that they, I am convinced, are most likely to continue favourites, who wisely leave much to hope and expectation.

But avaunt this moralizing strain! and let me step at once (a prodigious effort of mental agility), from the pulpit to the orchestra—from volumes of ethics to the crowd at Vauxhall. Gladly, I am sure, will Julia go with me in the exchange. Well then,—to this gay spot come along my friend; and gather from the costume selected by fashionables such as Mary and me, a few well-directed arrows for your bow. Our gowns were composed of the same materials, and consisted of India mull muslin, worked in the most delicate and minute sprigs. They were made a walking length; and round the bottom, were trimmed with a broad French lace; above which was laid a white satin ribbon. The bosoms and sleeves were gored; and the seams finished with satin beading. Mary wore her hair braided, and fastened in knots in the French style, at the back of her head, with a comb of brilliants *à la cheveux de frise*, a bandeau in the Chinese style crossed her forehead, and over her head was thrown in graceful negligence, a long veil of Paris net, embroidered in an elegant border of the pheasant's eye, copied to nature. This veil fell in tasteful folds about her figure, shading consistently the bosom, and forming a drapery strangely beautiful. Mary's figure is perfectly adapted to this style of ornament, being the very model of Grecian symmetry. My *petite* person would have been perfectly shrouded in such an article; so, Julia, I contented myself with my hair *à la rustique*, decorated with a bunch of the variagated pea-blossom; which divided the curls in front of the forehead; and appeared in a cluster so as nearly to obscure the left eyebrow. My bosom was shaded with a half handkerchief of patent net, embroidered in a border of the same flowers in colours; and was simply fastened at the throat with an Egyptian amulet set in pearls and gold. Mary has just ordered several new articles of attire for the country. A new set of morning dresses, consisting of the French jacket and petticoat; the robe pelice of blossom, and white muslin Riding coats of Circassian silk. A gipsy hat of satin straw, and woodland poke bonnet. All her evening dresses are without trains, ornamented at the feet with lace, work, or crescent scollops; and worn with the imperial ruff of lace. Little satin caps, and the cap Anne Bullen, with wreaths and bunches of natural flowers, are to form a part of her extensive and tasteful wardrobe. I send you, dear Julia, one of the prettiest gipsy hats I have ever seen, with a wreath of the blue convolvolus; which you must simply twine round the crown: for you must lay aside your little French bonnet, they being now considered *antifashionable*.—Adieu! dear Julia. Friday's post will determine whether I am destined to follow in the train of fashion's votaries, or soon to embrace those dear fire side friends, who will ever be sacred to the affections of

ELIZA.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1807.

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2. FOUR WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES of LADIES in the London Fashions for the Month.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. M. P. KING.
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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For AUGUST, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Twenty-first Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, Queen of Prussia, was born on the 10th of March 1776; she is the daughter of Duke Charles Louis Frederick, sovereign of the duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and niece of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain. She was betrothed to her royal consort in February, and married on the 24th December 1793. Handsome in her person, accomplished in her manners, with a mind equally elevated and noble, she possesses talents sufficient, if left unbiassed, to alleviate the burden of state to her royal consort. Misled, or prejudiced, she, by a fatality belonging to our wretched times, became an indirect instrument to support usurpation in France, by forsaking her native dignity, and condescending to put herself on a level with a revolutionary Empress, and by not dissuading her husband from forming those scandalous relations, which united him with the most atrocious of usurpers.

Whether impolitic errors of courts may as justly be attributed to depraved and immoral courtiers, as shameful and dangerous transactions of cabinets are to ignorant or corrupted ministers, the sovereigns of the Prussian Monarchy have certainly since 1795 been encompassed by every thing derogatory to greatness, undermining rank, insulting virtue, humiliating loyalty, and destructive to social order. What can contemporaries think, what must posterity judge of certain transactions, and of certain connections of the cabinet of Berlin? Does it not seem as if every confidential attendant of the Prussian Queen was studying to degrade her, and every confidential counsellor of the Prussian King was a traitor conspiring against lawful sovereignty, or at least a well paid pensioner of usurpation, or an artful intriguer in its pay, plotting against all ancient dynasties?

The day on which Prussia forsook the coalition by the treaty of Basle, she inclosed herself in a circle of dangers. She broke the obligation of her alliances without being able to form any, took umbrage at being reproached, resumed that national hatred, which the wisdom of the Emperor Leopold, and the patriotism of Frederick William II. had abjured; and forgot revolutionary France to dread Austria and Russia. Assisted by these fatal dissentions, Bonaparte and his predecessors have pursued their disorganizations, plots and usurpations.

Justice and impartiality require, however, that it should also be remarked, that the lustre of the Prussian Monarchy was clouded before their Majesties began to reign. It was obscured, if not darkened, by its treaties with the regicide French republic. This was however not surprising. The late King, enervated by debauchery, and influenced by corrupt or depraved mistresses, became the easy dupe of seduction, and a prey to

delusion. During his last years the reins of state were directed by revolutionary illuminati, by political quacks, or by unprincipled women. The errors and vices of his government, although reprehensible and complained of, were nevertheless justly ascribed to others, not to himself. But when, shortly after the accession of their present Majesties, the ex-Abbé Sieyes, the most infamously notorious of regicides, was admitted as an ambassador at Berlin, loyalty was dejected, and rebellion reared its head in triumph. Notwithstanding any thing a Haugwitz, a Schoulembourg, or a Hardenberg, may have asserted to the contrary, the assassin of one King could never be a proper person to figure in the court of another But many thought that even this humiliating act was merely a temporary though a degrading measure, commanded by imperious circumstances.

In the year 1799, when the most artful as well as the most outrageous of usurpers had seized on the throne of the Bourbons, all truly loyal and religious men began to be alarmed at the conduct of the Prussian cabinet. The manner in which Bonaparte's emissary Duroc was cajoled and caressed at the court of Berlin did not diminish their apprehensions. He was not only treated with the same ceremony as the representative of a legitimate sovereign, but with a distinction unusual as well as unbecoming. Being one day permitted to be present at the parade of the garrison of Berlin, he expressed some approbation of the scarfs of the officers of the King's body guards. No sooner was her Prussian Majesty informed of his *condescension*, than she, or rather her courtiers, caused her to degrade her rank and elevation, and to forget that this Duroc was nothing but the valet of a mean adventurer, who six years before could not have obtained the commission of a subaltern in the Prussian service. The Queen is said to have knitted with her own hands a scarf;—it is known that she presented one to Duroc with her own hand on the day he took leave.

This impolitic step (which took place during the winter of 1799), to say no worse of it, encouraged Bonaparte to send during the winter of 1800, his brother Louis to fraternize with the King, Queen, and royal family at Berlin. As might be expected, this Prince of Corsican blood was brutal, they were enduring; he was insolent and they were condescending; he behaved, from want of education, from presumption and vanity, like an upstart *sans-culotte*; they, like sovereigns, like princes and princesses, who saw that they had advanced too far, but who had not courage or disinterestedness enough to retreat, and instead of entertaining and feasting this ill-bred vagabond at Berlin, at Potsdam, at Charlottenbourg, or at Sans Souci, to shut him up amongst his equals, at Magdebourg or at Spandau.

The King and Queen are fond of retirement.—The winter of 1800 was passed by the royal family, not in the palace, but in a private house at Berlin, to save, as was reported, the expence of many fires, wood being rather dear. Every day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the King took a walk, without any other suite than one of his Majesty's aid-de-camps. The Queen at the same hour took an airing in a plain post-chaise, so plain that not its equal is found in any inn of Great Britain: behind the post-chaise stood two servants; and by her side was either her brother or some lady of her court. She was accompanied with no guards, or any attendants in any other carriage. Among a people, whose religious ideas were shaken under Frederick the Great; whose morals were corrupted under the reign of his successor; and who, under the present reign, have listened with avidity to the revolutionary doctrine of French emissaries, and who have seen their Sovereign by treaties descend to a level with the present as well as with former usurpers in France, all base as well as criminal, such an affected simplicity will certainly not augment their loyalty.

Every day during the same winter, when the weather permitted, the young Prince Royal and his cousin, nearly of his own age, son of the late Prince Lewis, took a walk on a place called the Linden, accompanied with no other person but their governor, a brother, and a son of a baker at Magdeburg. The children of tradesmen in good circumstances in England are much better dressed than those two Princes were; and no merchant's clerk in this country is so shabbily accoutred, as was their governor, an honest man who would make an excellent usher in a charity school.

The Queen of Prussia is the tender mother of six children: four Princes and two Princesses; of whom the eldest was born on the 15th of October 1795, and the youngest on the 15th of January 1803.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CRIMINA

IN the whole history of man, there is no chapter more instructive for the heart and mind than the annals of his deviations. By every great crime, a power proportionally great has been exerted. When the secret operation of our desire conceals itself by the fainter light of common affections; in the state of violent passion it becomes more rampant, more gigantic, and more visible; the more penetrating observer of mankind, who knows best what dependence we ought to place on the mechanism of the common free will, and how far we are entitled to draw analogous conclusions, will transplant from this province into his pneumatology many facts, and them useful for moral life.

The human heart is something so very uniform, and, at the same time, so very complex, that one and the same ability, or desire, can operate in a thousand different forms and directions; can effect a thousand inconsistent phenomena; and can appear differently combined in a thousand characters; while, on the other hand, a thousand dissimilar characters and actions may be deduced from the same disposition, even when the person of whom we speak has not the least idea that such an affinity exists. Should there a Linneus arise from the human race, as for the other realms of nature, who classified according to instincts and dispositions, how much should we be surprised to see many a one, whose vices are confined to the small sphere of common life, and circumscribed by the narrow limits of the laws, ranked in the same order with the monster Borgia.

If we consider the matter in this point of view, many objections may be made against the common method of treating history; and here also, I suppose, lies the difficulty, why the study of it has hitherto proved so little beneficial to common life. Betwixt the violent emotions in the mind of the acting person, and the calm composure of the reader, to whom this action is recounted, there exists a disagreeable contrast, there lies such an immensity of distance, that it is difficult for the latter, nay almost impossible for him, to form even an idea of a connection. There remains a chasm betwixt the historical subject and the reader, which cuts off every possibility of a comparison or application; and, instead of exciting that salutary terror, which warns proud health, it produces only astonishment, expressed by a shake of the head. We look upon the unfortunate person (who, in the hour that he committed the action, equally as in that which he suffers for it, was a human being like ourselves), as a creature of a different species, whose blood circulates otherwise than ours, and whose will is subject to other laws; his fate affects us but little, for sympathy is only founded on a remote consciousness of similar danger, and we are far from even dreaming of such a similarity. The lesson, therefore, is lost with the application, and history, instead of proving a school to enlighten us, must rest content with the pitiful merit of satisfying our curiosity. If she is to interest us more, if she is to attain her great aim, she must of necessity choose one of these two methods. The reader must either become warm as the hero, or the hero must be cold as the reader.

I know, that many of the best historians, both modern and ancient, have embraced the first method, and have engaged the hearts of their readers by an eloquent style. But this manner is an usurpation of the writer, and encroaches on the republican liberty of the reading world, who are entitled to judge for themselves; it is, at the same time, an infringement of those laws that limit the science, for this method is peculiarly and exclusively assigned to the orator and the poet. For the historian, the latter only remains.

The hero must be cold as the reader, or, what is here equally the same, we must be acquainted with him, before he acts; we must see him not only achieve his action, but see him wish to achieve it. His thoughts are much more important to us than his actions, and the springs of his thoughts still more so than the consequences of those actions. The soil of Vesuvius hath been investigated, in order to ascertain the origin of its conflagration; and why do we bestow less of our attention on a moral than on a physical phenomenon? Why do we not pay the same degree of regard to the nature and situation of affairs which environed such a person, till the collected tinder caught fire in his soul? The strange and marvellous in such a phenomenon charms the dreamer, who delights in the wonderful. The friend of truth seeks for a mother to these lost children. He seeks her in the unalterable struc-

ture of the human soul, and in the unalterable conditions which externally determine it; and, in these two he is sure to find her. He is then no longer surprised to see the poisonous hemlock spring up in those very beds, where the most salutary herbs usually flourish in profusion; or, to find wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, in the same cradle together.

Were I even to set no value on any of the advantages which pneumatology derives from such a method of treating history, it merits, however, a preference on this account alone, that it eradicates the cruel scorn and proud security with which unproved standing virtue generally looks down on the fallen, as it diffuses the meek spirit of toleration, without which, no fugitive can return, no reconciliation of the law can take place, and no infected member of society can be rescued from the general contagion.

If the criminal, of whom I shall presently speak, was still entitled to appeal to that spirit of toleration, if he was really lost to the state beyond a possibility of recovery, I shall leave it to the judgment of the reader. Our mercy can now be of no avail, for he died by the hand of the executioner; but the dissection of his vices may prove a lesson to humanity, perhaps, also to justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of an innkeeper, in a country town of **** (the name of which, from reasons, which will appear evident in the sequel, we must conceal); he assisted his mother to carry on the business till his twentieth year, for his father was dead. The house was little frequented, and Wolf had many idle hours. From the time he had been at school he had been known as a wild youth. Grown up girls complained frequently of his assurance, and the boys of the town paid homage to his inventive abilities. Nature had neglected his person. A little unseemly figure, frizzled hair of a disagreeable black colour, a flat nose, and swollen upper lip, which was besides distorted by a kick of a horse, rendered his appearance so extremely repulsive, that it frightened all the women from him, and afforded an inexhaustible fund of merriment to his comrades.

He wished to obtain that by defiance, which was refused him by nature; because he displeased, he resolved at pleasing. He was sensual, and persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he choose treated him ill; he had reason to fear that his rival was happier; but the girl was poor. A heart that was shut to the professions of love might open to his presents; but he himself was oppressed with want, and the vain attempt to render his external agreeable, consumed the little he gained by a bad business. Too easy and too ignorant to remedy his ruined economy by speculation; too proud and too effeminate to change the state of the gentleman, in which he lived, with that of the peasant; and to renounce his boasted liberty, he only saw one resource left him, which thousands before and after him have taken with better success, the resource to steal in an honest manner. His native town lay on the borders of one of the prince's forests. He became deer-stealer, and the produce of his depredations passed faithfully into the hands of his mistress.

Amongst the lovers of Hannah, was Robert, a huntsman to the forester, who soon observing the advantage which the liberality of his rival had gained over him, sought after the cause of this change with an evil eye. He went oftener to the Sun, for this was the sign of the inn; his watchful eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered whence this money flowed. Not long before that period a severe edict had been revived against the deer-stealers, which condemned the transgressors to bridewell. Robert was indefatigable in watching all the secret steps of his enemy, and, at last, succeeded in detecting the imprudent inn-keeper in the fact. Wolf was imprisoned, and it was with great difficulty, and not without the sacrifice of all his little property, that he obtained a commutation of his punishment.

Robert triumphed. His rival was beaten off the field, and Hannah's favour lost for the beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy was the happy possessor of his Johanna. A galling sense of his own want, joined to injured pride, poverty and jealousy combined, break in upon his sensibility, hunger drives him on the wide world, revenge and passion rivet him to the spot. He again became a deer stealer; but Robert's redoubled vigilance entraps him a second time. Now he experiences the full severity of the law, for he has nothing more to give; and in a few weeks, he is delivered over to the bridewell of the capital.

The year of punishment is endured, his passion had grown by absence, and his obstinacy had risen under the pressure of misfortune. Scarce had he obtained his liberty, when he hastened to his native place to show himself to his Johanna. He appears, but is avoided. Pressing want, at last, humbled his pride, and got the better of his effeminacy. He offers himself as a day labourer to the rich of the place; the husbandman looks with contempt on the weak effeminate wretch; the muscular appearance of his sturdy rival bears off the preference by this unfeeling patron. He makes a last attempt. A place is still vacant; the last lost appointment of an honest name—he applies to be made town's-herdsman, but the peasant will not trust his swine to a profligate.

In all his plans disappointed, every where repulsed, he became, for the third time, deer-stealer, and, for the third time, was unlucky enough to fall into the hands of his vigilant enemy.

This second relapse aggravated his guilt. The judges looked into the book of laws, but none of them read the state of mind of the accused. The edict against the deer-stealers required a solemn and striking example; and Wolf was condemned, with the sign of the gallows burnt on his back, to work three years in the fortress.

This period also elapsed, and he went from the fortress; but quite a different creature from what he was when he came there. This forms the commencement of a new epoch in his life; but let us hear his own words, as he afterwards made a confession to the clergyman who attended him, and to the courts of justice:—

"I entered the fortress," said he, "as a strayed sheep, and left it as a finished villain. I had still something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride revolted at ignominy. As I was brought to the fortress, I was confined to the same apartment with three and twenty prisoners, amongst whom were two murderers, the rest were all noted thieves and vagabonds. They made a game of me, when I talked of God; they urged me on to utter the most dreadful imprecations against our blessed Saviour; they sung obscene songs, which I, a professed libertine, could not hear without disgust and horror; but what shocked my modesty most was, what I saw them practise. No day passed without the repetition of some scandalous scene of their lives, without the contrivance of some wicked scheme. At first I fled from these wicked miscreants, and avoided, as much as possible, their intercourse; but I needed some creature to sympathise with me, and the barbarity of my keepers had even refused me my dog. The labour was hard and tyrannical; my constitution was sickly; I required help; and, if I must candidly confess it, I required compassion. So I habituated myself to the most detestable ideas, and in the last three months I became a greater proficient than my teacher.

"From this moment I thirsted for my liberty, as I thirsted for revenge. All mankind had injured me, for every one was better and happier than I. I looked upon myself as a martyr to the rights of man, and a sacrifice to the laws. Gnashing my teeth, I impatiently bit my chains when the sun set on the hill of my prison; an extensive prospect is a double hell for one that is confined. The fresh draught of wind that whistled through the air holes of my tower, and the swallow, that harboured on the iron bar of my grated crevice, seemed to mock me with their liberty, and made my confinement appear the more horrid. It was then I swore an irreconcilable inextinguishable hatred to all that bore the resemblance of man, and what I swore I have faithfully kept.

"My first thought, on recovering my liberty, was my native town. As little as I had there to hope for my future support, the more promising were my expectations of satiating my thirst for revenge. My heart beat more licentiously as I descried at a distance the steeple arise from amongst the woods. It was no more that heart-felt pleasure and satisfaction which I had experienced on my first pilgrimage. The memory of all the hardships, of all the persecutions I had once undergone there, awoke at once from a terrible death-like sleep, all my wounds bled afresh, and every scar to my honour was again unripped. I redoubled my pace, for I anticipated in my mind the pleasure of overwhelming my enemies with consternation by my sudden appearance, and I now thirsted as much for humiliation as I formerly trembled for it.

"The bell tolled to evening service as I stood in the midst of the market-place. The people thronged to church. They soon recollected me, and every one that stumbled on me seemed shy and retreated. I had always been particularly fond of little children, and even now this attachment involuntarily got the better of me, and I offered a little boy that hopped by me a penny. The boy looked at me a few moments with a fixed stare, and then threw the money in my face. Had my blood been a little more cool, I should have remembered, that the long beard which I wore, since my release from the fortress, had disfigured the traits of my face, and had rendered them horrid—but my bad heart had infected my reason. Tears such as I had never shed rolled over my cheeks.

"The boy knows not who I am, nor whence I come, said I, half audibly to myself, and yet he avoids me like a bugbear. Am I then marked any where on the forehead, or have I no longer the appearance of a mortal, because I feel that I can no longer love one? The contempt of this boy pained me more sensibly than three years labour as a convict, for I had done him good, and could accuse him of no personal hatred.

"I seated myself in a carpenter's yard opposite the church; for what reason, I know not; but I well remember that I arose irritated to the highest pitch, as none of all my acquaintance, who passed by, not even one, deigned to take the least notice of me. With reluctance, I left my station to seek for an inn; as I was turning the corner of a street I ran full against my

Johanna. 'Mine host of the Sun!' exclaimed she quite loud, and advanced to embrace me; 'you here again, dear landlord of the Sun! thank God, that you are returned!' Famine and extreme wretchedness were visible in her dress, an opprobrious malady in her face, her whole appearance bespoke the most abandoned of creatures to which she was sunk. I soon conceived what must have happened. Several dragoons whom I had met led me to believe that there were soldiers quartered in the town. Soldier's trull! cried I, and in a fit of laughter, turned my back upon her. It gave me pleasure to think that there was a creature in the scale of mankind more despicable than myself. I never loved her.

"My mother was dead; my creditors had paid themselves with my small house; I had nobody and nothing more to interest me; the whole world fled from me as from a viper; but I had, at last, lost all sense of shame. Formerly I had avoided the eyes of mankind, because I could not brook contempt. At present I obtruded myself upon them, and took delight to scare them; I felt myself at my ease, since I had nothing more to lose, and nothing more to care for; I stood in no further need of any good quality, as no one supposed me capable of any.

"The wide world lay before me, I might have, perhaps, passed for an honest man in another province, but I had lost the courage even to appear as one. Despair and shame had, at last, obliged me to adopt this mode of thinking; it was the last subterfuge that remained to me, to reconcile myself to the want of honour, since I could no longer lay claim to any. Had my vanity and pride survived my degradation, I must have committed suicide.

"What my resolutions then were, I knew not properly myself; so much I recollected obscurely,—I determined to deserve my fate; the laws, I thought, were a benefit to the world; I resolved therefore to infringe them. Formerly, I transgressed from necessity and levity; at present, I did it from free choice and for pleasure.

"The first thing I did was to continue deer-stealing. Hunting, in general, grew upon me to a passion; and, besides, it was also necessary for me to subsist. But this was not the only motive that actuated me; it was highly gratifying for me, to set the prince's edict at defiance, and do my sovereign every possible injury. I was no wise afraid of being apprehended, for I had a ball ready for him who should detect me; and I knew well that I did not miss my man. I killed all the game that came in my way; what I converted into money on the frontiers was but little; the most I suffered to rot; I led a very miserable life in order to defray the expence of powder and shot. My devastation in the prince's forests became the subject of common talk; but no longer did suspicion fall on me. My appearance extinguished it; my name was forgotten.

"This sort of life I led for several months. One morning, as usual, I traversed the wood, to follow the trace of a stag. Two hours I had fatigued myself to no purpose; and I then began to give up my booty as lost, when I at length discovered it within my shot. I was on the eve of putting the piece to my shoulder and of firing, but suddenly the appearance of a hat, that lay a few paces from me on the ground, affrighted me.

"I cast my eyes around me on every side, and immediately discovered the huntsman, Robert, who, from behind the trunk of an aged oak, levelled at the same stag for which I designed my shot. A deadly damp pervaded all my limbs as I saw him. He, of all living, was exactly the mortal whom I most abhorred, and he was within the reach of my ball. In this moment it seemed to me as if the whole world lay in my shot, and the hatred of my whole life concentrated itself in the single point of the finger with which I was to press the murderous trigger. An invincible dreadful hand hovered over me; the regulator of my fate pointed irrecoverably to this black minute; my arm trembled as I left my gun the horrid choice; my teeth chattered as if in a feverish cold; and the breath, which had confined itself to my lungs, almost suffocated me. For a whole minute the muzzle of my gun remained doubtfully directed between the man and the stag—a minute—and still a minute—a third! Revenge and conscience contended obstinately and doubtfully, but revenge got the better, and the huntsman lay stretched a corpse on the earth.

"My arm dropt with the shot.—Murderer! stuttered I slowly.—The forest was still as a church-yard—I heard distinctly that I had said murderer. As I slipt nearer, the man died. Long did I stand speechless before the deceased; a loud fit of laughter, at length, gave me respiration. Will you now hold your tongue, my friend? said I, and stepping boldly up to the body, turned the face outwards. The eyes stood wide open; I grew serious, and became again quite silent.—I began to feel strange.

"The judgment of God never once occurred to me; but a judgment, I do not well know which, a confused remembrance of the halter and sword, and the execution of a woman for child murder which I had witnessed when a school-boy. There was something extremely frightful for me in the idea, that my life, from the present moment was forfeited. The other particulars of what I then felt I cannot now recollect. I wished immediately after the perpetration of the

murder, that the huntsman had still lived. I did myself violence to recall in a lively manner to my remembrance all the evil he had done me during his life, but strange! my memory seemed as if it had died within me; I could not retrace a single circumstance of all that, but a quarter of an hour before, had driven me mad; I could not at all conceive how I could have been guilty of this murder!

"Still did I continue standing before the corpse—I could hardly tear myself from it. The cracking of whips and the creeking sound of carriers waggons, as they drove through the wood, brought me to myself. For it was scarcely a mile from the road, where the crime was committed. I was forced to think of my safety.

"Without following any proper course, I strayed deeper into the wood. On the way I recollected that the murdered huntsman used to wear a watch. I needed money to regain the frontiers; and yet I had not the courage to return to the place where the deceased lay. Here the thoughts of the devil, and the omnipresence of the Almighty startled me. I mustered all my courage; resolved to put all hell at defiance, I returned to the place; I found what I expected, and, in a green purse, a little more than a dollar in money. Just as I was going to put both of them up, I suddenly stopt short and deliberated. It was no fit of shame, nor yet of fear to aggravate my crime by robbery—spite it was, I believe, that made me throw the watch from me, and retain but half the money. I wished to pass for a personal enemy of him I had shot, but not for his robber.

"Now I fled to the interior of the forest. I knew that the wood extended sixteen miles to the northward, and then touched the frontier. I ran quite breathless until it was high noon. The precipitation of my flight had dispersed my remorse of conscience, but it returned more dreadfully as my strength became more exhausted. A thousand frightful forms passed before me, and pierced my breast like daggers. Betwixt a life constantly disquieted by the fears of death, and a violent exit from it by my own hands, there was now a dreadful alternative left me, and choose I must. I had not courage to rid myself of the world by suicide, and felt such horror at the prospect of remaining in it. Racked in my choice betwixt the certain torments of this life, and the uncertain terrors of eternity, alike incapable to live and to die, I spent the sixth hour of my flight; an hour replete with tortures of which no mortal, as yet, can form an idea.

"Retired within myself and slow, having unconsciously drawn my hat over my face, as if this could have rendered me undistinguishable to the eye of inanimate nature, I had followed imperceptibly the track of a small foot path, which led me through the thickest recesses of the wood, when suddenly a harsh commanding voice before me called, halt! The voice was quite near me; my distraction and the flapped hat had prevented my looking around me. I raised my eyes, and saw a wild man, who bore a great knotty club, advancing towards me. His figure bordered on the gigantic—consternation, with which I was at first seized, at least, made me believe so; and the colour of his skin was of a tawny mulatto-black, which the white of a squinting eye rendered truly horrible. He had, instead of a belt, a thick rope tied twice round a green woollen coat, in which he wore a large slaughtering knife, with a pistol. He repeated his orders, and a sturdy arm held me fast. The voice of a mortal had frightened me, but the appearance of a ruffian gave me courage. In the situation in which I at present was I had cause to tremble for every honest man, but none to dread a villain.

"Who are you?" said this apparition.

"Your equal, was my answer,—if you are really that which you appear to be!

"That is not the right way out of the forest. What is your business here?"

"Who gave you right to ask?" answered I obstinately.

"The man viewed me twice from head to foot. It seemed as if he was comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure.—'You speak in a brutal manner; much like a beggar,' said he, at last.

"That may be; it is what I was but yesterday."

"The man laughed. 'One might take an oath on it,' cried he, 'that you still wished to pass for nothing better to-day.'

"Perhaps, then, for something worse.—I wish to get on"

"Softly, my friend! what is all your hurry?" I recollected myself for a moment; I know not how the word came on my tongue.—'Life is short, said I slowly, and hell endures for ever.'

"He stared me full in the face. "'I'll be d——d,' said he, at last, 'if you have not made an hair-breadth escape from some gallows.'

"That may, perhaps, still happen; so, to our next meeting, comrade."

"Here's to you, comrade!" cried he, as he drew from his wallet a tin flask; from which, he took an hearty draught, and reached it to me. My flight and anxiety had exhausted my strength, and, during the whole terrible day, nothing as yet passed my lips. I feared, indeed, to have perished with faintness in this forest, where, in a circumference of twelve miles, I could not hope to find the least refreshment. You may judge how gladly I pledged him in this proffered health.

By this cordial my limbs were animated with new strength, my heart with fresh courage and hope, and love of life; I began to conceive that I was not altogether miserable; such were the effects of this welcome liquor. Nay, I confess it, my situation again approached that of the happy; for I had, at last, after a thousand disappointed hopes, found a creature who bore a resemblance to myself.

"The man had stretched himself on the grass; I did the same.

"Your draught hath been of service to me," said I; 'we must be better acquainted with one another.'

"He struck fire to light his pipe.

"Have you been long in the trade?"

"He looked at me stedfastly.—'What do you mean by that?"

"Has this been often bloody?" I drew the knife from his belt.

"Who are you?" said he in a terrible voice, and laid the pipe aside.

"A murderer, like yourself!—but, as yet, only a beginner"

"The man looked sternly at me, then took up his pipe again.

"You do not live here?" said he, at last.

"Three miles from this, the keeper of the Sun, in L—, if you have ever heard of me"

"The man sprang up, like one deprived of his senses.

"The deer stealer, Wolf?" cried he, hastily.

"The same!"

"Welcome, comrade! welcome!" cried he, and shook me heartily by the hand. 'That is excellent that I have you at last, landlord! Year and day I have been thinking how to get you. I know you very well. I have been told of all that has happened. I have long reckoned on you.'

"Reckoned on me! for what then?"

"The whole country rings of you; you have been persecuted by justice, Wolf; you have been ruined; the manner in which they have treated you is sinful"

'The man grew warm—'because you shot a couple of wild boars, which the Prince feeds on our fields and meadows, they have for years dragged you about the work-house and the fortress; they have robbed you of your house and livelihood; they have reduced you to beggary. Is it come to this, brother, that man is to be valued no higher than a hare? are we not better than the beasts of the field? and a fellow like you could endure this?'

"Could I help it?"

"That we shall see. But tell me, where do you come from now, and what are your intentions?"

"I related to him my whole history The man without waiting, until I had finished, sprang up with eager impatience, and drew me after him. 'Come, brother, landlord,' said he, 'now you are ripe, now I have got you where I wanted you. I shall gain honour by you. Follow me.'

"Where will you lead me?"

"Don't ask questions. Follow;" he dragged me forcibly after him.

"We had proceeded near a mile, the forest became more and more uneven, impervious and entangled, neither of us spoke a single word, until at last the whistle of my conductor roused me from my reveries. I cast my eyes around me, we stood on the craggy precipice of a rock, which descended into a deep cleft A second whistle answered from the inmost womb of the rock, and a ladder, as of itself, slowly arose out of the hollow My leader descended first, desiring me to wait until he should return. 'I must chain the dog,' added he, 'you are a stranger here, the beast would tear you to pieces.' With that he went.

"Now I stood alone on the brink of the abyss, and I knew very well that I was alone. The imprudence of my guide had not escaped my notice; a moment's resolution, to have drawn up the ladder, I was safe, and my flight secured. I must confess, I was conscious of this. I looked down into the gulf, which was now to receive me, it gave me a dark idea of the abyss of hell, from which there can be no hope of salvation. I began to tremble at the path I was now going to tread; a speedy flight only could save me. I resolved on this flight; already I stretched out my arm to lay hold of the ladder, but at once it thundered in my ears, it sounded on every side like the scoffing laughter of hell: 'what has a murderer to risk!' and my arm fell powerless to my side. My score of iniquity was full; the time for repentance was no more; the murder I had committed lay towered up behind me like a rock, and barred my return for ever. At the same time my conductor again appeared, and intimated to me I might come down. Now I had no longer an alternative—I descended.

"We had proceeded a few steps under the cleft, when the bottom extended itself, and discovered several huts. In the midst of these a round green opened to the view, on which several people, eighteen or twenty in number, had laid themselves around a coal fire. 'Here comrades,' said my leader, and presented me in the midst of the circle, 'our landlord of the Sun; bid him welcome.'

"Landlord of the Sun," cried all at the same time, and every one darted up, and pressed round me, men and women. Shall I confess it, the joy was undissembled and sincere; confidence, even

regard was apparent in every face. One squeezed my hand, another familiarly took hold of me by the coat.

"The whole scene was as the meeting with an old acquaintance, who is dear to us. My arrival had interrupted the feast which was just going to begin. They immediately recommenced it, and invited me to drink to the welcome. Venison of every sort was their meal, and the flask, with wine, circulated freely from neighbour to neighbour. Good living and harmony seemed to inspire the whole band, and every one vied to express his joy at my arrival, in a manner more licentious than his neighbour.

"They had seated me betwixt two women, which was the place of honour at table. I expected to find them the refuse of their sex, but how great was my astonishment on discovering amongst this abandoned crew the most beautiful female forms which ever my eyes had seen. Margaret, the elder and more beautiful of the two, assumed the title of *maid*, and could scarce have attained her five and twentieth year; she talked in a very licentious manner, and what her tongue concealed her gestures fully expressed. Maria, the younger, was married, but had eloped from a husband who had used her ill. She was more delicate, but looked rather pale and sickly, and dazzled less than her fiery neighbour. Both these women contended with one another to inflame my desires; the beauteous Margaret endeavoured to obviate my reserve with her licentious jests, but she was altogether my aversion, and the bashful Maria had captivated my heart for ever.

"You see, brother landlord," began the man who had brought me here, 'you see on what footing we live here with one another, and every day's life same. If you can therefore resolve to find our manner of life agreeable, become one of us, and be our leader. Hitherto I have filled that honourable station, but I will yield the place to you. Do you agree comrades?'

"A joyful yes was issued from each throat.

"My determination cost me but little. 'I'll stay with you, comrades,' called I, in a loud and resolute tone of voice, as I stepped into the midst of the gang. 'I'll stay with you,' called I again, 'on condition that you will relinquish to me my pretty neighbour.' All consented to grant my desire; and I became the captain of a band of robbers"

I pass over the remaining part of the history, the merely detestable can have nothing instructive for the reader. An unfortunate wretch who is sunk so very low as this, must at last become familiar with every vice which disgraces human nature—but he never committed a second murder, as he himself declared when put to the torture.

(To be continued.)

A DESCRIPTION OF HAMBURGH AND BREMEN.

None of all the cities of the north being at present more intimately connected with England than Hamburgh, we flatter ourselves a short account of it will not prove uninteresting to our readers. According to Mr. Hesse, who has published an excellent description of Hamburgh, it has about 130,000 inhabitants. Within these few years a great number of merchants of all countries have settled there, and by their fortunes and industry greatly contributed to render its trade more extensive. The number of vessels which entered its port in the year 1804, amounted to 2148, of which 3 came from Cadiz, 117 from Amsterdam, 198 from London, 80 from Newcastle, 51 from Bourdeaux, 71 from Russia, 2 from China, and 149 from North America. The cargoes of the latter, besides a great variety of other articles, contained alone 22,258,000 pounds of coffee. Such an extensive commerce could not but have a powerful influence on the morals, customs, and the taste of its inhabitants. And we can safely aver, that the manner of living, for instance, is totally different from what it was ten years ago. Eating houses and taverns of every description are to be met with in various parts of the city. In some of these a comfortable dinner, a bottle of wine included, may be had for twenty pence English, while in others you may dine for a louis-d'or per head, wine excluded. The feasts of the Hamburghers are uncommonly sumptuous, the tables being loaded with all the niceties of the season.—The German theatre is far from corresponding with the wealth of that city; whilst the French theatre distinguishes itself particularly by its comic operas. The orchestra is one of the best in Germany. Viotti and Giarwichi, whose great talents were justly admired by the English connoisseurs, were honoured with the

most marked distinction at Hamburgh. The play-houses are open every night during winter, except on Saturdays, when concertos are generally given.—The balls in Boselhof are extremely brilliant. Waltzes are the predominant dances. The city itself is dark, the streets being narrow, and the houses in general very high. The gates are shut early every night, a regulation which to foreigners must appear rather inconvenient, but does credit to the wisdom of the senate. It is impossible to find, or even to imagine, a more magnificent and striking view than you may enjoy in the Baumhaus, a public building, where tea, coffee, and a variety of other refreshments may be had. The new house built for the reception and education of orphans, is a most magnificent building, and justly might be denominated the palace of orphans. The manner in which the children are instructed in the old house for orphans, reflects the greatest honour on the Senate of Hamburgh, and the charitable zeal with which it is supported, is highly creditable to the inhabitants of that wealthy city. A beggar is a very uncommon phenomenon in the streets of Hamburgh.—Gloomy as the streets of the city are, the country seats of the wealthy citizens present the most charming prospects, and you need but to walk a few miles to enjoy the beauties of nature in the greatest perfection. The hospitality and complaisance shewn by the Hamburghers to strangers, scarcely can be excelled. A few respectable acquaintances suffice to enable a traveller to enjoy social pleasures of all kinds, and to procure him admittance to the most polished and elegant circles. It, indeed, cannot be denied, that the rage for gaming is uncommonly prevalent, and in many societies is almost the only amusement resorted to; but there are also many circles where more rational entertainments may be found, especially as the higher classes distinguish themselves by a great proficiency in mental accomplishments. Many merchants, for instance, possess libraries which would do honour to professed literati; and, what is still more laudable, make a very good use of them.—Hamburgh contains a great number of scientific institutions and private collections of natural curiosities, amongst which that belonging to the learned senator Kirchhof, deserves particular distinction. There are at Hamburgh several public libraries, of which that which is attached to the senatorial gymnasium possesses the greatest number of valuable manuscripts. It was many years under the inspection of Professor Lichtenstein, who is honourably known as an eminent natural philosopher, and prided himself in shewing to strangers every attention and civility in his power. His recal to his native country by the Duke of Brunswick, who conferred upon him a very honourable appointment at the university of Helmstaedt, is a real literary loss to Hamburgh. The Patriotic Society, which spares no expence in promoting the improvement of the sciences and the fine arts, is one of the greatest ornaments of which Hamburgh can boast. The learned Lorenz Meyer, is one of its most distinguished members. The *Vene Correspondent*, a daily paper printed at Hamburgh, under the direction of a son of the celebrated Klopstock, is the most esteemed publication of the kind on the Continent, and rivalled by none, each impression consisting of above one thousand copies. The *Precis des Evenemens Militaires*, published by Perthes, in French and German, is one of the most eminent and elaborate periodical publications on the Continent. The *Mercury of Europe*, an English paper, established last year by a Mr. Windsor, also deserves honourable mention. The extensive sale of a monthly *Musical Magazine*, proves that the Hamburghers are also zealous in encouraging the improvement of the elegant art of music. The venerable Klopstock, author of the *Messiah*, undoubtedly is the greatest literary ornament of which Hamburgh can boast. The commentary on Mr. Anderson's valuable collection of the laws of Hamburgh, published by Dr. Hasche, is a work of great utility, and should be in the hands of every foreign merchant trading to Hamburgh. The most prevailing feature in the manners of the Hamburghers, is a divided *Anglomania*. Robberies are very uncommon, notwithstanding the great population of this city. All classes distinguish themselves by an honourable degree of patriotism, which is the natural result of good laws, easy taxes, and a wise government.

The country round Bremen is far from beautiful, though the situation of the city is highly picturesque, as it lies on the banks of the Weser, which divides it into the old and new town. The former is principally inhabited by merchants, whilst the latter consists of garden-houses and the cottages of poor mechanics. The streets of the old town are extremely narrow, but not so dark and gloomy as those of Hamburgh, the houses rarely being more than two stories high.—The general character of the Bremers is distinguished for honesty, a high degree of good nature and patriotism. Wealthy as the majority of the inhabitants of Bremen are, luxury has not yet poisoned their morals. The lower classes are, indeed, as unpolished as in most other places, and as well as at Hamburgh, exhibit a high degree of boldness and blunt energy, which rather inspire fear than confidence; but being the natural result of prosperity, are perceived with pleasure by a reflecting and benevolent mind. When the Hanoverian troops, four years ago, unexpectedly entered the city, the inhabitants of cottages

and houses promiscuously crowded to the gates, surrounding the soldiers, and viewing them fearlessly, only waiting for the permission of the Senate to oppose their intrusion. Intelligence being at length brought that the Senate had decreed the amicable admission of the strangers, the populace immediately dispersed, and repaired to their respective homes, in order to prepare refreshments for these strangers, whom they with equal alacrity would have murdered, had the assembled fathers of the city desired it. The writer of this article was present when a carter said to a serjeant, who had been abusive to him: "Hold your peace! I am a citizen, and you are only a soldier!"—The merchants and artists possess an eminent degree of scientific knowledge. A few merchants, being fond of reading, jointly bought about fifteen years since, Cook's Voyages. Having perused them, they agreed to preserve the work as common property. One of the society proposed to continue this joint purchase of books; another made the proposal that each member of their society should contribute to a small common library, to be erected for their mutual improvement, whatever useful books he could spare; whilst a third presented the society with his collection of natural curiosities. They now hired an apartment, which was to serve as a repository of their treasures; and rules and regulations for conducting their meetings, and for collecting contributions, were drawn up, &c. and the society at present possesses a select library of more than ten thousand volumes, as well as a great number of medals and philosophical instruments, a collection of natural curiosities, &c. The learned members take it by turns to read weekly lectures on historical subjects, natural philosophy, or public improvements which are intended to be introduced. The beneficent effects of this useful institution are universally felt at Bremen. Even the fair sex take a share in literary pursuits. Two professors read twice a week, every winter, public lectures on history, natural philosophy, &c. and generally have above fifty auditors, consisting chiefly of merchants and ladies. The fine arts are also very much esteemed and cultivated at Bremen, where you meet with several excellent collections of paintings, of which that of a Mr. Wilkens, a wealthy merchant, deserves particularly to be distinguished. He possesses many pieces of the most eminent artists, ancient as well as modern. Amongst the latter the productions of the pencil of Mr. Menke, a young artist, who is a native of Bremen, are particularly valuable. He was intended for the mercantile line, and had already nearly completed the term of his apprenticeship, when inspired with a sudden enthusiasm for painting, he quitted his situation abruptly. He retired into the country, and was indefatigable in copying trees and cattle, without being deterred by impending want. Wilkens, being informed of his enthusiastic predilection for the fine arts, generously gave him an asylum at his country seat, and paid all the productions of his pencil, deficient as they were, with a liberality which enabled him in a few years to go to Dresden to study the masterpieces of the gallery of that place.

DEFINITION OF A HUSBAND BY HIS WIFE.

THIS lady composed the following vocabulary to express the character of a husband, from her own experience, and which proves how copious our language is on that article:—He is, said she, an abhorred, abominable, acrimonious, angry, arrogant, austere, awkward, barbarous, bitter, blustering, boisterous, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, capricious, captious, careless, choleric, churlish, clamorous, contumelious, crabbed, cross, currish, detestable, disagreeable, discontented, disgusting, dismal, dreadful, drowsy, dry, dull, envious, execrable, fastidious, fierce, fretful, froward, frumpish, furious, grating, gross, growling, gruff, grumbling, hard-hearted, hasty, hateful, heotoring, horrid, huffish, humoursome, illiberal, ill natured, implacable, inattentive, incorrigible, inflexible, injurious, insolent, intractable, irascible, ireful, jealous, keen, loathsome, maggotty, malevolent, malicious, malignant, maundering, mischievous, morose, murmuring, nauseous, nefarious, negligent, noisy, obstinate, obstreperous, odious, offensive, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, passionate, peevish, pervicacious, perverse, perplexing, pettish, petulant, plaguy, quarrelsome, queasy, queer, raging, restless, rigid, rigorous, roaring, rough, rude, rugged, saucy, savage, severe, sharp, shocking, sluggish, snappish, snarling, sneaking, sour, spiteful, splenetic, squeamish, stern, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, tantalizing, tart, teasing, terrible, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, uncomfortable, ungovernable, unpleasant, unsuitable, uppish, vexatious, violent, virulent, waspish, worrying, wrangling, wrathful, yarring, yelping dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor will let others eat.

CAMIRE;

AN AMERICAN TALE.

[*Continued from Page* 12.]

PEDRERAS was not of a character easily to be gained over; his long experience, and the many dealings he had been concerned in, had rendered him subtle and suspicious. While listening to Maldonado, he reflected that Camire belonged to the nation of Guaranis, in whose country he had heard there were numerous gold-mines; and concluded, that it was from them our hero would derive his riches; and without shewing any reluctance at bestowing his niece on the newly converted Christian, he said, "Holy father, the interest of Spain is the only one which occupies my thoughts; I have no desire of increasing my own fortune, but my most ardent wish is to be useful to my country. Your adopted son may assist me in this project: let him guide my people to a gold mine, and my niece shall be his.

This proposal rendered Maldonado thoughtful; he, however, made Pedreras repeat the promise he had just made; and thinking that the governor could not revoke his word, he returned home and returned that answer to the youthful Guarani.

When Camire had heard the whole, his head fell on his breast, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. "Ah! my father," said he despondingly, "Angelina can never be mine on these terms. To comply with the governor's wishes, I must make known to him roads of which the Spaniards are totally ignorant; and it is on this ignorance alone that depends the security of my brethren. Shall I then be the traitor who will conduct a fierce band of executioners in the midst of my countrymen to annihilate them? No, my father; you would hate, you would despise your son; and how could I exist deprived of your esteem?"

Maldonado embraced him, warmly applauded his noble resolution, and confirmed him in the unshaken principle of always sacrificing his dearest interest, his most ardent desires, to the most rigid duty. "Our passions," said he, have an end, our interests change, but virtue never changes. At all times, and in all parts, she carefully recompences those who suffer in her cause; she consoles them, she invigorates them, makes them enjoy mild and pleasing reflections, surrounds them with veneration and esteem, attends them in the hour of death, and then takes her abode on the tomb inscribed with the name which she caused to be respected. These virtuous beings, blessed by every worthy heart, excite tears of tenderness, regret, and admiration."

Deep sighs agitated the unhappy Camire's breast, while listening to the Jesuit. Irrevocably determined never to betray his countrymen to obtain Angelina, his only alternative was to attempt to conquer his ill-fated passion: from that moment he endeavoured to avoid her with as much care as he before sought to meet her; he seldom quitted his home, and devoted his whole time to study, hoping, by occupying his mind, to be able to divert his heart. Angelina could not comprehend the cause of this great change of conduct; it at first alarmed her, and she impatiently waited for an opportunity of coming to an explanation with Camire; but seeing that he no longer paid his usual visits to her uncle, neither meeting him in the fields, nor even at the tomb of his father, vexation and anger took possession of her heart. She thought she was no longer beloved, she resolved to become equally indifferent; and chance having one day placed her at church near Camire, she affected to turn her eyes away from the unhappy Guarani, pretended even not to observe that he was by her side, and returned home without having taken the least notice of him. This was a difficult task which the gentle and affectionate Angelina had imposed on herself; but she thought that after the victory she had gained over her feelings, nothing would be impossible, and flattered herself that she should soon forget the object who then constantly occupied her thoughts.

Camire was in despair! He had sufficient courage to renounce her he loved, he had deprived himself of the sight of her; but he could not support her disdain, it had overpowered his soul; and not being able to find any relief for the torments he experienced, he sought Maldonado.

"My father!" said he, "hearken and forgive me; I find that I cannot conquer my love. I have struggled against the dictates of my heart, I have employed all the strength with which virtue and reason inspired me; but I feel that Angelina overcomes every thing; I must leave

you, my father, I must depart. In the name of Heaven hide those tears; I shall stay with you if you weep,—I shall expire beside you. Let me return to my native woods: I shall come back again. If the project I meditate be not above the powers of a human being, I shall accomplish it, I am certain I shall; and you will see me return with a clear conscience, and one of the happiest of men. Adieu! my father, my friend, my benefactor; dry up thy tears; it is not thy son who leaves thee, it is a miserable maniac, devoured by a fatal passion which rules him at its will, which bears him far from thee, which consumes him. It cannot, however, change his affection, or the gratitude which his heart still carefully preserves, though it be no longer his own."

After having said these words, he rushed from the old man, who vainly entreated him to return; but Camire heard him not, and soon he was no longer perceptible to Maldonado's ardent gaze; who, deprived of his beloved child, now thought himself alone in the universe.

Angelina was still more to be pitied. Feeling all the pangs of a passion which she vainly struggled to overcome, she had experienced as lively a grief as Camire, and had not one friend in whose bosom she could confide her sorrows.—When she heard of his sudden flight, she accused herself with having caused it, and shed tears of anguish at the recollection of her behaviour towards him when last they had met. For some time her mind was soothed with the hope of his return; but ten months having elapsed without any news of her lover, the unhappy maiden determined, if she could obtain her uncle's permission, to pass the remainder of her days in one of the convents which were already established at the Assumption. On making her wishes known to Pedreras, he warmly seconded them; and on the same day conducted her himself to the superior of the order of St. Clare, who immediately supplied her with the dress of a novice, and yielded to the governor's request, that Angelina should take the veil at the expiration of half the usual period.

The miserable girl would willingly have hastened the time that was to shut her out from the world; the days moved on so tediously since she no longer saw Camire! She thought that when she had taken the vows, her mind would be more at ease, and that love would quit a heart which was devoted to God. She saw the wished for time approach, and experienced a momentary joy.

The evening previous to the day appointed for Angelina to quit the world, the worthy father, Maldonado, on his return from visiting the sick, had seated himself on a stone bench at the door of his dwelling. He was thinking of Camire, when he saw a man running towards him, who suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and rushed into his arms; it was he, it was his son! The poor Jesuit nearly fainted; and Camire was so exhausted with the haste he had made, that utterance was denied him; and they entered the house holding each other, but without either of them speaking. When their full hearts could breathe with more freedom, Camire said to him: "It is I, my father; you again behold your son, and he has not disgraced that title. I have neither betrayed my love nor my honour; I am, and can remain, true to my brethren and my Angelina. I am come to give up the gold-mine which the governor required of me; and this treasure is far from the road which might conduct him to my country."

Maldonado listened with transport to his adopted son, made him again repeat what he had said, determined to conceal from him Angelina's intention, and repaired instantly to Pedreras that the ceremony might be put off, to tell him of the immense riches which Camire came to place in his hands, and to ask the execution of his former promise. Pedreras renewed it with joy, wrote immediately to the convent, and by day-break set out with Maldonado, followed by a considerable escort, under the guidance of the young Guarani.

They marched the whole day, and at night slept under the trees. The next morning they continued their route among the desert mountains which spread along the province of Chili.—As they proceeded, Pedreras expressed his astonishment, as he had already caused this part of the country to be carefully searched, and no metal whatever had been found; but Camire's tranquil and confident deportment convinced him that they should now be more fortunate. Arrived beside a cave, formed by barren rocks, our hero stopped, and pointing to the entrance ordered the workmen to search: he was immediately obeyed, and Pedreras attentively followed all their motions with the eyes of avarice. Maldonado, anxious and thoughtful, put up silent prayers, the object of which were, for the first time, gold; Camire said nothing, but his expressive countenance beamed with secret joy.

When they had dug to about the depth of five or six feet, Pedreras was the first who descried the shining metal; and uttering a shout of delight, rushed forward and seized with both hands a kind of reddish earth mixed with small bits of virgin gold. This stratum was wide and deep; and several richer were found beneath the sand which supported it. Pedreras flew to Camire, folded him in his arms, called him his nephew, and swore to him an eternal friendship. Four

mules were laden with gold, and the mine was not yet exhausted. The governor, declaring he was impatient to fulfil his promise, left a guard under the command of his lieutenant, and returned to the Assumption, accompanied by the Jesuit and his son. On their arrival, he conducted them to his palace; and when he had deposited his riches in a place of safety, repaired to the convent to give orders for his niece's removal, and to tell her that the next day she was to become the wife of Camire.

Words are too feeble to express the excess of surprise and joy which Angelina experienced. She could not help fancying it was all a dream, so unexpectedly had it occurred; but, long accustomed to implicit submission, she obeyed without asking any questions Her coarse stuff garment was thrown aside to be replaced by one of the richest silk, ornamented with gold; the bandeau was taken from her modest brow, and her long silken tresses fell in graceful curls on her shoulders. The emotions of her soul spread a lively hue on her cheek; her eyes, which she dared not raise from the ground, seemed to throw fire from beneath their long dark lashes; looking a thousand times more lovely than on the day she had been so providentially saved from the serpent, she repaired to the parlour where Pedreras had left the happy Camire alone.

On her entrance, our hero, bending one knee to the ground, said:—"Listen to me, thou best and loveliest of women! before you comply with your uncle's request, and learn the powerful motives which forced me to fly from you. To obtain your hand, Don Pedreras required that I should put him in possession of a gold mine. I knew of none but those in my native country; if I had conducted him to these I should have devoted my brethren to the cruelty of the Spaniards This, my Angelina, I never could have done: it is to you, I repeat it, at the moment when I behold you beaming with attractions, that I could sacrifice my love to my duty and my country. But love inspired me; I forsook my virtuous father, and returned among the Guaranis. Their land teems with gold; with their assistance, during the space of a year, I have been employed in transporting this gold to a chosen spot at an immense distance from the country where I found it; in collecting riches, not with the hope of becoming deserving of you, but at least to obtain your hand. A hundred times have I taken this long journey; and I would have repeated it a thousand times had it been necessary. Your image constantly accompanied me, and made me tremble lest my gift should not be of sufficient value; but Pedreras has deigned to accept it; he does not know how to estimate the treasure which he bestows on me; but it is from you alone that I will to-day receive it."

Angelina listened to him with inexpressible delight. When he had concluded, she presented him her hand, but tears of joy were her only reply.

The transported Guarani conducted her immediately to her uncle's dwelling, where, the same night, at twelve o'clock, Maldonado bestowed on them the nuptial benediction. Nothing could equal the happiness they felt, unless it be that which the good Jesuit experienced. They now thought that nothing could alter their bliss, and that they were arrived at the summit of human felicity; but they were mistaken, for fate had still fresh troubles in store for them.

The governor soon quitted Camire and his bride, to visit again the gold mine, which was nearly exhausted. Such immense treasures ought to have satisfied his avarice, if it were possible to satisfy that rapacious passion; but having easily discovered that the earth, which had been searched, did not produce metal, he concluded that the Guarani was well acquainted with many extensive mines from which he had drawn this gold Too rich, however, to dare to complain, and standing too much in awe of the Jesuit, to dare to wrest the secret which was hidden from him by unjustifiable means, he determined to dopt a different method, but which, nevertheless, conducted him to what he aimed at. He assembled the whole colony, and declared to them that he had just received orders from the King of Spain immediately to proceed in his exertions to compel the savages to submit to their government, and particularly the Guaranis. Then turning towards Camire, whom these words had greatly affected, "My nephew," said he, "it is in your hands that I place the interests of Spain; you are my adopted son, I give you the rank of my Adelantade;* and command you, in the name of his Majesty, to depart, with six hundred soldiers, to discover and reduce into subjection, the country of the Guarapis."

All the colony applauded this choice. The astonished Camire had not the power of answering their congratulations; he was, however, hailed by every one as the Adelantade. Pedreras renewed the orders he had given, and commanded him to depart before the expiration of the week.

The unhappy Camire flew with his wife to ask the advice of Maldonado

The worthy Jesuit remained for a few moments wrapped in thought; then taking a hand of each said, "You are in a perilous situation;

* The next post after that of governor.

Camire neither can nor ought to obey. If he refuse, he will be suspected of treachery; in taking up his defence, I shall be thought as culpable; and the governor, I fear, is capable of any thing. You have only one alternative, which is to fly this very night and seek an asylum with the Guaranis. I will follow you, my children; yes, I will, notwithstanding my advanced age. Armed with the cross, I will preach to Camire's brethren; I shall lead them to Christianity, as I have led him. In that state of innocence and peace you will always remain attached to each other; and I shall fulfil my duty, I shall serve my God, and my happiness will be equal to yours."

After having displayed the most lively marks of gratitude to Maldonado, Camire and his beloved partner immediately prepared for their departure. Our hero procured a canoe, in which, as soon as the shades of night had descended, they all three embarked. Camire skilfully managed the oars, and they rowed up the river as far as the entrance of the mountains; here they landed, and after having sunk their canoe, followed a desert path which led through a thick forest; and, after continuing their route for three days, found themselves in the midst of the Guaranis. Camire met with a truly fraternal reception; he told them what had happened to him, and what he owed the Jesuit; upon hearing of which, all the savages overwhelmed him with attentions, and instantly set to work to build him a cabin, and one also for Angelina and her husband. These habitations were erected on large trees, and were entered with the assistance of a ladder, which was afterwards removed; this precaution being necessary to insure safety from the intrusion of wild beasts and inundations. Soon established in their new abode, freed from all care and anxiety, and the troubles which men have so laboriously imposed upon themselves, dedicating their existence to love and friendship, the happy couple tasted the sweets of freedom and innocence united beneath their roof.

Beloved by that mild nation, Maldonado preached the precepts of his religion, and easily converted those simple beings who witnessed and admired his virtues.

All the Guaranis were baptized, and became willing subjects to the King of Spain, on condition that he should send among them no other missionaries than Maldonado's colleagues. The Court of Madrid acceded to this proposal, and Jesuit missionaries were selected to assist this aged priest. This treaty dispelled the fears of the Guaranis; they repaired to the Assumption, and divided themselves into several tribes, each of which built a small village, where, under the paternal authority of a Jesuit, every individual learned to cultivate the earth, and the most useful arts. The number of these tribes soon encreased; in 1734 they consisted of thirty thousand families. Every village had its Alcade, which was annually chosen by the inhabitants. The vicar watched over the execution of the laws, which were neither numerous nor severe; the greatest punishments consisted in fasting or imprisonment; and it seldom happened that there was any cause for their being inflicted; for this peaceful and innocent people had not even the idea of theft or murder, because the Jesuits did not permit any foreigners to enter their country. The small tax which the King of Spain required, was easily paid by exchanging the sugar, tobacco, and cotton, which a large portion of land, cultivated by every inhabitant, who each dedicated two days in the week to this labour, produced. The overplus of this harvest was destined for the support of the sick, the aged, and the fatherless. The young men were taught the art of war; on festivals they took from the public armoury their swords and muskets, and after having been exercised, returned them again to the armourer. Often did the invading Portuguese or Brazilians experience the effects of their discipline and their courage. The villages were filled with schools for the instruction of children in reading and writing; they were taught every useful art and trade according to the talents with which nature had endowed them; and nothing was wanting among them but luxury, vice and poverty.

The author of this astonishing change, the young Camire, easily obtained the forgiveness of Pedreras; who, when the Guaranis left their native woods, had been put in possession of the gold mines. He continued to rule under him with wisdom, till the governor's rapaciousness being made known to the court of Madrid, he was recalled, and his nephew appointed his successor. Surrounded with affluence, Camire and Angelina did not neglect their first and best friend, the aged Maldonado, who continued to bless them with his presence and advice, and spent his declining years in happiness beneath the roof of his adopted son.

E. R.

ON AVARICE.

Every person conversant in literature, has read the charming letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her husband, Ambassador at Constantinople, was a man of wit and talents. Born to a good fortune, he augmented it by a strict economy, which gradually degenerated into systematic avarice.

Mr. Montague possessed a very extensive landed property; his passion was for leaving it unincumbered to his descendants.

He had an only son, destined to be of a still more extraordinary character than his father, and who, in his early youth, having run away from school, and turned chimney-sweeper, in his mature age renounced his country, and turned mahometan. That son, as his father allowed him nothing, on that account spent the more, and contracted in a short time, debts to the amount of above a hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Mr. Montagu perceiving that this disposition of his son would disappoint all his hopes, disinherited him, although he loved him sincerely.

His avarice was the governing principle of his political life. He was always determined in the part which he took in public affairs, and his conduct in Parliament, of which he was a member, by the object which he constantly kept in view, of keeping his estates up to their full value. For example, he defended with great warmth the establishment of the militia, because he regarded it as a permanent force, destined to protect his possessions from foreign invaders.

His will is a master-piece in refinement.—Having disinherited his son, he left all his estates to the second son of his daughter, the Countess of Bute. The design of this disposal was to oblige Lord and Lady Bute to save part of their income in order to leave to their eldest son a fortune proportional to that of his brother.

He had a coal mine, which annually brought in above eight thousand pounds. This he left to Lady Bute, upon condition that she bought estates with the produce, of which she was to receive the rents, but after her death, they were likewise to become the property of her second son. As this disposal appeared somewhat contrary to the laws, it was discussed, found right, and confirmed in the House of Lords. Mr. Montagu had foreseen the objection which might be made to this disposition, and had discovered the only combination which could render it legal and effectual.

It was remarked that he had never seen the young man whom he made his heir.

What reflections do not these refined combinations of an extravagant passion give rise to! Does not this excessive inquietude as to what would become of his possessions, even long after he was himself forgotten, tolerably explain the love of glory, which is however a more reasonable sentiment; for it is a desirable good to be esteemed by mankind, and the enjoyments of the imagination are as real as those of the senses. Is it not as natural to be pleased with the good opinion of those who come after us, as with that of our contemporaries who live far from us, and whom we shall never see?

Those moralists who ascribe all our actions to some motive of real utility, do not understand the human heart. This is not the place to investigate such a question, we shall confine ourselves to the sole phenomenon of avarice. Money was at first loved as a means of procuring the comforts of life; and people ended in loving money for its own sake, and in depriving themselves, in order to preserve it, of those very enjoyments which alone can make it desirable. In the same manner the chace was at first followed for the sake of the game, and afterwards for its own sake, without caring for the game.

Avarice does not appear to be derived from any natural sentiment of uncivilized man; it is, like many other passions, the produce of society. It presupposes generally an exaggerated uneasiness about the future; the savage knows only present enjoyments. He sells his hammock for a bottle of brandy, without troubling himself with what is to happen on the morrow.

We have at home a curious instance of avarice. The late Earl of Bath, just before his death, sent for his brother, General Pulteney, who was as avaricious as himself, gave him the keys of his bureau and of his strong box, and acquainted him with the immense treasures there hoarded. The General said to him: "Cannot you surrender these keys and your affairs to somebody else? I am seventy-eight years of age, I am infirm, and have no need of your treasures." "I am still older and more infirm," replied Lord Bath; "I am dying, and I am in still less need of riches than you are."

This passion is extremely varied in its causes and effects; in many men it is rather a madness (*Ardor, furor, libido*), than a passion; they gather and hoard guineas, as others do shells or medals. Chance or fancy began the collection, the more it increases the more they are attached to it; and they end by making it the sole pursuit and interest of their life.

Avarice is said to be the vilest but not the most unhappy of passions. But this opinion is contrary to that which universally prevails. The

latin word *miser*, (miserable) occasionally denoted an avaricious man, among the Romans; for instance in the *Self-tormentor* of Terence, act iii. sc. 2. "*Sed habet patrem quendam avidum, miserum, atque aridum*;" and we have adopted the name *miser*; and the Italians similarly term such a one *misero*.

Seneca says, "Many things are wanting to the indigent, the miser wants every thing" Useless to others, a burthen to himself, no means are left for him to be good for any thing but to die.

The covetous man, says Charron, is more unhappy than the poor man, as a jealous husband is more miserable than a cuckold.

Quevedo tells us that a miser is a man who knows where a treasure is hidden.

It is possible that a miser, as well as a devotee, may enjoy his privations, but to want fuel in winter, and broth in sickness, are evils nevertheless. The miser would doubtless prefer to be well lodged, well clothed, and well fed, if it cost him nothing.

What indeed is avarice? a voluntary poverty, accompanied with toil, inquietude and contempt.

Every passion in which fear predominates, can be no otherwise than vile and miserable. Avarice is particularly odious, as it excludes all natural and social affections.

Will you judge immediately in which class of vices avarice is to be placed? It is the only one which is incompatible with grandeur, benevolence, generosity, humanity, confidence, and candour; with love and true friendship, with paternal tenderness and filial affection. What virtue remains then for the miser? What happiness can a man without virtue enjoy?

It has been said that there have been illustrious villains, but no illustrious misers. This opinion is, however, contradicted by the example of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. This man coveted glory, but he still more coveted gold, and in order to satisfy this shameful cupidity, no means were too shameful for him. A person who wished to obtain a lucrative place, went to beg his assistance in procuring it. "If I obtain it," said he, "I have a thousand guineas at your Grace's service, and you may be assured I shall not mention it to any one." "Give me two thousand," answered the Duke, "and tell it, if you chuse, to all the world."

On the evening before the battle of Hochstet, Prince Eugene went into the Duke's tent, to consult with him upon the plan for the next day. As soon as he retired, the Duke scolded his servant outrageously for having lighted six wax-candles in his tent; when two would have been quite sufficient.

His avarice was universally known. Lord Peterborough, one of the bravest and most generous of men, was once accosted by a poor man begging charity, calling him my Lord Marlborough. "Me, Marlborough!" cried he, "to prove I am not him, take this." The beggar was much surprised at receiving a guinea for having mistaken a name.

I shall add another singularity. I was in my youth acquainted with a man in whom avarice was united to all the social and domestic virtues. He was a good master, a good husband, a good father, even a good friend. As a magistrate, he acted with justice and integrity. Although he was excessively parsimonious in all his personal wants, he always wished his wife to appear like other women in her station; and he spared no necessary expence for the education of his son and daughter, but he calculated this expence as closely as possible. In thirty years he never raised the leases of any of his lands, although their value was nearly doubled in that time; but he required his tenants to pay their rents exactly on the appointed days, on pain of being turned out at the expiration of their lease.

He often lent money, when he was sure of being reimbursed, but he never would take more than four per cent. interest, although he might legally have taken five. "'Tis enough," said he, "when the capital is not endangered; my lands do not bring me in so much."

One of his particular friends, whose ill-conduct in the employment of his fortune he was grieved at, had an urgent occasion to borrow 600l. He addressed himself to his friend, and made his distress known: "With your easiness, and the disorder of your affairs, I am well acquainted," says our miser, "and, therefore, I cannot in conscience lend you a sum which you are not sure of being able to return, and which I reserve for my daughter's portion." "Well!" replied the friend, "I have got my wife's diamond necklace in my pocket; she has permitted me to pawn it, but the usurer to whom I applied will not lend me the money on it for less than one and a half per cent. per month." "In this case," said the miser, "give me the necklace, I will lend you the 600l. without more than common interest. As I run no risk as to being repaid, I do not wish to receive any benefit from a service which I render to my friend, and which costs me nothing?"

I formerly met with a nobleman who was very rich, very proud, and very covetous, he wore laced and embroidered clothes, diamond rings and buckles, but burnt tallow candles at home. Every year he gave one magnificent dinner to his acquaintance, and the rest of the year his kitchen was very little used. He had made it a rule to spend only half his income;

but sometimes he took a fancy to exceed his own monthly allowance; then he turned his strong box into a pawnbroker's shop, and deposited a diamond ring, or a gold snuff-box as a pledge for the money he took, which he borrowed from himself at ten per cent. and which he faithfully replaced with interest in the following month, when he redeemed the pledges.

I also knew a young nobleman who had lost a considerable sum at play, and had no means of satisfying this debt of honour. He applied to his uncle, who was very fond of him, but was very avaricious: he was, however, so much moved with the despair of his nephew, that he lent him the money. A few months after the young lord waited on his uncle with proposals for an arrangement, by which he meant to repay the sum lent. His uncle flew into a great passion, and said to him, "O thou wretch, why comest thou to remind me of the folly I have been guilty of? I had forgotten it. If thou ever mention the subject to me again, I will never see thee more." This is certainly a stroke of avarice of a very particular stamp.

What shall we conclude from these apparently contradictory observations? That there is nothing more supple than the human heart, and that there are no affections, however dissimilar, which cannot form themselves, and continue their existence in it without disquietude.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF TWO ELEPHANTS.

MR EDITOR,

Since I sent you the interesting account of the effects of music on two elephants, I have met with some curious circumstances respecting those animals, which I presume will be no less acceptable to your readers; they are taken from a French journal which was published half a year before the concert was performed.

These elephants were taken from the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, at the House in the Wood, near the Hague; the place for their reception had been previously prepared: it is a spacious hall in the museum of natural history, adjoining to the national botanical garden in Paris, well aired and lighted. A stove warms it in winter, and it is divided into two apartments, which have a communication by means of a large door, which opens and shuts perpendicularly. The enclosure consists of rails made of strong and thick beams, and a second enclosure, breast-high, surrounds it, in order to keep spectators from too near an approach.

The morning after their arrival in Paris, these animals were put in possession of their new habitation. The first who entered was the male (*Hans*) who seemed to go in with a degree of suspicion, after having issued with precaution from his cage. His first care was to survey the place. He examined every bar with his trunk, and tried their solidity. The large screws by which they are held together were placed on the outside; these he sought for, and having found them, tried to turn them, but was not able. When he came to the partition, or gate which divides the two apartments, he found it was only fixed by an iron bar, which rose perpendicularly. He raised it with his trunk, pushed up the door, and entered into the second apartment, where he took his breakfast quietly, and appeared to be perfectly easy.

In the mean time the female (*Peggy*) was conducted into the first lodge. The mutual attachment of these animals was recollected, and likewise the difficulty with which they were parted, and induced to travel separately. From the time of their departure from the Hague, they had not seen each other; not even at Cambrai, where they passed the winter in 1797. They had only been sensible that they were near neighbours. *Hans* never lay down, but always stood upright, or leaning against the bars of his cage, and kept watch for *Peggy*, who lay down and slept every night. On the least noise, he sent forth a cry to alarm his mate.

The joy they felt on seeing each other again, was thus expressed:—When *Peggy* entered, she emitted a cry depoting the pleasure she experienced on finding herself at liberty. She did not immediately observe *Hans*, who was feeding in the inner lodge; neither was he directly aware that she was so near him; but the keeper having called him, he turned round, and on the instant the two elephants rushed into each other's embraces, and sent forth cries of joy, so animated and so loud, that they shook the whole hall. They breathed also through their trunks with such violence, that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind.

The joy of *Peggy* was the most lively: she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity, and drew her trunk over *Hans* with the utmost tenderness. She, in particular put her finger (the ex-

tremity of the trunk terminates in a protuberance which stretches out on the upper side in the form of a finger, and possesses in a great degree the niceness and dexterity of that useful member), into his ear, where she kept it a long time; and after having drawn it affectionately over the whole body of *Hans*, she put it tenderly into her own mouth. *Hans* did exactly the same to *Peggy*, but his pleasure was more concentrated. This he appeared to express by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance.

Since that time they have never been separated, and they dwell together in the same apartments. The society of these two intelligent animals, their habitudes, their mutual affection, and their natural attachment, still excited notwithstanding the privation of liberty, might furnish curious observations for the natural history of their species.

These two elephants, who are natives of Ceylon, were brought to Holland when very young. They are nearly fifteen years of age. Their height is about seven feet and a half. Their tusks, which are very short, have been broken, but they will grow again as they become older. The tail of the male hangs down to the ground; that of the female is much shorter.

The following anecdote appeared in another French journal about the middle of the year 1799.

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris, was extremely careful, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to desire the spectators not to give them any thing to eat. This was by no means pleasing to the elephants. *Peggy*, in particular, beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his unwelcome interference, by besprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when a great number of people were collected to view these animals, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unperceived, a small bit of bread; but the vigorous sentinel was on duty. *Peggy*, however, placed herself before him, watched all his gestures, and, the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition to the company, discharged in his face a large stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the sentinel having calmly wiped his face, stood a little on one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon after, he found himself obliged to repeat his notice to the spectators not to give the elephants any thing; immediately *Peggy* snatched his musket from him, twirled it round in her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it until she had twisted the barrel into the form of a screw.

The height of the elephants is said by Spar-

man and other travellers in the interior of Africa, to be from twelve to fifteen feet, measured to the top of the back; the female is much less than the male. They are said to live to the age of a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty years even in a state of captivity.

In the third volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, published in 1789, is a long and very particular account of the method of catching wild elephants, by John Corse, Esq. and in the first part of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1799, is another paper, which contains much curious information on the manners, habits, and natural history of the elephant, by the same gentleman. From these it appears that the accounts of the sagacity, modesty, and size of the elephant, have been greatly exaggerated by natural historians.

As to what relates to the modesty of these animals, we must refer to the latter paper. The author's observations are the result of many years residence in India, and from 1792 to 1797, the elephant hunters were under his direction. A few extracts from his remarks may suffice in this place.

"I have seen young elephants from one day to three years old sucking their dams, constantly with their mouths, but never saw them use their trunk, except to press the breast, which, by natural instinct, they seemed to know would make the milk flow more readily. (Aristotle says expressly, that the young elephants suck with their mouths and not with their trunks.—*Aristot. Opera. Basilæ*, 1500, fol p 494.) So that Buffon's account was made merely from conjecture, and proves to be erroneous."

"The mode of connexion between the male and female is now ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt, and is exactly similar to the horse. The exact time an elephant goes with young is not yet known, but it cannot be less than two years, as one of them brought forth a young one twenty-one months after she was taken. This young one was thirty five inches high, and grew four inches in as many months. Another young one was measured as soon as born, and was found to be of the same size; at a year old he was forty-six inches in height; at two years, fifty-four; three, sixty; four, sixty five; five, seventy; six, seventy-four; and at seven years, six feet four inches. When full grown, the male elephants of India are from eight to nine feet in height, measured at the shoulder, as horses are measured; to this must be added eighteen or twenty inches, if the height be taken to the top of the curvature of the back. The female is generally a foot less. The largest elephant known in India was ten feet six inches in height, to the shoulder.

HOW TO TAME A TURBULENT HUSBAND.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

A TRADESMAN who lived in a village near St. Albans, had been twice married, and ill-treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he brought her home, all the neighbours came to visit her, and acquaint her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprised her, but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it. "Stop," said she, "I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our marriage-contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much, that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. "Get out of my house," said he, "and let us share our goods." "Readily," said she, "I am willing to leave you;" and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in, and locked the lid.

Never man was in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild-boar caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: "My dear friend, pray be calm, your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk; for I love you too much to let you out now you are so outrageous." In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighbouring gossips to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tatlers publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing, he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, *take care of the trunk*, to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an old bachelor, who have been accustomed for many years to enjoy domestic order and tranquillity. My only household companions have hitherto been my dog, my cat, and an old woman. The latter of these had been servant to my mother; and from the time I was weaned till I was sent to school, he was my dry-nurse and guardian. When I grew up to man's estate, and had the misfortune to lose those relatives who dwelt in family with me, I felt a strong repugnance to wedlock; and being of a calm temperate disposition of body and mind, I left love and marriage to those folks that liked them. I resolved, therefore, to live in a recluse-way, and to give old Martha, my dry-nurse, (the only human animal to whom, in the female shape, I gave a toleration of existence within my dwelling) the superintendence of my kitchen and pantry. She died some months ago; and this calamity, which I felt with all the poignant anguish that ever bereaved such a man as me of peace, has brought upon me a thousand others, that force me to lay my grievances before the world, that I may receive from this generous and feeling age an appropriate sympathy in all my bitter sorrows.

When I recovered from the affliction I suffered, by the loss of my faithful Martha, I instituted the necessary inquiries after a fit person to supply her place. This was easily found, at least I thought so, for the advertisement I put into the newspaper had not been a day published, when about half a dozen *middle aged* women made

their appearance, and produced an abundance of *characters, testificats*, and so forth. I read over, one by one, these laudatory documents; and was puzzled in my choice from among the applicants, not so much by the deficiency, as the superabundance of praise which was bestowed upon each. Every one seemed better than another; and at last, my choice was determined by the circumstance of one of the competitors for favour having a nose resembling that of my great-grandmother, whom I had seen when I was a boy. Well, my great-grandmother's nose-likeness entered on my service, and moved through the house for eight days with great circumspection. But before a month had elapsed, I found, although she had served successively the ladies of a lord, a shoemaker, and a parson (every one of whom gave her a *written character*, as excellent as language could make it), that she was lazy, stupid, and withal had a tongue that never ceased to make the "roof and rafters dirl." This would not do for me; and I dismissed her. I had kept the names of the other persons, who also brought me *characters*, as they called them; and having discovered their respective places of abode, I sent for, and employed them the one after the other. In the space of three months I have had trial of four servants, not one of whom could either do the duties of a good servant, or refrain from the mal-practices of the very worst; yet *(O tempora! O mores!)* every one of them bore written papers in their hands, subscribed by persons of reputed respectability in town, but who, in my apprehension, deserve to be in the very worst repute as liars, impostors, at least abettors of imposture, and the friends of sinners. Yes, these written papers contained the most abominable falsehoods that ever were penned by profligacy, and conceived by jesuitical morality. This one stole—that one drank—a third did worse, &c. My fortitude forsakes me, Mr. Editor, when I think of my sad afflictions; and I must now, when "language fails me, seek utterance in "expressive silence,"

A BACHELOR.

P. S. I have recovered my temper so far as to be able to put one or two serious questions. Can any man or woman, of sound moral principles, reconcile to these the false assertions which they write and speak in favour of servants who are about to leave their employ? Do they not consider, that a servant is frequently the means of rendering a whole family very happy, or extremely uncomfortable? And can any honest mind think the solemn and serious declaration of an untruth, which is followed by consequences so momentous, a thing of a very light and trivial nature?

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 31.]

CHAP. XII.

History of French Fashions continued.

THIS was quite sufficient to revive the use of hoops. They did not, however, make their appearance immediately; the women were apprehensive of a blockade, and durst not all at once exhibit themselves in public with such a vast appendage. They were at first talked of, and that is something; soon afterwards the actresses began to appear in them on the stage, and set the whole female world still more agog to adopt the fashion. Fear still restrained them; the *elegantes* durst not exactly copy the actresses; they began therefore with wearing *criardes*, a kind of buckram plaited about the hips, and thus took the first step towards disfiguring the shape. It may easily be conceived that these *criardes* were thought enchanting. At length, the following summer (1715), two women of quality, under pretext of the heat of the weather and their *embonpoint*, wore hoops at home, and soon ventured to exhibit themselves in the Tuileries. They at first appeared only in the evening, and took the useful precaution of passing through the orangery, to avoid entering by the ordinary gates which were always beset with the party-coloured gentry with whose insolence they were well acquainted. They presently shewed themselves more boldly, and being followed by others of the sex, the fashion soon became so general that not a woman was seen without a hoop. Some years afterwards, as we are informed by the *Mercure de France*, the wives of mechanics, and the very servant maids, would not go to market without hoops, and they had swelled to such a size as to be three ells in circumference.

This certainly was not the era of good taste among the women of France. With paint and powder employed to an excessive degree, with frizzled hair, ridiculous head-dresses and hoops, what more could be wanting to disfigure the finest woman? In 1718 Lady Mary Wortley Montague visited Paris; she was struck with the dress of the ladies, and drew this picture of it, which was not very flattering:—"I must tell you something of the French ladies. I have seen all the beauties, and such (I cannot help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled."

Such, nevertheless, was the costume of the females of the gay age of Louis XIV. and during the reign of his successor. The most barbarous head-dresses then bore the most ridiculous names; such were the head-dresses *en papillon, en chien fu, à oreilles d'épagneul, en marrons, en bergettes, en bichon*, &c.

But it was under the last of the French kings that extravagance in the head-dress was carried to the highest possible pitch. The women then wore such lofty head-dresses that they were obliged to kneel in their carriages. It is a fact which will scarcely be believed, but many women are still living who formerly submitted to this little inconvenience of the fashion, and I know some who recollect it perfectly well. I shall never forget an anecdote related to me a few years since by one of my friends. He was at La Chapelle, near Paris, with some of his acquaintance, who were preparing to set off for Versailles; they were going to a court ball, and their dress was in the highest style of elegance. My friend was extremely surprised at the manner in which these two ladies placed themselves in their carriage; the height of their feathers would not allow them to sit in it, they therefore both knelt down opposite to each other, and in this uncomfortable posture they proceeded all the way from La Chapelle to Versailles. This was at that time a very common practice.

The Queen herself set the example of those absurd dresses. She contrived for her sledge-races, says the author of the *Secret Correspondence*, a head-dress of prodigious height. Some of these head-dresses represented lofty mountains, enamelled meadows, silvery streams, thick forests, English gardens; an immense plume of feathers supported the whole edifice behind.

It was at this time that the celebrated Carlini, performing in an Italian piece before the Queen, took the liberty of putting in his hat a plume of peacock's feathers of excessive length. This plume being perfectly straight and erect, was too high for any door, which gave occasion to the harlequin to perform a thousand antics. It was intended to punish him for his presumption, but it was found that he had acted by the orders of the King, who had not even the power to lower the Queen's head dress.

Those who may be curious to make the whole round of the foolish, ridiculous, or absurd fashions of the reign of Louis XVI. need only turn over the public prints of the time, where they will find an abundant harvest of extravagances. The *Journal de Paris* then announced the new fashions. I shall here introduce only two advertisements taken at random from among a hundred others in that journal. These specimens will be sufficient to convey an idea of the taste prevailing at that period, which is not very far distant.

October 16, 1778.—"Aujourd 'hui on offre aux dames un chapeau à l'amiral. On verra chez Mademoiselle Fredin, marchande de modes, à l'écharpe d'or, rue de la Féronnerie, un chapeau sur le quel est representé un vaisseau, sans voiles, avec tous ses agrets et apparaux, ayant ses canons en batterie, et il est executé avec autant de precision que de gout."

January 1780.—"On trouve chez Mademoiselle Saint-Quentin rue de Clery, des poufs en trophée militaire: les étendarts et les timbales posés sur le devant ont un effet très agréable."

Such was the taste when the Revolution produced an universal change. Here, therefore, I shall conclude my historical sketch of French fashions.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF MARY OF SAVOY, WIFE OF ALPHONSO, KING OF PORTUGAL.

WHILE that consummate General, Marshal Schomberg, was in Portugal, in the years 1667, 1668, the King Alphonso was married to Mary of Savoy, a princess of French extraction by the mother's side. But the King was either unwise, or savage, or both; and without believing more than half what historians have reported of him, there yet remains enough to prove, that he was defective both in mind and body. His mother had perceived his imbecility, and had destined the crown to his younger brother, Don Pedro. Alphonso remembering this, treated his brother harshly: he also treated his Queen rudely, and hereby produced a sympathy between the sufferers, which was not calculated to rest in mere commiseration. The confessor of the Queen was a Jesuit; the confessor of Don Pedro was a Jesuit also. The sway of these holy fathers was equally prevalent in politics and in religion, over the consciences of their charge; while their regard to the promotion of the power of their order was insuperable, incessant, and indefatigable. These confessors, well acquainted with the secrets of their penitents, plotted to give the state a new King, and the Queen a new husband, by raising Don Pedro to the throne. This, at length, they effected. They deceived and terrified the King's Minister, the Comte of Castelmelhor, into flight; they spread reports which alienated the minds of the people from their sovereign, who was, at length, arrested, dethroned, divorced, and his place supplied by his brother.

During the discussions necessary to bring about this revolution, the Queen was advised to consult the Duke of Schomberg, as to measures to be taken. The Jesuit confessor informed the general of the situation of things at court; but the Protestant soldier did not at once enter into the intentions of the Catholic churchman; neither eloquence nor subtilties convinced him: however, a correspondence was established between the Duke and the Queen, which, of course, was conducted with the utmost privacy. One evening, very late, the Queen received a long letter, wherein the Duke had given his advice, with full detail of particulars, on the subject entrusted to him. As the night was advanced, the Queen retired to bed, sent away her women, under pretence of certain devotions which had been enjoined her, got into bed, read the letter, and went to sleep. In the morning, before she was risen, she received notice that the King was already waiting for her in the chapel. As it was the custom to hear mass together, kneeling at the same desk, she dressed herself in all haste, yet could not arrive before the elevation of the host; she was, consequently, obliged to hear a second mass, while the King, who had performed his duty, quitted the chapel.

Scarcely had the King left the place, when the Queen recollected the letter from the Duke of Schomberg, which she had left in her bed. Terrified at the thought, she imparted her situation and heedlessness to her confessor, who was kneeling beside her. He instantly took on himself the office of securing this dangerous communication, and ran in all speed to the Queen's apartment. But, what was his confusion, when informed that the King was there!

As the confessor was not privileged to enter the Queen's sleeping apartment in her absence, he stopped a moment at the door to listen, and overheared the King walking about the room very hastily, and speaking with great warmth to the Countess of Castelmelhor, the first lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen.

The confessor returned with this terrific account; on which, the Queen, in great consternation, committed the business to one of her ladies in whom she confided. But, when this lady entered the chamber, she beheld the King lying along on the Queen's bed.

There remained now no resource but in the Queen herself, who must run every risk.—But the mass was not ended; and to have withdrawn before its close, would have occasioned infinite scandal. The confessor, in this extremity, advised her to feign sickness: she suddenly swooned away, and was carried to her chamber.

The King, alarmed and affected at this sight, ordered the Queen's bed to be made instantly. This was the only incident wanting to change the Queen's feigned swoon into a paroxysm of despair; she, therefore, appeared to revive a little, and, in the feeblest accents, intreated to be placed on the bed just as it was. When there, she felt all around her, and, at length, found the fatal letter, which had caused her so much misery. It had not been detected, because it had remained covered by her night-clothes! She therefore recovered, by little and little, from her well-acted fainting, and her real horrors.

Such are the risks attendant on confidential communications and intrigues at Courts!

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

[*Concluded from Page* 38.]

Words are inadequate to express the astonishment which Friedbert's mother experienced at this strange metamorphosis; after shrieking aloud she made the sign of the cross, implored the Holy Virgin and all the saints in paradise. As she had never heard of Leda, genii, or sylphs, she had no idea of supernatural beings, and partook greatly of the ignorance in which her country was involved during that dark age. She thought the lovely Calista was no other than a witch, or perhaps the devil himself, and her dear Friedbert was no longer, in her opinion, any other than a vile magician. She bitterly lamented that he had not died, like a good Christian, in the wars, before he had suffered himself to be entrammelled in the net of satan and his sorcery.

Poor Friedbert, however, was not sufficiently skilled in the art of divination to have foreseen the fatal catastrophe which had taken place during his absence. On his return in the evening he flew to the apartment where he thought to find his charming bride; but instead of what he expected, he was welcomed, on opening the door, by a volley of curses from his mother, accompanied with a torrent of abuse and reproach.

He soon learned what had happened, and his despair and rage had no bounds; his first paroxysm of passion was so violent, that his mother might have become its victim if she had not given the alarm by her loud cries, and called up all the servants, who succeeded at length in disarming this new Orlando.

When the first violence of passion was abated, more peaceful explanations were resorted to. Friedbert exerted all his power to exculpate himself from the imputation of magic or sorcery, and the design of giving his mother for a daughter-in-law, a devil in the shape of an angel. He related to her the whole of his adventures with Calista, and revealed likewise the mystery of the plumage; but this in the good woman's opinion, who understood nothing of the Grecian mythology, did not free him from her suspicions, and if he did not proceed to have him tried by the law, he owed it only to some remains of maternal affection.

In the mean time this strange adventure gave rise to a thousand conjectures in the little town of Eglisau, and if Friedbert had been less young, or less handsome, he would soon have been condemned for sorcery, and that on much better grounds than many others. In despair at the loss of Calista, whom he tenderly loved, our young soldier found himself in a most unpleasant dilemma, and knew not how to act; to lose an amiable woman on the eve of his marriage, might be compared to suffering shipwreck in sight of the wished for harbour. If the object of his attachment had been snatched from his arms by death, or by a rival, or if a barbarous father had immured her in a convent, there still would have remained some resource, either to follow her to the tomb, to destroy her ravisher, or to scale the walls of the convent; but when she chose to fly away through the window, how could he pursue her? In our days, indeed, he might have had recourse to a balloon, but in those of poor Friedbert, they had not discovered any means of traversing the aerial regions without wings.

The manner therefore by which he could overtake his fair fugitive, was to follow her by sea; and his impatience to behold her again made him deem a voyage from Eglisau to the Cyclades as almost as long and impracticable as a journey to the moon. "Ah!" exclaimed he, despairing, "how can the snail, with its slow pace, think of pursuing the butterfly, that flies from flower to flower without resting on any, and wantons at pleasure in airy space? Besides, how do I know that Calista will return to the isle of Naxos; will not the fear of being looked on in her native country as a runaway daughter, prevent her returning thither? and even if she should return, shall I be the better for it? how shall I, who am only a citizen of a small town, dare to aspire to the hand of the daughter of a prince?"

These reflections tormented him for a long time; he, however, might have spared them, if he had been acquainted with the strength of his passion, and if he had known that there is no difficulty but what love can overcome when carried to a degree of enthusiasm. An involuntary and sudden impulse made him adopt a resolution which the cold calculations of reason would never have inspired.

After selling all he possessed, and putting the money in his purse, he secretly departed to avoid his mother's loquacious adieus, mounted his horse, and galloped off with as much speed as if he had expected to reach the Cyclades that evening. He luckily recollected the route which father Bruno had taken, and repaired immediately

to Venice, where he embarked on board a Venetian galley; and after having surmounted the usual difficulties of a long navigation, arrived safe at Naxos.

Full of joy and hope, he leaped on shore and saluted the native ground of his beloved Calista; and no longer doubting that he should find her returned to her own country, his first enquiries were respecting the Princess; but no one could tell him what was become of her. They related to him the different reports which had circulated respecting her; which, when a lovely young woman suddenly disappears from the circle of her acquaintance, are seldom to her advantage.—Friedbert now, almost despairing of ever finding her again, was undecided whether to return to his hermitage, and wait for her on the borders of the lake, or perform a pilgrimage to the source of the Nile, certain that the wish of remaining young and beautiful would induce her to visit these places.

He had not yet determined on any plan, when he heard that Prince Isidor, of Paphos, a vassal of the sovereign of the Cyclades, was arrived at Naxos, to marry the Princess Irene, Calista's eldest sister. Splendid preparations were making for the celebration of their nuptials, and a tournament was to conclude them. This news renewed the warlike ardour of our Suabian hero; and tho' grievously tormented by vexation and disappointment, he resolved to take a part in this, to relieve his mind, especially as all foreign knights were invited to it, by heralds who proclaimed it through the whole city. Friedbert's want of birth prohibited him from sharing in these amusements in his own country, where, if he had presented himself as a citizen of Eglisau, he would have suffered the disgrace of being conducted out of the barriers; but at Naxos, protected by a well-filled purse, it was easy for him to assume the prerogatives of an illustrious knight; he therefore resolved to support this character with all becoming dignity. He procured a suit of white armour, purchased a handsome horse, richly caparisoned; and on the day of the tournament, his noble appearance gave him free access within the barrier. On his entrance he gracefully bowed to the assembly, and challenged the bravest champions, split many lances, stood firm in his saddle, and at length gained the prize, which he received from the hands of the bride.

He had likewise the honour of kissing the hand of the once lovely Zoe, who, according to the etiquette of courts, still preserved her titular honours. The ravages of time, and the want of the bath, had made a deep impression on the features of the good lady: she was no longer as Bruno had described her, the perfection of beauty; and the fair Zoe could now only have served Apelles as a model for the head of an old woman.

He introduced himself to her, as Bruno had done, under the title of an Italian knight. Whether Zoe felt any tender recollections allied to this country and title, or had already observed the ring, which was once hers, the beautiful ruby of which, in the shape of a heart, glistened on his finger, she certainly gave him a very flattering reception, and seemed particularly to distinguish him.

When the festivities and games in celebration of the marriage had concluded, and the Princess Zoe had quitted the court, to retire to the peaceful seat of her own palace, Friedbert obtained access to this retreat, where a select party only were ever admitted, and was honoured with marks of a truly maternal affection.

One day, as she walked with him beneath the pleasant shades of her park, she led him to a solitary grove, and thus addressed him:—"I have a request to make which, I hope, you will not refuse. Tell me how you came in possession of that ring, which is on your right hand; it once belonged to me, but I lost it without knowing where or when, and I feel a great curiosity to know how it came into your hands?"

"Noble lady," replied the artful Suabian, "I won this ring in combat, in an honourable manner, from a brave knight of my own country; but I am unable to inform you whether he gained it from a warrior, or received it from a fair lady."

"What would you do," continued Zoe, "were I to request you to restore it to me? A valiant knight will not refuse a lady such a boon. However, I do not require you to bestow gratuitously a jewel which I have no doubt your valour has well deserved, but wish you to receive from me a reward proportionate to the value you attach to it. Moreover, in yielding it to me, you will have an everlasting claim on my gratitude."

Friedbert was not embarrassed at this proposal; on the contrary, he exulted at the success of his design. "Your wishes, virtuous Princess," said he, "are to me the most sacred laws; my fortune and life are at your disposal, but do not require me to violate a sacred oath. When in combat I gained this ring, I solemnly vowed that it should never quit my hand but to be placed on the finger of a bride, at the moment I pledged my faith to her at the altar. If through your means I have the happiness of gaining the affections of a fair maid, I shall willingly allow you to receive again from her this ring, which was once in your possession."

"Well," replied Zoe, "select then from amongst my court, the fair one who shall strike your fancy, and you shall receive her from me, with a rich dowry, on condition that she gives me the ring, which you shall have placed on her finger; and as to yourself, I will raise you to the first dignities of the state."

This treaty was no sooner concluded, than the Princess's palace was transformed into an harem. She selected for her service the most fascinating females, and clothed them in the most magnificent dresses to heighten their natural charms.

Friedbert swam for some time in a stream of pleasure, without, however, being carried away by the current. Amidst the tumult of this brilliant court, and all the bewitching charms of the sex, notwithstanding the song and the dance, grief still shaded his countenance; though these lovely Grecians displayed their charms to gain his heart, yet that heart remained equally cold and insensible to all. The Princess little expected to meet with so much indifference, in so young a man. She had herself, it is true, ever followed the system of her wise compatriot, Plato; but in Friedbert she could only observe the principles of a severe stoic; which, while they excited her astonishment, left her but little hope of recovering her jewel.

Some months passed in this manner; but the Princess, impatient to gain possession of her ring, wished to have another interview with her knight, as she called Friedbert, for the purpose of questioning him on the state of his heart. On the day, therefore, consecrated to celebrate the return of spring, all the young maidens of the court, ornamented with garlands of flowers, had begun the merry dance, when Zoe discovered our hero alone, sitting mournfully in an arbour, deep in thought, and scattering about some wild flowers which he had just gathered.

"Cold and insensible knight!" said she, "has new-born nature so few attractions for your mind, that you feel a melancholy satisfaction in destroying her precious gifts, and thus profaning the feast of Flora? Is your heart so indifferent to all soft affections, that neither the fresh and beautiful flowers of my garden, nor the youthful charms of the females of my court, can make any impression on it? Why remain in this solitary spot, when mirth invites you to the saloon? Is an unfortunate passion the cause of your sorrow? Reveal to me the secret with confidence. I am and would wish to be your friend and protectress; let me then dispel your melancholy?"

"Wise Princess," replied Friedbert, "I confess that your suppositions are true; you have penetrated into the inmost recesses of my heart. I confess that a hidden flame consumes it, and I know not whether I may nourish it with hope or abandon myself to despair. Yes, my heart is inaccessible to all the nymphs who here celebrate the feast of Flora: the heavenly creature who has robbed me of it, is not among the joyful group: yet it is in your palace that I have beheld her. Alas! perhaps, she was only the production of the painter's ardent fancy; though, surely such a master-piece could only be the work of a divinity! He must certainly have had a model; and the all-powerful being who formed these charming nymphs and lovely flowers, has combined all their beauties to create the original of this painting!"

The Princess felt much impatience and curiosity to know what picture in her gallery had produced so surprising an effect on the young knight. "Come," said she, "let me see if it be not a trick which love has played upon you, and given you a cloud to embrace instead of a goddess; or if, for once, he has acted fairly, in displaying to your view an object which it is not in your power to obtain."

Zoe had a fine collection of paintings, some of which were *chefs-d'œuvre* of the most celebrated artists, the rest were family portraits. Among the last were many of the most renowned beauties of ancient and modern Greece; and among the number were many representations of herself, adorned in all the charms of youth and loveliness, which she once possessed, when she performed her annual voyages to the fairy baths. A slight emotion of that vanity which, in every age, preserves its empire over the female breast, inspired her with the idea that it might be one of these pictures which had taken such firm hold of Friedbert's imagination. She already, in anticipation, felt a secret pleasure in saying to him—"My friend, it is myself whom you love; but as I no longer resemble this picture, you must suppress your passion, and aspire to a less ideal object."

But Friedbert well knew that his flame was not merely the painter's fancy, and that the original possessed even more beauty than he had been able to catch in the picture; yet he was still ignorant as to the abode of this original, or how he should be able to discover it. On entering the gallery, he rushed with all the ardour of the most impassioned adorer towards this beloved portrait, and falling on his knees, his hands extended towards it, he exclaimed:—"This is the goddess I adore! wise princess, you are now going to pronounce my sentence of life or death! If I am deceived by a chimerical affection I shall expire at your feet; but if this divine object exist, if she be known to you, Oh! tell me what country contains this treasure, and

I will fly and seek her wherever she is to be found, and endeavour to deserve her by the strength of my affection."

The Princess, having expected a very different choice, was much embarrassed; a shade of dissatisfaction clouded her brow, and the pleasing smile which had played on her face was converted into a frown. "Imprudent youth," said she, "how have you presumed to engage your heart without knowing whether the object that inflamed it has ever existed? However, learn that in the present instance it has not entirely led you astray. This lady is neither imaginary, nor the monument of a beauty of former times; it is the Princess Calista, my youngest daughter. Alas! she was my favourite girl, but is now the very child of misery, and can never be yours, for her heart is no longer her own. A devouring and unextinguishable passion burns in her bosom for a wretch separated from her by an immense tract of land! She had resolution enough to escape from his deceitful snares; but, like a bird that drags after it part of the net from which it has escaped, she passionately loves him, though she has fled from him, and weeps her misfortunes in the solitude of a cloister, despising herself for her foolish affection, and yet not able to renounce it, or to think of any thing else."

Friedbert, though internally transported with joy at having discovered Calista's retreat, and at being able to flatter himself that he was beloved by her, had still sufficient command of himself to express nothing more than astonishment at the Princess's relation. The indignation the fair maid felt at his conduct, and the contempt Zoe expressed for the object of her daughter's passion, did not make him very uneasy, as by dint of deceiving others, with regard to his birth, he had now almost deceived himself; and the Princess Zoe's knight appeared to him very well qualified to obtain her daughter's hand. He continued to interrogate Zoe respecting the circumstances attending the young Calista's amour with an air of interest which was not feigned, as his curiosity had been. She satisfied him as well as she could, without revealing the secret of the sylphs; which was thought, in the families who possessed it, as important as the philosopher's stone, or freemasonry; but she composed extempore an allegorical story, which answered her purpose.

"Calista," she said, "was walking one evening with her sisters, on the shores of the sea, when imprudently they had the curiosity of going beyond the bounds I had prescribed to them, through places which were quite unknown to them, and where a Corsair lay at anchor. My unsuspecting girls had no idea of the danger that awaited them, when one of the pirates suddenly darted from behind a thicket, and seized poor Calista, who had loitered behind to search for an ornament which she had dropped. He bore her in his arms to the vessel, and conveyed her to his own country. He was young and handsome, and as he employed every art to inspire her with affection, it is not strange that he should have succeeded with an inexperienced maid, who, forgetting her birth, was on the point of bestowing her hand on her seducer; when happy chance made her discover, among the effects of her lover, the precious jewel which she was seeking when he carried her off, and which he had doubtless previously found, and purposely concealed to draw her into the snare, and separate her from her sisters. She felt so indignant at this artifice, that she thought, in the first moment of rage, she should never love him more. A vessel from this country having arrived on the shores where she resided, the love of her home, the idea of her mother's grief, the voice of reason, all helped to increase her resentment, and determined her to escape from the captivity in which she had been held. To effect her intentions was not very difficult, as her lover, confiding in the affection with which he had inspired her, scarcely watched her motions. She escaped. But, alas! the unhappy passion which had taken possession of her heart, has pursued her to her native land. Grief daily consumes her, and renders her insensible to all the pleasures of her age; and soon will that animation which once shone in her countenance be totally extinguished. Instead of a husband she invokes the tomb, and soon her wishes will be gratified; soon will the unhappy object of your absurd passion be inclosed within its jaws."

"I then will share her fate!" exclaimed Friedbert. "My life is at my own disposal, and I will die with the lovely Calista, happy to be united with her even in the grave. You will not refuse to place my mortal remains beside her; and our souls shall together wing their flight towards eternity. But ere this happens grant me the consolation of seeing her, and of telling her that I die for her. I will even, before I quit this world, once call her my bride; in pronouncing that sacred word, I will give her this ring as a pledge of my love; in doing which I shall be freed from my vow, and you will soon again possess your valuable jewel."

The knight's warmth affected Zoe so much that her eyes were filled with tears; and she could not have refused his request, independent of the desire she had of recovering her ring; yet she much feared that in the present state of Calista's heart, she would not like to receive either a visit or a present of this nature. Friedbert, however, employed all his eloquence to

persuade her that there was nothing in this request which could alarm or wound the most scrupulous delicacy. Zoe, therefore, assented to what he asked; and gave him an order, addressed to the superior of the convent, to obtain the desired interview with Calista.

Friedbert, his heart fluctuating between hope and fear, respecting the reception he should meet with, instantly departed.

It was evident, however, from what Zoe had told him, that she still loved him.

His heart beat violently when he entered the cell which inclosed his beloved. She was sitting on a sofa opposite the door; her fine hair, negligently fastened with a blue ribbond, floated in ringlets on her shoulders, her head reclined on her arm, and her countenance was expressive of the deepest grief. She did not immediately notice his entrance, nor till Friedbert threw himself at her feet, had she any idea of his being a more important messenger, than such as her mother usually sent to inquire after her health; but she slowly raised her eyes, and instantly recognized the prostrate stranger.

She started with surprise; he attempted to seize her hand, but was repulsed with marks of indignation. "Leave me, treacherous man!" she exclaimed, "it is enough to have been once your dupe and victim. You shall not deceive me again with your feigned virtues!"

As Friedbert had expected these reproaches, he did not feel disconcerted; and began to probe the lovely Calista's heart, by attributing all the faults he had committed to the violence of his passion. This expedient seldom fails even when the offence is more serious than the theft he had committed, especially when there is love in the case. Every argument which Friedbert made use of weakened Calista's resentment; and he at length pleaded so successfully that he completely gained his cause, and no longer had to apprehend her escaping from him, either by the door or through the window. She quietly resumed her seat on the sofa, and allowed him to take one of her hands, while with the other she covered her beautiful eyes, from whence tears copiously flowed, which were not however those of grief.

Friedbert, still at her feet, swore that he would have sought her through the world, and his voyage from Suabia to the Cyclades was sufficient to prove that he told the truth. This assurance not only gained him his pardon, but a confession that their love was reciprocal; and they each vowed to unite their hands and hearts, and never more to separate.

This arduous victory obtained, threw the happy Friedbert into such transports of love and joy, that we shall not attempt to describe them. He hastened to return to the palace with the fair Princess whose favour he had regained. Zoe was struck with astonishment when she beheld the serene countenance of her daughter Calista, from whose features melancholy and grief had fled; but it increased still more when she learned that her heart also was changed, and that it now belonged to the gallant knight.

The imputation of being a magician was about to be cast a second time upon Friedbert, especially when Zoe was informed that they only awaited her consent to become united. Whatever predilection she might feel for the youth, and however strong her wish of being put in possession of her ring, yet she was not sufficiently blinded by these considerations to assent to an improper alliance; she, therefore, required of the knight to prove his nobility.

Though it would not have been more difficult to forge such credentials at Naxos than elsewhere, he preferred to these false titles, those of love and valour. "Love," he said, "levels all ranks and distinctions; and my sword and my lance will ever enable me to support and prove the honour of my birth." Zoe had no reply to such weighty reasons, urged likewise by the choice of the fair Calista, who declared aloud that she was perfectly satisfied with him; in such a case a prudent mother must appear equally so. She thought, besides, that the knight, whatever might be his rank, was at least preferable to the little citizen of Suabia, or a convent. Calista gave her happy lover the title of Tetrach of Suabia, and he soon conducted her to the altar, and placed on her finger the ring which was afterwards restored to the impatient mother. The new Tetrach related to Zoe the whole story of the ring.

Mutual confidence now took place; Zoe confessed that she had designedly left the ring and glove beside the Lake of Swans; adding, that Bruno had well understood her meaning, but that it was not in her power to repeat her visit, as her husband had learned, through the treachery of one of her cousins, the whole adventure of the bath, which so enraged him that he got possession of her feathers and instantly burnt that beautiful gift of nature. And the only regret which destroyed the happiness of Calista was, that her husband was unable to share with her the invaluable privilege of the bath. But love lengthens out the season of youth, and Friedbert preserved a long time unimpaired the blooming hue and vigour of manhood. Yet when they celebrated the twenty-fifth year of their union, the fine auburn hair of the blissful husband began to whiten, like the first snows of November that portend the approach of winter; while the lovely Calista still resembled the rose, that spreads its blushing leaves to the gale, in the smiling month of May.

R. E.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF VIENNA, AND THE MANNERS OF ITS INHABITANTS.

VIENNA has for many ages been considered as in some measure the capital of the Roman empire, and seems to have had a right to aspire at pre-eminence among European cities. It has been so enlarged, tha comprehending its vast suburbs, it has justly been compared to a small bird with the wings of an eagle. In 1796 the buildings in the city alone amounted to the number of 1,897, and in the suburbs 5,102 beside a large tract of land for building on. In addition to this the gardens in the latter are very large and numerous, and the edifices occupy a great space.

From the topographical situation of this metropolis we should at first sight be authorized to believe that its temperature was very warm; it is a little towards the latitude of Orleans, but it has been remarked that the nearer a country is situated to the east, the colder it is on that account; Vienna, besides, encircled by mountains or lofty hills upon which heaps of snow and ice continue for a long time undissolved, does not experience powerful heat for more than two months in the year, and in the winter the cold is very severe. The heat is likewise moderated by very frequent, and sometimes sharp winds, to which habit has so far familiarized the inhabitants that their usual reply to the Italians, who complain of it, is become proverbial: "*Vienna o ventosa è, o venosa;*" Vienna is either windy or poisonous. Thus they say to the Lombardians, and those good Milanese who take refuge among them and abandon a mild climate, which is always the favourite of heaven.

If they suffer there less cold than in some other countries where it is more intense, it arises from their practice of cloathing themselves according to the example of their neighbours, the Poles and Hungarians, the Greeks and Turks in a pelisse at the commencement of the cold weather, which as true Germans the inhabitants wear in apartments heated with stoves.

The northern inhabitants, who find in Lombardy the summer too hot and the winter too cold, here meet with a suitable temperament in every season; if, however it disagrees with some, it must be attributed to the frequent and violent winds. There are immense numbers who die annually in this city of consumptions. It is true this disease creeps into all great cities, but here it makes more devastation than in any other, in spite of every effort of art. Although the practice of physic is perhaps more cultivated at Vienna than in any other city of Germany, and has succeeded in snatching an infinite number of victims of pleasure from pain and death, which every thing concurs to multiply among a licentious people, greedy of frequent and substantial food; for there is reason to believe, that the syphylic disorder is more general at Vienna than even at Paris.

Next to these two scourges the most mortal disease is the small pox. In 1795 it had swept off 1,098 persons. The new method of inoculation by the vaccine, which is just introduced, bids fair for rendering this disorder less destructive.

The city has the advantage of being divided by the Danube, but this advantage is attended with its inconveniences. When the streams which descend from the mountains suddenly swell by the thaws of snow and ice, they make the river overflow and inundate the suburbs to a considerable height. It is at these times that the excellence of the police evinces itself in a striking manner. It is difficult to form an idea of all the precautions that are taken for the preservation and comfort of the families exposed to this disaster.

From the situation of this river we should be led to suppose, that many parties of pleasure are formed on it; but this is not the case, it is a species of amusement by no means common, as the advantages of this river are confined to merchandize.

Vienna is inferior in beauty to any capital in Europe. It has no exterior mark of splendour to attract the attention. The streets project in many places in the most irregular manner. Not far from the centre there is a street in the form of a bridge thrown over another (called the *Tiefe Graben*) so that travellers passing through the first often find themselves exactly above another equipage in the second; it has so very singular an appearance as to have often fixed the attention of the writer of this account. There is but one street in this metropolis which can be called superb; it is formed by a continued chain of magnificent buildings in a straight line, and is known by the name of the *Herren Strasse*.

The only promenade in this city (except that of the ramparts, which is frequented only in summer) does not extend round any place, but only along the pathway; it is called the *Graben*, and resembles the *Place de Saint Marc* in nothing but the number of unemployed persons who assemble there, the argusses of the police, and the

legions of unfortunate beings who make a trade of their charms. As to the rest, though the city is daily receiving embellishments, we can predict that it will never be perfectly beautiful. The suburbs are constructed upon a better plan, and would be much more elegant if the buildings which are raised were larger, and the architecture more grand.

Most of the streets are wide, regular, and level, but they are principally inhabited by manufacturers, and a great number of labourers; these people are exposed too much to the dangerous influence of luxury, and are led by example to incur more expences than those in country towns, which are generally thinly populated, and receive the benefit of the climate, and the fertility of the soil.

The whole population of Vienna in 1795 amounted to 231,105, of which 1,231 were ecclesiastics, 3,253 nobles, 4,256 public officers, and 7,333 citizens. The mortality is by no means so excessive as we might expect in so populous a city, where every thing concurs to augment it; this we may attribute to the success of medicine, and the great care of government for the whole community, and of individuals for the diseased.

Among the establishments formed for the benefit of the public we may reckon as one of the best the great hospital, the principal direction of which is entrusted to the celebrated Franck. In 1796 about 11,860 sick persons were received into it. To this hospital has been added a pathological museum.

The hospital for lying-in women stands next in rank, which received in the same year one thousand nine hundred and four one hundred and eleven of which died. The hospital for lunatics contained in 1795 two hundred and sixty one persons, of which there were one hundred and fifty six males and one hundred and five females. In the following year one hundred and ninety individuals entered, and one hundred and twenty-two were discharged. The principal remedies in use are abstinence and regimen, and no person is admitted without carrying a detail of the treatment he has before received, in order that a better judgment may be formed of his condition.

There is a military hospital, and others that are attended by the religious; there is even one for the Jews, which is not less distinguished for neatness than good treatment in general.

Vienna can likewise boast an institution which is equalled by nothing but the establishments made in favour of the poor at Hamburgh, Kiel, &c. The suburbs are divided into eight districts, each of which has its surgeon, physician, and widwife, who are provided by government to attend the poor in the circle. In 1795 there were about nineteene thousand eight hundred and twenty who received the benefit of this institution, four hundred and sixty four died, and six hundred and twenty-three were sent to the hospital. This institution was found so beneficial, that in the following year the city was made to share its benefits.

We ought not to pass over an establishment something similar to the former, which is founded for the reception of children under ten years of age. In 1795 one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five children were cured, and only one hundred and thirteen died.

Among the regulations made for the preservation of health, we may mention one worthy of serving as a model to other countries (particularly at a time when great cities are continually enlarging); it is that made in May, 1796, by which all persons were forbidden to inhabit a new house, before the physician of the district had examined it, and given his opinion that it was in a proper state of dryness.

The price of provisions is more moderate than has been imagined. Hungary furnishes meat, corn, and wine in abundance, and rustrica wood, which is carried over the Danube, and seldom exported. About one hundred and fifty gardeners cultivate large kitchen gardens in the suburbs, if not with the minute economy practised in the environs of Paris, at least with much greater skill, particularly in their method of watering by a wooden shovel made for the purpose By means of their industry herbs are very cheap, and they gain at the same time a comfortable subsistence. They are aided in their labours by the mountaineers of Stiria, who regularly come for that purpose every spring.

By this means bread, meat, and vegetables, are an abundant nourishment for the inhabitants, so that the labourer may be satisfied with a moderate salary, in a country producing all the first articles of necessity, and the principal materials of manufacture; there are but few merchandizes of Indian luxury, which are always attended with a considerable expence. The police at the same time watches with so much care over every thing that relates to the nourishment of the people, that it frequently happens, that when the officers meet with persons who have purchased meat, they weigh it again in their presence in order to ascertain the weight, and prevent deceptions.

Particular societies and private circles are so numerous, that coffee-houses cannot be much frequented; on the contrary, taverns are much resorted to; there is consequently a greater number than in any other city.

People are better accommodated at coffee-

houses than at ordinaries Besides a great number of tables which are constantly kept open, and at any hour of the day, and even at midnight, persons may enter and take part in the conversation and entertainments free of expence.

Notwithstanding this it is remarkable, that at ten o'clock in the evening the most perfect tranquillity and silence preside in the streets, as it is a rule for every person going home after that hour to make a small compensation to the porter of the house which he inhabits. If we walk in the suburbs after ten, the calm and solitude which we observe there is truly astonishing. No individual is to be met with but the watch, and in the morning none are roused very early. Vienna in this particular offers a perfect contrast with Naples, which will bear a pleasing comparison with the former in every other respect, and is equalled by no city in Europe, not even London, or Paris.

The coffee-house of Hugelman, in the suburb of *Leopolstad*, is worthy the notice of a foreigner. This house, situated between the Danube and the street where carriages pass to the promenade of the *Prater*, is so frequented by Greeks (who are very numerous at Vienna), that upon hearing their language, and observing their costume, our imaginations transport us into that spot once so famed for science and wisdom.

The government, as well as individuals, are entitled to commendation for their efforts in preventing mendicity. The orphan house, in the beginning of 1797, supported about 1,479 of these unfortunate beings. But this establishment, united with that formed for the relief of the old people and fathers of families unfitted for procuring their own livelihood, has been unable to suppress this pernicious order of society so perfectly at Vienna as those at Hamburgh, Kiel, &c. which deserves the imitation of other cities.

The industry of the inhabitants, although no way comparable to that of the English, merits, however, some eulogium. Vienna and its suburbs include a great number of manufacturers, principally of silk; embroideries are no where so cheap, but their value has been diminished by the war; the proper number of labourers has failed, and the raw materials imported from Italy are become very dear. Among the articles of manufacture which have particularly succeeded, are the steel work, silk ribbands, carriages of every sort, &c. These merchandizes are however seldom exported.

The inhabitants are not much distinguished for their taste. This however does not arise from any deficiency in the means of solid instruction. They have opportunities to receive lessons in the arts even gratis.

The academy of arts is divided into seven classes, each of which has its particular professor. There is one for subjects relative to manufactures; others are appointed for historical painting, for landscape drawing, for sculpture, architecture, casting of metals and engraving. Every class contains a considerable number of scholars.

Every week during the summer season the professor for landscape drawing makes an excursion with his pupils, in order to exercise them in drawing after nature.

Many of these professors enjoy a just celebrity. The gallery of the Prince de Lichtenstein and that of the Belvedere are superb.

The art of gardening has continued to receive improvements for many years, to an extent unequalled in any place except England. The gardens are laid out with great taste near the city and suburbs.

Music is very much cultivated here, as may be fairly concluded from the number of illustrious composers who have adorned this city; among whom may be reckoned Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, and others. The two former are dead, but the latter is still living. An attachment to this fine art has extended to the lower classes, who apply to it almost to a fatiguing excess. In many private circles they never meet without a concert.

The German theatre at Vienna has always been held in great repute, and for a long time has been considered the best in Germany. The lively Italian operas are very well performed. Almost all the suburbs have their distinct theatre. That of Casperl excels in the low comic; that of Schicaneder has been remarkable for its successful representation of the Magic Flute by Mozart, and similar performances. The taste of the inhabitants for ballads arose from the excellent dancing at the great theatre.

Literature does not flourish in this city. Whatever title the Germans have to the appellation of a learned nation, the inhabitants of Vienna and the north of Germany can have no share in the honour. With the exception of Petersburgh and Rome, no city contains so large a collection of useless books. It has, however, a great university, and a superb library of MSS. and works purely literary and scientific. Individuals may, however, be found whose erudition equals that of any persons in Europe; but they are as it were a privileged order. The pre-eminence of science is difficult to be obtained here, as an individual is exposed to every species of examination, disappointment, and chicanery foreign to learning.

[*To be continued.*]

A DREAM ON THE OCCUPATIONS OF DEPARTED SOULS.

I DREAMT I had died. Seeing the body from which my soul had departed lay on the bed, I was as little affected as a player is when he beholds the dress in which he acted a prince. I should be very sorry if any of my readers should contradict me in this assertion, or interrupt me in the very beginning of my narrative, by denying that it is impossible a soul could remain so indifferent at the sight of her inanimate body. Those that know me will easily comprehend that it is not improbable my soul could. I was born and educated in a small town, in which there were no young gentlemen, except the son of the justice of peace, and the town-clerk. Therefore I had not many examples before me which could have seduced my soul to bestow her principal care upon her body; not to mention that my body was by no means calculated to inspire me with thoughts of vanity, or to tempt me to bestow extraordinary care upon it. I appeal, for the confirmation of the truth of this assertion, to the taste of my late wife, who, in the course of her life, knew many bodies that seemed to appear to her by far more charming and elegant than my person. I demand therefore that my readers at least should believe my wife, if my individual testimony should be suspected. The judgment of ladies, like my late wife, may safely be relied upon in matters relative to human bodies and faces; as for subjects which concern the understanding, I am willing to admit that some satisfactory proofs may be required. This short digression was the more necessary the more desirous an historian naturally is that his account should not be suspected. I expect therefore that my readers should entertain no further doubts of the indifference of my soul towards her body.

As soon as I saw my inanimate body lay before me I flew to my writing desk. "I thought you would! (Chloris will exclaim,) I thought you would. These pedantic authors constantly reproach us for our predilection for the toilet, whilst they, in their study, betray the same weakness which we scarcely are guilty of before our toilet. They commit more acts of vanity by means of their pens than we do through the medium of our rouge-boxes, curling-irons, and band-boxes. In their writings they admire their supposed genius and literary excellence more frequently, and with less certainty, than we admire our charms in the looking glass. Their infatuation, their pride, their desire of being admired, their jealousy——." Dear Chloris, I admit the truth of your observations; but be so good as to let me proceed. On my writing desk lay a sketch of a work which I had committed to paper the preceding night. I was going to seize a pen with that ardour so natural to myself and many more literary men, in order to complete that important work for the benefit of my critical brethren. But how great was my terror, when my disembodied soul was not capable of lifting up the pen, and much less of writing! I cannot express the terror which seized me, and am perfectly assured, that a like anxiety is felt by no one else but by a poet who haunts after a rhyme without being able to find it. Seven times, and again seven times did I attempt to write; but in vain. I wanted to consult an Encyclopædia which frequently had been essentially useful to me in my literary compositions; but this satisfaction too was denied me. I wrung my hands, lamenting the irreparable loss which my publisher, my country, and posterity would sustain; nay, I should add, that I pitied myself, were it the custom of the learned to be so open respecting this point. In short, I saw that my whole literary existence was at an end, because I was deprived of the power of writing. The only thing I could do, to console myself in some degree, was to fly to my book case, and to survey, with paternal tenderness, all the books which owed their existence to my indefatigable fingers. Whilst I contemplated them, I was as pleased and enraptured as parents are, who, indeed, have no longer the power of begetting children, but in those to whom they have given existence, behold more mental accomplishments and abilities than any one else would be able to discover.

I should, perhaps, have continued a considerable time longer in that posture, had I not, in my dream, observed the joyous terror with which my impatient heirs were seized at the sight of my corpse. They flew to my bed with as much avidity as though they were going to divide a booty. "Is he dead?" exclaimed they. "Yes! at length, he is actually dead! Make haste, and send for the undertaker!" cried a nephew of mine, and was joined by one of my nieces, who by my death expected to inherit all those accomplishments which certain solid lovers hitherto had missed in her, whence, to her vexation, they had not robbed her of her liberty. That niece shed a torrent of tears, and by her unexpected affliction would have perplexed me very

much had she not abruptly raised her hands, and groaned aloud:—"That honest soul of an uncle! God bless him! he is happy! we will not envy him his happiness!" This was the signal for general plunder. My strong box had to sustain the first assault. My clothes and furniture shared the same fate. They carried every thing into a chamber which they proposed should be sealed up by a certain gentleman whose name I do not recollect, but who was declared to be an honest and respectable man, because he carried a large seal, and was attended by two witnesses. Thus far I had been a patient observer of the proceedings of my heirs, but began to tremble when I saw that my papers were to be attacked likewise. They were examined with the most scrupulous care. All papers which began, *I promise to pay*, &c. were treated with religious regard, and carefully put by; but a few others which commenced with the words, *Bought of*, &c. caused them to shake their heads. They at last assailed my literary manuscripts, which rendered me furious. I flew, in despair, to defend them; but, probably, should not have succeeded, if the son of my sister, a master of arts, had not assisted me undesignedly, by throwing the whole bundle underneath the table, protesting they were waste-paper. The dunce! Preparations were now made for my interment, which was forwarded with astonishing dispatch; and as soon as the tailor and mantuamaker had finished the usual badges of mourning and affliction, no money was spared to remove my corpse without further delay. My body was carried to the church, attended by a numerous train of mourners, and all ceremonies which usually are observed on the interment of those who are justly regretted in death, and leave ample property behind them, were performed with the strictest decorum and exactness. At last appeared in the pulpit an orator, whom my heirs had rendered sensible of all my virtues by means of a sealed paper which appeared rather heavy. Satisfied as I always was with myself during the whole course of my life, I was nevertheless doubtful whether I really was the identical person of whom he spoke in his funeral sermon. I surveyed the whole church, imagining I should perhaps discover another corpse, to whom the panegyrics of the orator related, but could not descry any; and now perceived that they must apply to myself. He called me a great, celebrated, and learned man, a patron of the sciences, his Mæcenas; and against this I had not much to object, as it was not too much for twelve ducats. He lavished more than twenty tropes to depict the sorrows which my heirs felt at the untimely death of their excellent relation; and the former, from gratitude, were so modest as to conceal their faces with the crape, lest they should give him the lie. He gave them several pious directions how to stop the torrent of their tears; but these the good man might well have spared. I listened, however, with great patience to his discourse. But at length he went too far. He protested with such violence, that he grew quite red in the face; I say, he protested that I had been a man of great erudition, but of still greater humanity, a zealous promoter of the arts and sciences, but by far a more zealous and strenuous protector of widows and orphans. He added, my happy marriage had been a visible reward of these rare virtues. "Appear!" exclaimed he, "come forth from your tomb, ye decayed bones of the late amiable and excellent Mrs. ——." Heavens! how did I tremble when I heard him call upon my late wife! I fled without looking back. I fled out of the church.

Apprehending that my gentle consort would obey the invocation, I soared aloft, when I descried a great number of departed souls, some of whom were known to me, and others not. This unexpected sight astonished me. Surprize made me gaze at them with eyes wide open, as an owner of a chandler's shop in a small country town would stare at the exchange at Hamburgh on seeing it the first time. I should never have expected to meet at that place with such a numerous society of departed spirits. All their occupations appeared singular and uncommon to me. I was curious, and yet irresolute. I knew not whither I should turn myself, but nevertheless had not sufficient courage to apply to one of them to remove my doubts.

A very lively spirit, resembling very much the soul of our young men of fashion, was the first who noticed my perplexity. We were perfect strangers to one another, but he was so complaisant as to fly towards me, protesting a thousand times upon his honour and soul, that he should deem himself superlatively happy in rendering me any service in his power, assuring me that his offer was not intended to be a mere compliment. He shook me by the hand till it began to ache, repeating his proffers of friendship again and again, and I was just going to avail myself of his kind offer, when he turned himself round on his heel, whistling a tune, and flying to another spirit to offer his services in a similar manner.

This incident considerably encreased my confusion. I had not the courage to apply for information, for fear I should a second time fall into the hands of an officious young gentleman.

While I was yet undetermined what I should do, I observed within a small distance a soul who seemed to be an attentive observer of every thing that was doing in that spot. I could clearly

see that something more important than mere curiosity was the cause of the attention I perceived in that soul. His countenance appeared, at times, extremely serious; but at intervals I descried an expression of ridicule in his looks, and when he smiled I could plainly discern traces of compassion in his face. I should, on this account, have been tempted to take him for the departed spirit of the author of the English Spectator, had his face been shorter and broader: however I took courage to accost him, and having disclosed my wishes, saw that he was pleased with my enquiries. He shook my hand good naturedly, and said, I will gratify your desire Since I have parted from my body, I always found the greatest pleasure in observing the actions of departed souls. My occupations, when alive, were of a similar nature. I aimed in my writings to convince my fellow-citizens of their errors, and to direct them to the road to happiness. Follow me, you will learn every thing that can be useful to you. I requested this spirit to tell me his name, which he did, after I had promised to keep it a profound secret. My readers must excuse me for keeping my promise. The departed souls are a little more conscientious with regard to this point than lovers.

I descried, within a short distance from the spot where we were, a numerous concourse of souls, and the noise which they made tempted me to go nearer. My conductor at first, cautioned me, asserting that I ran the risk of receiving blows in the throng. But I was determined to run the risk, and requested him to attend me. I will accompany you, said he at length, but first tell me whether you are a poet? This question hurt me more than I can express, and I would have severely resented it had it been put to me when alive. I became painfully sensible of the loss of my writings, which I had left behind me, and was silly enough to resolve to return to my study, and to fetch some printed proofs. I hinted it to my conductor; but his countenance grew at once so serious that I was ashamed of my being an author; therefore I told him in timid accents that I, when alive, had not been an enemy to poetry. This is very well, replied he: I put this question to you, because you must possess some knowledge of the disposition and the extravagancies of poets, if you are desirous of visiting that spot with advantage. You will see singular objects. It should seem that the order of nature is totally reversed in that place, and you will find that all the actions that will occur to your observation are widely different from what they naturally used to be, because the poets do not think as they naturally ought to do. The whole district, continued he, is put in motion by a soul, who, when alive, distinguished itself by the most ridiculous conduct. Its whole appearance is more like a dream than reality, because it was in life chiefly occupied with the most fanciful reveries. It had, in the nether world, very erroneous conceptions of the laudable zeal with which worthy men endeavoured to promote refinement of taste. What these obtained by science and modesty, that soul vainly strove to procure by clamour and impetuosity.

My leader was going to enlarge upon this subject, but my curiosity rendered me so impatient, that I took him by the hand, and pressed through the crowd. I beheld, upon a high stage, a soul in the pompous attire of a mountebank, for whom I should have taken it, had not my conductor apprized me that he was a charlatan of good taste. He had erected his stage on an elevated spot, whence he could overlook the assembled multitude, and be seen by every one. The architecture of the stage was, however, in a Gothic style, and rather absurd, and the ornaments did not correspond with each other.—Some pieces consisted in carvings, which appeared extremely sumptuous, and executed with uncommon skill. My conductor assured me that the charlatan had stolen them out of old temples, where they had been preserved as remarkable relics of Roman and Greek architecture. He added, they had been carried off by some of his associates, whom he had purposely kept at London and Paris, and that he now was so impudent as to pretend that they had been carved by his own hands, though he had been repeatedly convicted of the theft, and that it even had been proved to him from what places he had obtained them.

This account appeared incredible to me; for I observed that the pirated ornaments composed scarcely one-fourth of his theatre, while the three remaining parts consisted of logs of timber, of unplaned boards, and of toys with which children are wont to play. All this was patched together in a clumsy and confused manner, and threatened every moment to come to pieces. This would probably have happened, had not several persons, who appeared to wear his livery, supported it with anxious care. Their master seemed, however totally indifferent to his precarious situation. He paced the stage with firm strides, and whenever he extolled his nostrums, spoke in such accents of confidence, that the whole structure was shaken. I never witnessed a more impudent presumption than this charlatan displayed. His face was extremely ugly and mishapen. I could, nevertheless, discover that he was painted, and vain enough to flatter himself, that he was the most charming mountebank of his time.

[*To be continued.*]

THE ANTIQUARIAN OLIO.

[*Continued from Page* 43.]

STRAND.

CLOSE to this house was Ivy Bridge, which is described as situated in the high street, and as having had a way, or low going down, under it, stretching to the Thames, similar to Strand Bridge before spoken of. Strype represents it as being the next turning down to the water westward of Salisbury-street.

At this place Stow considers the city of Westminster as commencing. The space from Temple-Bar to Ivy Bridge being comprehended within the duchy of Lancaster. Originally, however, Thorney Island and Westminster were co-extensive, and consequently at that time Westminster came no nearer to London than the end of Gardeners-lane, King-street.

The first house in Westminster, according to Stow's division, was Durham-House, erected by Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of that see. Pennant, however, says, it was originally built by Anthony de Beck, in the reign of Edward I. On the site of this house stands the present Adelphi, and on that of the stables belonging to it, a new Exchange was built in 1608, but it has since been pulled down, and the spot covered with houses.

In the time of Henry III. William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, having among other estates given several tenements near Charing-cross to the prior of Rouncival, in the diocese of Pampelon, in Navarre, an hospital, or chapel of St. Mary, was founded on the south side of the Strand between York-Buildings and Northumberland House. In the large old map of London, engraved by Vertue, the spot where this hospital stood is pointed out, which seems to have commenced nearly opposite St. Martin's-lane, and to have reached to Scotland Yard. Near this hospital when standing, and over against Charing-cross, was also an hermitage with a chapel.

This being the extent of the Strand towards Charing-cross on the south side, it will be necessary to return again to Temple-Bar, and pursue the course on the north, or opposite side of the street to that already described; in doing which, it will be found that the buildings were neither so numerous nor so important as those on the south.

It is a remark of Strype's, that in former times there was not, as now, a continued street of buildings between London and Westminster, but much vacant space of fields and open grounds between; also at that time, the way along it was often bad. From Temple Bar to the Savoy, it appears to have been paved about 1585, but the paving went no further than the Savoy till the latter part of Elizabeth's reign; and it also appears at that time not to have been completely inhabited; before this time the few houses that existed there were, probably, in general either inns for the accommodation of such persons as were brought from the country on business depending before the courts of law at Westminster, or else cottages, with a small portion of ground. In the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, or in the former part of that of her successor, it appears to have been considered as an elegant situation. Ben Jonson, in his comedy of *Epicœne*; *or, the Silent Woman*, act i. sc iv. introduces *Sir Amorous La Foole* as commending Clerimonte's lodging, by telling him it would be as delicate a lodging as his own if it were but in the Strand.

As the line of the main street of the Strand is intended to be here followed, the first object which in that direction merits attention, is the parish church of St. Clement Danes, which, though rebuilt, is, in point of foundation, of great antiquity. The body of Harold, bastard son of Canute, after it had been interred at Westminster, and by the order of Hardicanute, Canute's successor, taken up and thrown into the Thames, was found by some fishermen, and at length deposited here, for which reason, as some say, it was called St. Clement Danes, Harold having been one of our Danish Kings. Some have related that it obtained that appellation on account of a massacre of the Danes, which took place here in the time of King Ethelred, in revenge for their cruelty to the Monks of Chertsey, and just as the Danes were meditating their return to their own country. From the church of St. Clement Danes to Exeter Change, no building of any antiquity occurs to be noticed. The site of this last was, however, originally a part of Covent-Garden, so called corruptly, instead of Convent Garden, as having been the garden to a convent, or monastery.

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields, was, as its name imports, not surrounded, as at present, by a multiplicity of buildings, and situated in a street, but it actually stood in the open fields. St. Martin's-lane leading up to it, though since converted into a regular street, was also at that time nothing

more than a county lane, probably with a hedge on one, or both sides of it.

KING'S MEWS.

Next occured the Mews, so called because the King's falcons were there kept by the King's falconer. Of this term, now so common few persons, it is supposed, know the exact meaning, it may be necessary to mention, therefore, that Du Fresne, in his glossary, explaining the latin word *Muta*, says it is a disease to which hawks are subject, that the French call it *La Mue*; that the hawks change or mute their feathers every year, and that then they are so frequently sick as to be in danger of dying.

Till the reign of Henry VIII. this building continued to be used for its original purpose, but in 1534, the King's stables at Bloomsbury, or Lomesbury, as it was then called, having been accidentally burnt, the house called the Mews, near Charing cross, was rebuilt, and in the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, converted into stabling.

CHARING-CROSS.

The site of the village of Charing, is even now unequivocally ascertained by the name of Charing-cross, which that part of the street still bears, in allusion to a cross erected there by Edward I. in the twenty-first year of his reign, in memory of its being one, and indeed the last of those spots where the body of his deservedly beloved and truly excellent Queen rested in its way to Westminster Abbey for interment. A range of houses on each side, of what is now the street, was probably at that time the whole of the village.

The cross, when standing, was of white marble, and supposed to have been pulled down about 1647. Soon after the restoration of Charles II. the present exquisitely beautiful statue of Charles I. was erected on the precise spot where the cross had originally been.

SCOTLAND YARD.

Below Charing-cross, on the left, or eastern side, was a palace for the residence of the King of Scotland when he came to Westminster to attend the Parliament, of which it seems he was considered a member, as instances occur among the records of the Tower of writs issued to summon him for that purpose. The spot still retains the appellation of Scotland Yard.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

[*Continued from Page* 46]

LETTER VI.

WHY are you so eager in your inquiries? what I now have to say is known to every body; for what is there new in this, that in general fat people are good natured, and those who rise too high above the common size, sink often below the ordinary standard of wit. The good nature of the first proceeds from the tranquil state of their minds; their blood flowing with less rapidity than that of others, and increasing the weight of flesh which buries the powers of their souls. As to those unproportionably tall, it often happens that they are not only deprived of wit, but of strength and activity; for whenever nature extends her limits on the one side, she narrows them on the other. When she raises up a structure which towers on high, she has exhausted her means, and is unable to furnish it as splendidly as though the edifice had been less elevated and less extensive. It is still her work, it is laboured with as much care as her other productions, the proportions alone are not the same.

You will not wonder, when I tell you that strong and nervous persons do not possess a wide share of delicacy; since the matter which composes their bodies, is more purely terrestrial, and therefore less susceptible of feeling. Those whose stiff necks seem unwilling to bend, or whose air seems repulsive, must wear a heart distended with pride, or shut to the wants of their fellow creatures.

I must now keep my promise, and explore with you the mirror of the soul; an appellation which has been bestowed by the generality of mankind upon the eyes, and which comes very powerfully to the support of my system. But my subject seems so rich and extensive that I

stand bewildered in the midst of mental treasures, and will therefore probably be able to snatch but a very small portion of the instruction they afford.

Of all the senses, sight is more particularly the chosen abode of the soul, where she keeps on the watch, and from whence, whenever she glances over a new object, she compares it with the images of others which she has stored in her capacious bosom. Her most energetic language is that spoken through this organ, the force and sweetness of which, cannot be equalled by the powers or harmony of the voice. When our stock of expressions is exhausted, we have recourse to the silent eloquence of the eyes, which, freed from the shackles of grammatical rules, express with one look, what numerous and complicated sentences would have failed to unfold.

What confirms my opinion of the importance of the eyes in physiognomy is, that they never can betray truth, however our inclinations may lead us to endeavour to conceal it. You have surely remarked more than once, that many persons answered *no* with their lips, while their eyes said *yes*, and their consequent way of acting proved that the *yes* was real, and the *no* but feigned, to avoid importunities. Many people imitate the *tone* tones of passion, while their looks are begging your pardon; should you pay attention only to their threats you will be deceived, but should you examine their eyes, you will immediately discover their true feelings.

It is perhaps prejudice which teaches us to prefer large eyes to smaller ones, yet I believe that the first indicate a more open disposition, and that those that are rather prominent, forbode more good than those that are sunk or covered. It is false that little eyes contain more fire than large ones, the reason of its being more apparent in them is, that it is collected into a smaller focus, and therefore shines with more brilliancy. Persons of a very lively temper have seldom received large organs of sight from nature. The same inferences may be drawn from the colour of the eyes; those that are black, intimate that habitual indolence and sloth cannot be ranked among the defects of their possessors; those that are blue, the contrary, but make up in tenderness what they lose in activity. There are some which have no meaning, and among these we must distinguish the full from the common ones. The former, which are in general short-sighted, conceal almost always a rich fund of wit and energy; the latter prove a man to be deprived of the power of reflection, and to be endowed with few virtues, and of all the sorts of eyes I have seen, they are the worst, as they promise nothing. If their colour be blue especially, they will indicate cowardice and weakness; but if black, they will signify no more than some ardour and activity. Clear eyes, I always found attended with a clear and orderly mind, while those which appeared uncertain, though full of fire, belonged to men who loved nothing. A person with humid eyes, loves with too much fervency; and one with eyes widely opened, loves every thing. I run a great risk of offending many of your friends perhaps, were they to see this picture, if so, let them know that I am fair enough to acknowledge, that though such eyes as N——'s displease me, yet I dwell secure upon his friendship; and that though contracted eyes are in my opinion a sure sign of a narrow mind, I deem Mr. D——'s very powerful and comprehensive.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*]

ON MUSIC.

An Essay on Earl Stanhope's "Principles of the Science of Tuning Instruments with fixed Tones." (Concluded from Page 323, Vol. II.)

At page five of the work before us, Earl Stanhope proceeds to the explanation of that beating which is heard when an interval is not perfectly in tune, and calls it "a kind of disagreeable sound, not very unlike the howling of a wolf at a distance," because tuners technically term it the wolf. But Dr. Chladni, in his valuable work on Acoustics, p. 208 (German), shews that the beating in question is nothing more than that third sound which is generated by two others, and on which Tartini has founded his system of harmony, and the Abbé Vogler his system of simplification in organs. The reason of its being heard in general only as a beating, and not as a distinct note, is its being too grave a note to be distinguished by our ear; and it would no longer remain a wolf, but become a beautiful phenomenon of nature, if its octave and double octave could be added to it to render it a distinguishable note. And the reason why it cannot be heard at all, or only as a very faint note, when an interval is perfectly in tune, is, because it is then so consonant to the two real sounds of the intervals that it becomes nearly

incorporated with them; to this principle also are reconcileable the two distinct beatings mentioned at page 13 of the work.

Earl Stanhope then continues:—"Musicians and tuners are in the habit of talking of the wolf in the singular number; I shall, however, shew in the sequel that there are as many as five wolves, &c." But when tuners generally speak of a wolf, in the singular number, it only shews that there is no occassion to attend to more than one wolf or distribution, as I have explained in the former part of this essay, and not that the well informed part of them knows of no more than one wolf; for several other writers have shewn not only his Lordship's quint and major third wolves, but also minor third wolves, fourth wolves, and minor and major sixth wolves, and consequently many more than those five mentioned before. To enumerate them, and those others which are also contained in our modern diatonic scale, according to his Lordship's manner, there would be one perfect fifth and one perfect fourth wolf; six minor fifth, and six major fourth wolves; four major third, and four minor sixth wolves; three minor third, and three major sixth wolves; two major second, and two minor seventh wolves; and one minor second, and one major seventh wolf; in all thirty-four wolves. This, indeed, would be a host of howlers, sufficient to deter any person from studying the art of tuning; but I have shewn before that no more than one of them need be attended to in tempering our modern scale.

Those five wolves taught by Earl Stanhope are, one quint wolf, and four major third wolves; and the manner in which his Lordship calculates them is as follows:—the length of a wire which would yield the lowest bass C, is fixed at 960 quarters of an inch; and a succession of twelve fifths, one over another, would require the length of seven quarters of an inch, thirty-nine hundreds of a quarter of an inch, and 905,876.408,179.929.662.935 decimal parts of one of the latter. From this frightful and still infinite number, subtract 7½ quarters of an inch, as the true ratio of that perfect octave in which the twelfth fifth should terminate, and it produces an equally long and infinite number for the ratio of his Lordship's first, or quint wolf. To examine the correctness of such calculations I have no patience, and I can also suppose, that no person will ever attend to them; but the worst of them is, that they serve only for one given arbitrary length of a string, and must be varied according to any other given length of it.

How much more simple and natural than the above, are the calculations of those other writers, which, according to the work before us, Earl Stanhope finds "not attended with the desired success." For they consider any whole length of a string as a total, expressed by the ratio 1, and its twelfth fifth is 531441-262144 of that length; from this subtract 2-1, as the true octave, and it leaves 531441-524288, as that major comma (mentioned before) which is the above Stanhope quint wolf.

To compare, in a similar manner, Earl Stanhope's unnatural calculations of his major third wolves with the natural ones of opposite writers, I think quite unnecessary; but I must notice the curious remark which his Lordship makes at p 7, of the work, concerning his third wolves, viz that "Nature has imprisoned them, each in a column by itself." If this was really the case, nature might be accused of having executed an unjust imprisonment on one of her most innocent productions; and any thing in nature might not only, and with equal propriety, be considered as imprisoned in its respective compass, but the whole universe would be nothing more than a prison of prisons.

From the explanation of wolves Earl Stanhope proceeds to that of their distribution, or of temperament. And at page 10 of the work, his Lordship says:—"There are a great number of different modes of temperament, which may be classed as follows, viz: the equal temperament, and the unequal temperaments." And after a few remarks on the former, his Lordship continues:—"The equal temperament is, however, a mode of tuning which I very much disapprove; according to that erroneous system, there is not a single perfect third, nor single perfect fourth, nor a single perfect quint in the whole instrument;" and at page 11,—"Instead of concords discords will be heard. But to have in any instrument nothing but discords is abominable; and that is always and necessarily the case whenever that mode of tuning which is denominated the equal temperament is adopted."

But the above remarks are contrary to reason, to experience, and to part of Earl Stanhope's own doctrines. For reason teaches us, that as it is difficult to find in this world any thing perfect in the strictest sense, we must admit as perfect enough those things in which no imperfection is very perceptible. And universal experience confirms, that all our senses really will disregard an almost imperceptible imperfection. So Earl Stanhope himself considers his bi-equal and tri-equal fifths, fourths, and thirds, as perfect enough for consonances in his own temperament, though they are perhaps three times as imperfect as those fifths, fourths, and thirds, which in the equal temperament his Lordship calls dissonances and abominable.

At page 12, Earl Stanhope proceeds to the particulars of his own temperament, where it

becomes evident that the said temperament is too intricate, not only to be produced, but also to be preserved in any stringed instrument as well as in organs. Both these I could prove by numerous very important arguments, if the limits of these pages would permit it. But it will be sufficient to say, that at page 13, his Lordship requires two of his fifths to differ from a perfect one:—"Only one in two thousand six hundred and fifty-seven parts and a half nearly, or only about 1.128.831 parts in 3 000.000 000." And at page 14, three of his fifths to differ from a perfect one:—"Only one in three hundred and sixty-one parts and half nearly, or only about 8 298.850 parts in 3.000.000.000." And equal to those intricacies in fifths, which can only be expressed in fractions of thousand of millions *nearly*, are those in fourths, thirds, sixths, seconds, and sevenths. But without the strict exactness of those almost infinite ratios, the Stanhope temperament is a mere pretence, and cannot exist. And as such an exactness is impossible to be produced or preserved, I venture to say that that temperament has never yet existed, and can never exist.

Whatever exclamations therefore Earl Stanhope makes against the equal, and in favour of his own unequal temperament, they must be considered as mere effusions of a mistaken fancy, till the arguments I have advanced and can still advance are fairly confuted. And so long I am inclined to consider the—"decided approbation of those sixty or seventy of the very first professional persons, of both sexes, and of the ablest connoisseurs in England," quoted at page 18, of the work, rather as a mere innocent compliment paid his Lordship, than an intended positive decision concerning the temperament in question.

The variety of character also, in the different keys of our compound scale, on which Earl Stanhope sets so great a stress, is not of the same importance to those players and composers who know how to produce effects by modulation, rhythm, and so forth, as to inferior ones; or else the human voice would be the most deficient musical instrument in that respect, because it tempers the scale of one key exactly like that of another, and sings in E with four sharps, the same as in E flat, with three flats.

Concerning Earl Stanhope's deviations from the usual denominations of the musical intervals, I must observe: that to say a *quint*, for a fifth, and a *quart*, for a fourth, may pass, though there is no necessity or apparent reason for it; but that I conceive his Lordship's term of *septave* for seventh to be a mistake, which ought not to be generally adopted. For though the termination *ave* is found in octave, it is as unnatural in septave as it would be in unisave, secave, tirtave, and so forth; or else the termination *ime* as in prime, and septime, might with equal propriety be added to the other intervals, as in octime, unisime, secime, &c.

At page 19 of the work, Earl Stanhope concludes his doctrine itself, with the following observation:—"Thus it is, that from our ignorance and narrow prejudices, the perfection of the principles which are to be found in nature are by us very frequently unobserved But the more thoroughly we learn to understand them, the more we ought to feel gratitude towards the SUPREME BEING for enabling us to perceive the *sublime excellence* of their wonderful arrangement." Whose *ignorance* and *narrow prejudices* are alluded to in this passage, I do not venture to guess. And what his Lordship means by the perfection of the principles which are found in nature, and by the sublime excellence of their wonderful arrangement, I am also unable to discover, because I do not find the work to give any explanation to that purpose.

The four succeeding pages contain tables, and the last page a description of some curious discoveries of Earl Stanhope, concerning his temperament.—But in my humble opinion that part of the work also rather confirms what I have said concerning the intricacy and impossibility of the Stanhope temperament, than proves any thing contrary to the preferability of an *equal* temperament to any *unequal* one, if either of them was to be adopted universally, and exclusively of all the others.

CULINARY RESEARCHES

[*Continued from Page* 45.]

ON SOUPS.

SOUP is to a dinner what a portico is to a palace; that is to say, it is not only the first dish but it ought to give a just idea of the feast, as an overture to a comic opera should always announce the nature of the piece.

Thus if the dinner be rather a frugal one, consisting only of boiled and roasted meat, poultry, and fish, the soup should not be as rich as if the repast was more splendid; and though these kinds of soup are generally thought to be well known to cooks, yet often they are far from being good, as they require the greatest care and attention; but if the dinner be one of those in

which the artist has strictly adhered to all the culinary rules, the soup ought by its excellence to announce the splendour of the feast. The various receipts that exist for soups would fill ten volumes, but we shall content ourselves with one which has been unanimously admired by all amateurs of the table.

How to make Soup à la Gamerani.

Get some real Neapolitan macaroni, some excellent Parmesan cheese, and some Epping butter, about two dozen capon livers, some celery, carrots, parsnips, leaks, &c. First begin by mincing the livers and vegetables; then put them, with a piece of butter, into a stew pan, and let them simmer; while this is boiling, the macaroni should be put in warm water to whiten, then drain it well, and season it with pepper and all-spice; afterwards take your tureen, which must be of a ware that will bear the heat of the fire, and lay at the bottom of it a bed of livers and macaroni, and grate over it some Parmesan cheese; do this alternately until the tureen is filled; then place it on the fire, and let it simmer gently until by tasting you find it done. This soup, which from its thickness might more properly be termed a stew, is delicious, and the origin of numerous indigestions.

ON DESERT.

Desert is to a dinner what the sky-rockets are to fire-works, the most brilliant part, and the one which requires the re-union of a crowd of agreeable talents. A good butler ought to be at the same time an iceman, a confectioner, a decorator, a painter, an architect, a sculptor, and a florist; it is in this repast for the eye where you may see his talents expand in the most astonishing manner. There have been some feasts in which the desert alone has cost twelve hundred pounds; but as this course speaks more to the eyes than any of the other senses, the accomplished epicure contents himself with admiring it; a piece of stimulating cheese is more prized by him than the most pompous and splendid decorations.

We have said that the desert is to the courses that precede it what sky-rockets are to fire-works, and if this simile be not exact under every relation, it will be owned, at least, that it makes us comprehend that a desert ought to be the most brilliant part of a feast; that its appearance should surprise, astonish, and enchant the guests; and that if every thing that has preceded it has fully satisfied the taste, the desert ought to speak to the soul through the medium of the eyes. It must excite a general sensation of surprise and admiration, which will put a finishing hand to the enjoyments in which the company have revelled since the commencement of the feast. This art, like many others, has made but very slow progress, and, as well as every other art, it is to the Italians that we are indebted for it.

Formerly our housekeepers knew no other system of arrangement than in the immense size of their joints, and the different shape of their dishes; a heavy profusion was the only merit of our most splendid tables. This vulgar sumptuosity attested opulence, but nothing in it announced either taste or elegance. Paul Veronese's painting of the Marriage in Canaan, which is exhibited at the Museum at Paris, will give you a just idea of the style which then reigned.

When the art of confection had attained some perfection, a new manner of serving up deserts was invented. The happy combination of fresh with preserved fruit, led to the idea of imitating the trees on which it grew; the Italians, who were the first inventors of this style, carried it to an eminent degree of perfection.

To increase the elegance of this service, plates of the brightest metal were introduced, which were afterwards ornamented with looking glasses; in the midst of variously coloured sands were painted flowers which produced the beautiful variety of a parterre, and to complete the illusion, these parterres were covered with little figures made of sugar, and very naturally coloured, which formed the representation in miniature of a select party walking in a pleasure ground bespangled with flowers.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF SELF-LOVE CONSIDERED WITH ITS RELATIONS TO COOKERY.

The old adage which assures us that our eyes are larger than our stomach, is a truth which ought not to be forgotten by certain Amphytrions, who, borne away by a foolish vanity, sacrifice every thing for the first glances, and serve up a repast fit for twenty people, when there are but eight or ten guests, and by this means are seldom able to receive their friends. Such persons would give ten dinners in a year instead of three, if they were less to consult the eyes of their guests than their appetites.

Domestic economy vainly endeavours to make the remains of a splendid entertainment last throughout the week, it cannot succeed, and proves beyond a doubt that pride is in this instance an enemy to real enjoyment. Boileau has said with much truth:—"Qu'un diner rechauffé ne valut jamais rien;" and it is to understand one's interest very ill to prepare a dinner that comes on the table for eight days, and is only really good on the first.

This is not the only fault into which an ill devised self love may lead us at dinner time; and, in short, to proceed methodically, we will

begin by saying, that symmetry is one of the most formidable enemies to good living. It is proved that every thing in this nether world must be served up, gathered, or eaten when ripe; from the rose down to the *omelette* which must be devoured the instant it is turned out of the frying pan; from the partridge, the excellence of which often depends on an hour's mortification, to the mince pye, which should make but one leap from the mouth of the oven to that of the epicure; there is in every thing a moment of perfection which should be skilfully caught.

Ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum; which means in English, protraction or precipitation in cookery are equally prejudicial to ragouts.

There is not one real epicure that is not acquainted with this established truth; and how it was possible to renounce the custom of serving up dish after dish, to adopt that of covering the table with fifteen or twenty different ones, which cannot be all swallowed at the same time, and the last of which are sure to be cold? A ridiculous vanity has dictated this pompous symmetry so fatal to the taste, and which at the utmost can only satisfy the thoughtless and the foolish.

Vainly have Amphitryons of sound judgment, who were obliged to sacrifice their own opinion to custom without possessing sufficient strength of mind to follow the precepts of their forefathers, felt the fatal consequences of a regular and systematical dinner, and sought to remedy it by using artificial heat; pewter dishes filled with boiling water, and some also with charcoal, have been used for this purpose, but these are but melancholy palliatives, and tend less to keep the natural heat than to dry up the meat.

What then is to be done? will exclaim the man of the world, who is a slave to fashion and vanity. We will answer, despise the one and lay aside the other; give six principal dishes instead of twelve, but let them be larger; serve them up one after the other, or at the utmost two at a time, from the soup to the desert. This will be the means of tasting every dish hot, of eating plentifully, doing justice to the whole of the repast, satisfying the most bashful appetites, and giving an excellent dinner with much less expence.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

LINES

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF J. W. CHANDLER.

BUT for dread recollection, sad yet dear,
And evidence of other eyes than these,
I would deny that this was Chandler's grave.
I boast no muse's partial smile, nor claim
The sacred ardour of the poet's brains,
Or worth like thine should not remain unsung,
Nor slighted be a poet's memory.
But what has grief with polished phrase to do,
And all the idle vanities of speech?
Enough that truth its simple purpose speak.
He who lies here, amid the common dead,
Unsculptured and unsung, once knew full well
The daring mind in fancy's maze to lead;
To build the mystic power of heav'nly sounds;
Or trace, with modest pencil, nature's hues
In all their changeful variance of shade.
Unheeding be the noisy world without,
Pent in his little circumscribed abode,
His labours he pursued, nor mourn'd his lot.
Oft when the sun with weary western pace,
Sunk in his richest radiance of heaven,
Night hath his labours watch'd,—the midnight oil
Oft in its little crucible hath waned,
And with its last expiring glimmer met
His eye unclos'd—little of rest had he,
For when the painter paus'd the poet sung.
Peace to thy manes, heaven-instructed bard!
Though to the gazing passenger no stone
Thy merit shall proclaim,—what though no bard,
An idle stringer of half-living lines,
Hitch thy acquirements in some halting verse,
Yet, not unmindful of thy virtues he
Who to thy shade this passing tribute gives.
Round ——'s festive board no more thou'rt seen
Where, as the bottle wheel'd its jovial course
The streaming light of intellect has play'd;
Chasten'd th' exhilirating grape, and gave
The feast of reason to the flow of wine.
Those days, alas! are gone—and oft I pause,
And ponder on the dread uncertainty
Of who may follow next.
Thus imperceptibly we disappear,
Till that the little neighbourhood of life
Is thinned to perfect solitude; and thus
Our best affections torn, we gradual sink
Unheeding and unheeded to the grave.

A.

MARIA;

OR, THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

FROM bubbling streams, or springs that rise
In mountain grot, or willowy vale,
Bring water while I close these eyes,
And kiss these lips so cold and pale.
From tufted grove and shadowy glen
Untrodden by the feet of men,
From sedgy banks and fragrant fields,
Bring every flower that nature yields;
And scatter every breathing sweet,
On lov'd Maria's winding sheet.
Blest spirit, newly freed from pain,
While o'er thy faded cheek I bend,
Belov'd, and watch'd, and wept in vain
A moment more thy flight suspend.
Behold, while hovering on thy wing,
With water from the bubbling spring
I wash thy limbs. I spread thy bier;
And lay thee down, with many a tear,
Clad in thy shroud of spotless white,
To slumber through thy weary night.
Thy tender smile, thy soothing voice,
Thy playful innocence, no more,
Thy fond, fond mother, shall rejoice;
Thy little dreams of joys are o'er
Of all the graces of thy mind,
No token wilt thou leave behind;
No trace of thee will soon remain,
But, in this breast a mother's pain;
A mossy grave, an humble stone,
To tell thy years and name unknown.

THE VIOLET.

SERENE is the morning, the lark leaves his nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn;
The sun with his splendour embroiders the east,
And brightens the dew on the lawn:
While the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours;
Let Eve's blooming daughters the garden survey,
And make their remarks on the flowers.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as ye walk,
How flaunting the gloss of its vest!
How proud! and how stately it stands on its stalk,
In beauty's diversity drest:
From the rose, the carnation, the pink, and the clove,
What odours incessantly spring!
The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets:
So humble, that (though with unparallel'd grace
She might even a palace adorn,)
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, ye fair ones, is doubly refin'd,
When modesty heightens its charms:
When meekness divine adds a gem to the mind,
The heart of the suitor it warms:
Let none talk of Venus, and all her proud train,
(The Graces that wait at her call;)
'Tis meekness alone, which the conquest will gain;
This violet surpasses them all.

THE ROSE.

NURS'D by the Zephyr's balmy sighs,
And cherish'd by the tears of Morn;
O flow'r of flow'rs! unfold—arise!
O haste, delicious Rose, be born!

Unheeding wish! no—yet awhile,
Be yet awhile thy dawn delay'd;
Since the same hour that sees thee smile
In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

Cecilia thus, an opening flow'r,
Must with'ring droop at heav'n's decree;
Like her thou bloom'st thy little hour,
And she alas! must fade like thee.

But go—and on her bosom die;
At once thy throne and blissful tomb;
While envious heaves my secret sigh
To share with thee so sweet a doom.

Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
Thy blushing trem'lous tints reveal;
Go, bright yet hurtless charm her eyes;
Go, deck her bosom, not conceal.

Should some bold hand invade thee there,
From Love's asylum rudely torn;
O rose, a lover's vengeance bear,
And let my rival feel thy thorn.

TO MARY.

CEASE to weep, my long-lov'd Mary,
Tho' a beauteous Nymph I've seen;
Young and gay—a very Fairy,
Still thou reign'st my bosom's Queen.

Ruby lips and sparkling eyes,
Let my giddy Girl possess;
These have caus'd unhallow'd sighs,
Not one true sigh I love thee less!

Nor mourn that time hath borne away
The April buds which deck'd thy cheek;
Chang'd thy lovely tresses grey,
And rough'd thy brow—once marble sleek.

What matters if the casket's worn,
And blurs and blotches mark it round;
Ne'er heed how much the outward's torn,
Since safe within, a gem is found!

Then cease to weep, altho' you see
By yon playful flame I'm ta'en;
Cloy'd with common sweets, the bee
Hies him to his rose again!

THE TWO VIZIERS;

A TALE.

A Persian king two viziers had,
And fate unfav'ring prov'd,
The sultan and these viziers both
The same fair lady lov'd.

The sultan call'd his palanquin,
And both his fav'rites took
Unto the sage magician, who
Dwelt o'er the silver brook.

"Magician, hear thy king's resolve
"Thy head shall forfeit be,
"Unless thou set these viziers both
"From love's dominion free,

"That I unrivall'd may possess
"The lady I adore,
"That outward smile and inward curse
"I may not witness more."

The sage magician knew the king
He strictly must obey;
The sage magician knew his head
Must for his failure pay.

This learn'd inchanter did to voice
And feature give good heed,
He knew the master lines that to
The master passions lead.

He on the fav'rites fixt his eye
With penetrating look;
He read their passions, tempers, thoughts,
As in a printed book.

Then rubs his brow and muses o'er
The king's severe command—
He calls—a lovely maid appears,
None fairer in the land.

He to the vizier Selim turns;
"Be this thy fav'rite fair,
"Nor blush to own how flexible
"Thy easy passions are.

"Go, nymph, employ thy power to charm,
"Thou'lt aim a happier dart;"
He turn'd upon the other then
And stabb'd him to the heart.

"I dar'd not trifle, mighty prince,
"Thine anger to endure;
"*This* vizier lov'd, and all the world
"Contain'd no other cure." H.

THE WELCOME.

THERE is a house (no matter where),
Enough for me, I can declare,
I meet whenever I am there
Full welcome.

Not without limits the domain,
But ah! what limits can restrain
Hearts which for human kind maintain
Such welcome.

Art has not wav'd her magic wand,
Nor Ostentation lent her hand,
Fastidious, to adorn this land
Of welcome.

The hospitable table stor'd
With all that Plenty can afford—
Good-humour presses to the board,
With welcome.

The fare so good, the friends so kind,
Domestic rules so to my mind—
Elsewhere I dare not hope to find
Such welcome.

The veteran, boasting many a scar
Imprinted by the fate of war,
And homeward looking from afar
For welcome.

Then halting, eager to disclose
His dangers past, and present woes,
Learns ere the chequer'd tale he close
His welcome.

The sailor, whom sad wounds deform,
Finds written on his shattered form,
(The wreck of many a battle's storm)
A welcome.

Each wand'ring houseless child of woe,
Whom Fortune's sports may hither throw
Is taught his sorrows to forego
In welcome.

No frown will check the opening smile,
No rigour ask the hireling's toil,
But Charity the tear beguile
With welcome.

Nor Woe alone may revel there,
For hither Pleasure may repair,
And laughing Jollity may share
The welcome.

Where life's best blessings so abound,
And mirth and humour fly around
Oh! there is magic in the sound
Of welcome!

And such life's changeful destiny,
He, who to-day exalted high,
His humbler brother would deny
A welcome.

To-morrow's chances may bewail,
To morrow, urging Mis'ry's tale,
May to the cottage gladly hail
A welcome.

But he who of the scantiest store,
Reserves a morsel for the poor,
And giving, wishes it were more,
With welcome,

Blessing and blessed, long shall live—
To larger treasures, shall receive
Than pow'r or affluence can give,
Full welcome.

CAPRICE.

As Nature animation owes
To Sol's refulgent heat,
So from what Shakespeare's muse bestows
My lays originate.

Of man in evr'y act and stage,
From birth to life's decrease,
I mean to sing how ev'ry age
Is govern'd by caprice.

In infancy its dawn we view,
The whining moan for—something new;
The coral bells awhile invite;
Now tops and paper-kites delight.
Miss—emblem strong of future wishes,
Is pleased with dollies, fans, and dishes!
The fan to atoms soon is tatter'd,
The dolly broke, the dishes batter'd;
And then succeed the finger's armour,
With rings and pincushions to charm her.

When shady down begins to grace
The full-grown youth's cherubic face,
To manlier joys his mind returns,
His heart with love of danger burns;
The chace or course his fancy fires;
The noise and shouts of war admires;
Pledges to twenty maids his troth,
And seals each period with an oath.

But delicate, capricious Miss,
Is quite an opposite of this;
She doats on dear Rauzzini's song;
Is crazy for a cotillion;
Detests the very name of Handel;
Hates plays—except the School for Scandal;
And would as soon see asses run,
As view that monster—Henderson;
Though, just to follow Fashion's path,
She clapp'd him ev'ry night at Bath.
She wonders that her cousin Nancy
Would have a hat of such a fancy;
At shopping time she next day gets
The self-same make from Netta Brett's,
Because she heard Beau Chusem swear
'Twould suit her mantua to a hair.

She meets Sir George at Lady Trump's,
He bows, but Miss is in the dumps;
Yet hopes Sir George will grant his hand
On Monday for an allemande.

When Sire and Matron—names that please
Each lover of the law—increase—
The steadiness of thought demand,
Caprice still waves her fickle wand;
At morning o'er the fumes of tea,
They plan what calling Jack must be—
"A statesman, lawyer, lord, divine,
"No doubt the boy will some day shine;
"But wicked Tim (the younger son)
"Is full of mischief, wit, and fun;
"A soldier he—by Mars I vow,
"He'll be as great as General Howe.
"However let us change the subject,
"And dinner now must be our object."
Then roast and boil'd, and lean and fat,
Make up the morn's capricious chat.

Now let us view, 'midst urns and books,
The antiquarian's thoughtful looks;
A beauteous, free estate he sells,
To purchase fossils, spars, and shells;
He gives—would reason ever think it!
An hundred guineas for a trinket;
Because medallic Evelyn says,
"'Twas made in Julius Cæsar's days."

Caprice but seldom fails to press
The mind of second childishness:
What sooner can our laughter move
Than hearing dotards making love?
Or see an old enfeebled creature
Dress'd for a ball or fete-champetre?
And hear him give his workmen orders
To extend his views—put down his borders
To make the mansion of a piece,
Old Gothic yields to new Chinese.

But pity here shall draw her veil,
Nor at the faults of age shall rail:
Age from the Muse should find protection,
Youth link'd to Folly, her correction.
Nor will she use the lash severe,
But bids her votaries to steer
Free of Caprice—the child of freak,
And cousin of ill-humour'd pique,
Projector base of discontent,
Disgustful, sour, impertinent;
Whose sway the bosom's peace distracts,
Who knows nor why, nor how it acts,
But, like an evil-minded poet,
Disturbs the rest of all who know it.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands.
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas,
Amongst the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day!
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sung
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listen'd till I had my fill;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

LINES,

OR RETURNING A RING TO A YOUNG LADY.

Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge of a passion,
That heaven has reserv'd for one happier than me,
On the hand of the fair go resume thy lov'd station,
Go bask in the beams that are lavish'd on thee.
And when some past scene thy remembrance recalling,
Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
With the transport of love may no torture combine,
But be her's all the bliss, and the suffering mine.

Yet say to thy mistress, 'ere yet I resign thee,
Ah! say why thy charms so indifferent to me;
To her thou art dear, then should I not adore thee?
Can the heart that is her's be regardless of thee.
But the eyes of a lover, a friend, or a brother,
Can see nought in thee but the flame of another;
On me then thou'rt lost, for thou never can'st prove
The emblem of faith, or the token of love!

But ah! had the ringlet thou lov'st to surround,
Had it e'er kiss'd the rose on the cheek of my dear,
What ransom to buy thee could ever be found,
Or what force from my heart the possession could tear!
A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a ranger,
In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in danger,
In my heart I would wear thee 'till its last pulse were over,
Then together we'd sink, and I'd part thee no more.

THE COTTAGE.

TO ISABELLA.

Oh share my cottage gentle maid,
It only waits for thee,
To give a sweetness to its shade,
And happiness to me.

Luxurious pride it cannot boast,
'Tis all simplicity;
No perfumes from Arabia's coast,
Nor glitt'ring gems thou'lt see.

The hawthorn with the woodbine twin'd
Present their sweets to thee;
And ev'ry balmy breath of wind,
Is fill'd with harmony.

Here from the splendid gay parade
Of noise and folly free,
No sorrows can my peace invade,
If only blest with thee.

A truly fond and faithful heart,
Is all I offer thee;
And can'st thou see me thus depart,
A prey to misery?

Then share my cottage, dearest maid,
It only waits for thee,
To add fresh beauty to its shade,
And happiness to me!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR AUGUST.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[Continued from Page 50.]

(*Enter* URSULE, *listening.*)

Sainville. You avoid me so scrupulously that I cannot interpret your conduct in a different manner.

Louise Well, Sir, I am an artless girl and will reveal exactly what agitates my heart.

Ursule (*aloud*). Louise, you are wanted, the servants and housekeeper desire to receive your commands.

Louise (*low to Ursule*). What a weight of embarrassment you have taken off my mind. (*Aloud*) I am going.

Sainville. You had promised to give me an explanation of your conduct.

Louise. You are destined by my father, I think you said, to become my husband; but, Sir, there are other young ladies in this house who are equally worthy of your addresses; Agathe and Pauline, for instance.

Sainville They are undoubtedly very amiable; yet I should prefer——

Louise. The truth is, they have rejected you, they have just now declared it to me; and do you believe that after having obtained this knowledge, I should feel much honoured by your attentions—neither are you the only friend of my father's who has paid us a visit.

Sainville. What, madam?

Louise. Nothing more than this; I rely upon my father's kindness; he will not compel me to form so serious an engagement against my inclination. (*Low to Ursule*). Ah! my dear Ursule, I must hasten away, lest he should see the tears ready to burst from my eyes. [*Exit.*

Sainville (*aside*). Is it aversion or coquettry that directs her actions? This house is really the nest of female *perfection*! The one with her love for hunting and her Amazonian appearance, the other with her sickly partiality for novels, and a third whose mind is the sport of whim Alas! my dear Jaquemin, you know very little how to educate girls.

Ursule. May I ask, Sir, what is the cause of your seeming affliction?

Sainville. I am indeed afflicted, at having been so unfortunate as unconsciously to displease your friend.

Ursule. Impossible!

Sainville. Then it is the effect of one of her caprices; and you must own that my prospect of happiness with her, is not very bright. But why should I be in a hurry to marry, and seek for a wife in Mr. Jaquemin's family? his daughters and wards are not the only ladies on earth; and Louise is not the only one who is adorned with sense and beauty, for I have an instance of the contrary before me.

Ursule. I feel how unworthy I am of such a compliment. I have no caprices it is true, but I am incapable of committing an act of deceit, and though Mr. Jaquemin invited me this morning to enter the lists with his wards and daughters, I will only speak of Louise to you.

Sainville. Let me never hear of her any more, I beseech you.

Ursule. Let me try to find the cause of this quarrel. Is it not that you have told her your intention of living in the country?

Sainville. Well!

Ursule. It has probably chagrined Louise, who without acknowledging it, secretly wishes to settle at Paris.

Sainville. This piece of information puts an end to my uncertainty, and I now rejoice at having refused the apartment Mr. Jaquemin has prepared for me.

Ursule. For my part I cannot conceive what pleasures Paris can afford.

Sainville. You are fond of the country?

Ursule. Passionately; when in the company of those we love every abode becomes delightful. I live so happy with my mother.

Sainville. I long to pay her my respects, and will instantly bid adieu to Mr. Jaquemin.

Ursule. Not for ever, I sincerely hope. I perceive him coming, and will leave you together; but I tell you before hand, whenever you visit us expect to hear my mother and I speak of no one else but Louise. (*Aside as she goes.*) He will marry me. [*Exit.*

Sainville (alone) Undoubtedly I shall visit the mother of this amiable young lady. What goodness she displayed when she took Louise's part—what fire! what animation!

Enter JAQUEMIN.

Jaquemin. How now, Sainville? how fares your heart among so many captivating objects? how successful in your adresses?

Sainville. You are very kind—*(Aside.)* He will fly into a passion, and break off my connection, perhaps; but at all events I am determined to tell the truth, however unpleasant.

Jaquemin. You give me no answer?

Sainville. You know, my friend, that happiness in the married state depends upon a similitude of dispositions, and I must own I am rather eccentric.

Jaquemin. I understand you, you mean my two wards, they were too old when they were placed under my care to have their education cast into a new mould;—they do not suit you.

Sainville. I am far from admiring them.

Jaquemin. But Louise? the case is different there.

Sainville. She is possessed of a thousand good qualities, I doubt not, yet ———

Jaquemin. Yet! what, are you not in love with my daughter?

Sainville. I fear I am not happy enough to please her.

Jaquemin. Not please her? nonsense! Louise has too much good sense not to esteem you when she is better acquainted with you.

Sainville. No; I believe it is better to give up all pretensions to her hand at once.

Jaquemin. Give her up at once! that is a weak pretence, a false excuse, it is you who refuse to marry her.

Sainville. She received me with a denial.

Jaquemin. To refuse the hand of my daughter!

Sainville. Always the same, as impetuous as ever.

Jaquemin. After giving me your word!

Sainville. Not exactly so much, my friend.

Jaquemin. Your friend? I your friend!

Sainville. I knew you would fly into a passion.

Jaquemin. I am not in a passion; but your conduct is shameful: no, no, I am not in a passion, thanks be to heaven my daughter will not want suitors.

Sainville. I am certain of that, and that is the reason why I let you know that she is free.

Jaquemin. You have done very right, Mr. Sainville, your hand; we shall see each other no more.

Sainville. We shall, my dear Jaquemin, and you will grow cool; but I am also of opinion that it will be more proper I should not be seen again in your house till your daughters and wards be married.

Jaquemin. Oh, not even then, I have done with you for ever.

Sainville. This is too much, it is impossible to keep one's patience any longer with such a man. [*Going.*

Jaquemin. Well, you leave me, you depart.

Sainville. You turn me out.

Jaquemin. Oh yes, set off, you are right.

Sainville. Yes, my friend, I am right. When this storm will be over, you will feel I have acted like an honest man, your daughter would not have been happy with me. [*Exit.*

Jaquemin. Infamous! infamous! such are our modern friends! who ever heard of such conduct? I am so angry with him, Louise, and all my wards; where are they, (*calling*) Agathe, Pauline, Louise, Therese. They must have committed some extravagance, which has fallen upon the head of my poor girl.

Enter THERESE.

Therese. What has happened, father, that you call so loud?

Jaquemin What has happened; I wonder, Miss, that at your age you should dare to fix your inclination upon your cousin without my consent, and own it before me. Learn that I forbid you to write to him, or receive any of his letters.

Enter AGATHE, PAULINE, *and* LOUISE.

Agathe. What are your wishes, my dear guardian?

Jaquemin. My wishes, Miss, what mean your conduct towards that honest man, Ledoux? Is it not time you should be married?

Pauline. Really, Mr. Jaquemin, you are in a strange humour.

Jaquemin. And you, Miss; don't you see you spoil yourself with reading ridiculous romances. Are such books fit to be perused by a young lady?

Louise. Be not so angry, father.

Jaquemin. Ah! you dare to speak to me too. It is you who are the cause of all this; you, from whom I expected more comfort, have now injured me more than any. What did you say to Sainville, that he leaves me, vowing never to enter this house again, and refusing to marry you?

Louise. Does Mr. Sainville refuse me, I rejoice at it heartily (*sighing*).

Jaquemin. You rejoice at it! you are all mad, and wish to make me rave.

Enter CORSIGNAC *and* LEDOUX.

Corsignac. I've conquered! I've conquered! (*to Agathe*) here is your slave (*presenting Ledoux*).

Jaquemin. What do you mean?

Corsignac. Only this, dear guardian, your ward is no longer blind to the merits of Mr. Ledoux,

who returns to her more loving than ever, and wants nothing more than your consent to celebrate the nuptials.

Jaquemin. As for you, Sir, I believe you are an honourable man; but it is Mr Sainville who introduced you to me, and he has behaved in such a manner that his acquaintance with you is no recommendation to me But no; it is Louise alone who is the cause of all this.

Louise Permit me to withdraw, I cannot bear your anger; but since it has been kindled by Mr. Sainville, I hate his very name. [*Exit.*

Jaquemin Very well, she hates him; and he is gone never to return!

Therese But father, my cousin and I are not in the least guilty

Jaquemin. Hold your tongue; this is the effect of my goodness, my indulgence, or rather my folly; but I'll be so no more; and if you don't amend I'll give you all up, and you shall die old maids! [*Exit.*

Therese. Oh father! do not curse us.

Agathe What a passion!

Pauline. What a burst of rage!

Corsignac (*to Pauline*). Be so kind as to initiate me into this mystery.

Pauline What do you wish, Sir? to fatigue me with your love; it would be very untimely, for I never was so far from feeling disposed to laugh in my life. [*Exit.*

Ledoux (*to Agathe*) Must I a second time withdraw from your presence?

Agathe. Just as you please. My guardian is angry with me without knowing why, and so am I with you. [*Exit.*

Corsignac. Every head goes wrong in this house

Therese (*to Ledoux*). Follow Agathe—(*To Corsignac*) and you Pauline.

Corsignac. Let us interrogate your father, the servants, the whole house, for we must know whence this tempest proceeds.

Therese. From our neighbour, Ursule, I have no doubt. [*Exit.*

Corsignac. Yes, you are right, I'll soon find it out. [*Exit.*

Ledoux. Why did I return so soon.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

(To be continued.)

HAYMARKET.

THE public were on Thursday, the 13th, attracted to this theatre by a new Comedy, entitled *Errors Excepted.* The scene lies in a country town, and though there is no great intricacy in the plot, it is very well calculated to excite an interest, and to afford diversion. The hero of the piece, *Frank Woodland,* is embarrassed in his circumstances, partly by his father's profusion, and partly by his own credulity in depending upon a false friend. He is attached to *Sylvia Convoy,* who is under the guardianship of two uncles, who are both solicitous that she should marry. She has two other lovers, one *Grumley,* the tyrannical Lord of the Manor, and *Verdict,* the Attorney of the village. She despises them both, and is secretly partial to *Frank Woodland*—*Frank,* having but little fortune, is too delicate to avail himself of her affection. After several ludicrous mistakes, and much pleasant *equivoque,* the uncles consent to a marriage, and it appears that one of these uncles, *Commodore Convoy,* had brought home property belonging to *Frank,* which enables him to redeem his estate from mortgage in the hands of *Grumley.*

There is an under-plot arising from a former connection between the *Lawyer* and the *Widow Hall,* as well as from the distresses of an old schoolmaster and his family who have been brought to beggary by the oppression of *Grumley.* The piece is diversified by the humours of the *Commodore,* of the *Lawyer,* of a *rustic Waiter,* as well as by the wild desperation of *Invoice,* a broken speculator.

This Comedy is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, who approaches nearer to the particular line of Mr. Colman, than any modern dramatist. If we were inclined to be fastidious we might object to the model he has chosen; but as the drama, by the general concurrence of the town, has long been exempted from the obligation of ordinary rules, and been suffered to plead to criticism with a pardon in its pocket, it would be ungenerous to quarrel with the *puns* or attempts at overcharged character, which abound in this piece.

In a country where folly is faith, who would be a martyr to good sense? In an age in which the stage relishes, and indeed admits nothing else, Mr. Dibdin would be to blame to risk his profit for his reputation, or prefer the general object of writing to one of its most barren and precarious compensations.

This is doubtless Mr. Dibdin's excuse to himself, and may well be admitted as his apology to the critics. Some objections, however, we are bound to make.

In the first place, the plot was somewhat stale—A bankrupt not appearing to his commission, a young man becoming a dupe to misplaced confidence, a ship foundering at sea, &c. &c. Incidents of this sort are of a species of plot which abound in that catalogue of mercantile sufferings, *Lloyd's List* and the *London Gazette.* Mr. Dibdin might have looked around him, and found a better story with ease.

The characters were not very new; *Verdict* is

an exception. The idea of the buckish country pettifogger was original; we trust Mr. Dibdin will not abandon this character. In the present piece it is a mere sketch. The country waiter was very good, and the landlady not amiss.

The chief merit of this piece, however, was the dialogue, with a few exceptions as to the puns The first scene in the second act, in which *Sylvia* ridicules some modern fashions, particularly that of Egyptian furniture, was written with a true spirit of wit and vivacity, which would have done honour to any writer of the age.

The piece was well supported by the performers, and warmly received by the audience — Among the performers we have chiefly to notice Mrs Litchfield, who may be said to have done more than justice for the author. Mathews was excellent; and dressed his character most admirably. Mr Young appeared to no advantage; the part was unsuited to him, and had little effect. An airy, spirited Epilogue was delivered by Mrs. Litchfield, in a manner which procured her general applause.

Mr Sheridan's dramatic satire, *The Critic*, has been revived at this theatre. It has been a good deal anticipated in its effect by *Tom Thumb*, a piece which, without the ostentation of criticism, or any grave attempt to expose the faults of dramatic composition by means of ridicule, is invariably diverting by the vivacity of its burlesque and the pleasant originality of its caricature.

The *Rehearsal* was of that class of plays which Aristotle might have written,—criticism thrown into a dramatic form, and familiarised and invigorated by stage examples; *Tom Thumb* might have been the combination of Aristophanes and Plautus; but the *Critic* has all the grace and elegance of Horace, with the addition of that humour so peculiar to English writers.

Notwithstanding the value of this piece, it is better in the closet than on the stage. The majority of an audience understand nothing of criticism. They judge of good or bad writings only by effect; they laugh at a thing decidedly ridiculous, without any help from critical sagacity, or application of the joke beyond its present object.—When *Burleigh* shakes his head and makes his *exit*, the laugh is at the actor's grimace; the satire on the stiff and empty courtier of modern tragedy is perceived, and relished but by few. For stage effect, therefore, *Tom Thumb* is much superior to the *Critic*—Its satire is of a very different value and kind. The Haymarket company is not quite strong enough to do justice to this piece. Fawcett was the *Puff*; but he was not solemn nor dry enough for the impostor. Instead of delivering the dialogue in a grave and serious tone of irony, leaving the joke and the laugh to the audience, he very kindly conducted them to it by his own grimace, and spluttered and gabbled through his part, as if it had been *Ollapod* or *Caleb Quo'em*. The humour of *Puff* is too refined for the comic habits of Fawcett.

Mathews's *Sir Fretful Plagiary* was admirable; it was most successfully drest; his affected candour had a very fine tone of hypocrisy; his petulance and impatience were given with the most inimitable exterior gesture; in a word, Mathews, in this character, was not inferior to Parsons himself *Dangle* and *Sneer* were both *mediocre*. Mrs. Liston, in *Tilburina*, was excellent, and Waddy was a good representative of the mute *Lord Burleigh*.

The piece was well received, and continues to attract.

ON THE

STRUCTURE OF OUR THEATRES.

MR. EDITOR,

THE strictures in my first letter were confined to the shape of the house, or part allotted to the spectators; the remarks in my second epistle had for their object the disposition of the *proscenium*, or intermediate space between the house and the stage; the observations of this my third scrawl will entirely relate to the arrangement of the stage itself.

With regard to this latter part of our theatrical structures, allow me to begin by observing that our nation, which perhaps makes a more dexterous and more extensive use of machinery than any other, in the production and improvement of objects of direct utility and comfort, seems to avail itself less than any other, of the powers of mechanism, in the promotion and the perfecting of instruments and means of mere diversion and show.

In the great Italian and French theatres, every change of scenery, however extensive its whole, and however complicated its parts, is entirely accomplished by means of machinery. The turning of one single wheel effects at once, both the simultaneous retreat of the entire assemblage of wings and drops and flat, that are to disappear, and the simultaneous advancement of the entire set of lateral and top and back scenes, that are to come forward in their place: so that the deepest forest or garden scene is, as if by magic, in a twinkling, converted into a street or palace.

In the English playhouses, on the contrary, every change of scenery (if we except a few of those very confined and partial transfigurations of our Harlequinades, termed Pantomimes) is at-

chieved by dint of hands; and, whether the action lie in Peru or in China, in ancient Greece or modern London, whenever the scene is to be shifted, out pop a parcel of fellows in ragged laced liveries, to announce the event, and to bring it about by mere manual labour. They are not only distinctly heard giving each other directions to that purpose, to the unspeakable annoyance of the actor, whom they perhaps outbellow in some of his finest passages—but they are even distinctly seen, tugging and pulling piecemeal at each different piece of the scenery: of these various divisions some hitch, others tumble; here a wing comes rolling on the stage before its time, there another lags behind until perhaps the time for a new removal is arrived: and thus does every one of those changes of decoration, so frequent in English plays, only present a scene of confusion, most distressing to the eye.

I shall not expatiate at length, on the constant violation of those laws of perspective, which ought to make the whole range of wings and drops and flat, one single cohering body; or on the equally constant disregard of those rules of congruity, which should render every one of these different component parts of the same whole, subservient to an uniform style of architecture and of decoration. Suffice it to say, that this violation and this disregard of the most essential conditions of theatrical illusion are carried in England to the highest pitch. Instead of fitting to each other's extremities with nicety, the wings and drops often encroach upon each other's boundaries in such a way as to occasion, in the different objects which they represent, the most unsightly mammings and breaks: and not unfrequently is the roof of the humblest hovel lost in the tattered sky. For the most part, the wings, neither in the style, nor in the proportions, nor in the perspective of their architecture, correspond at all with the flat with which they are associated; and between the extreme shallowness of these wings, and the excessive width of the intervening spaces between them, half the audience is treated, in all our playhouses, with a full view, not only of the premeditated and full dress play, acted before the scenes, but of the extempore and undress play, going forward behind the stage, to the utter destruction of all illusion, decorum, and pleasure!

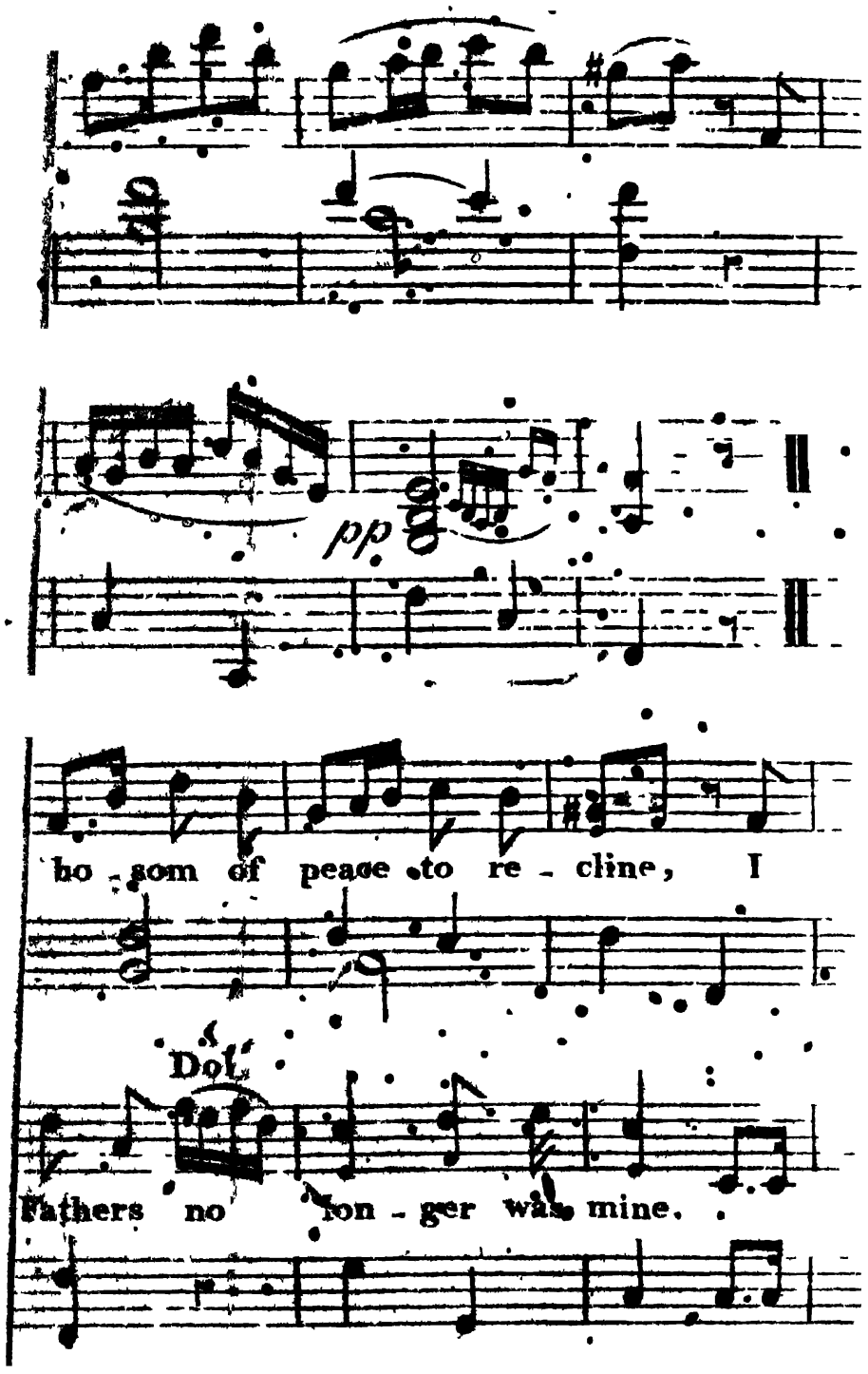
On the French stage, whenever the scene represents a room, particular attention is given to the making that room appear habitable and inhabited. It always displays in the very centre of the flat or closing part, its own appropriate folding door, at which the dramatis personæ usually go in and out; and if, from the peculiar texture of the play exhibited, this room should be supposed to lead to different distinct contiguous apartments, it has as many more additional doors as there are supposed to be such apartments, each contrived in some one of the wings that line the sides of the stage. This practice not only increases the illusion of the scene, but, what is still more material, renders much easier the understanding of the plot: not to speak of the infinitely more striking effect which is produced by a performer of a commanding mien, and invested with a dignified character, entering the scene at the centre, and from his very first appearance presenting himself in front to the spectators, than when obliged to slide edgeways on and off the boards, through an interstice in the side scenes.

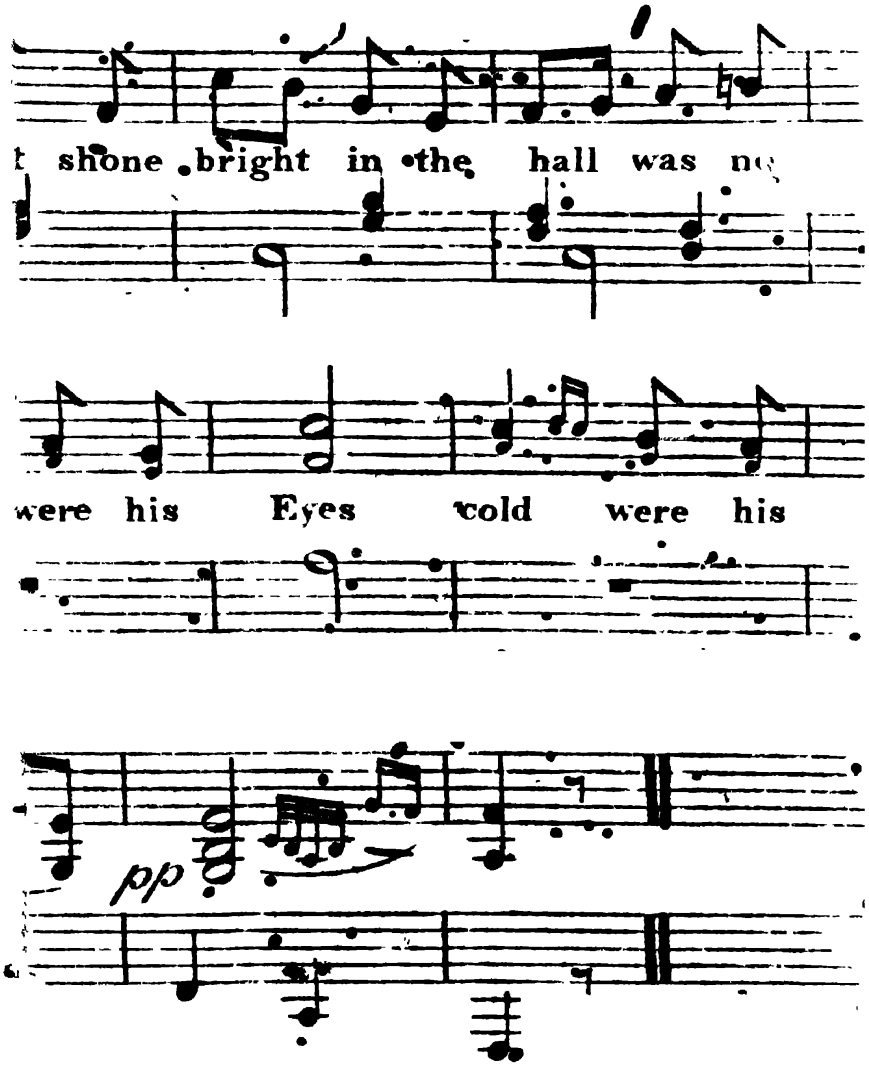
In England there hardly ever is a central door, contrived in the flat which closes the scene: whatever be the performance, and whoever be the personages, they all either walk in and out at the permanent doors, which form part of the proscenium; and, which, as I have already observed, offer in their architecture and decoration no harmony or connection whatever with the peculiar scenery or event exhibited; or they slide in and out, between the intervals of the wings, which are generally intended to represent a solid cohering wall; so that, were the laws of perspective sufficiently attended to, in the painting of the scenes, to render the separation between their different divisions as imperceptible as it ought to be, and to make them look like an uninterrupted mass of masonry, the *entrée*, and the exit of each personage athwart this solid wall, would every time appear effected by downright witchcraft.

In French scenery, a room, represented as inhabited, always is made to display a few chairs, and other pieces of appropriate furniture, disposed all around, and ready for the performers to help themselves to, when required: nor, if, in the play that is acting, a dialogue between two seated personages, should not be intended to take place, until, perhaps, near the very conclusion of the scene, would a couple of the gentlemen in laced liveries aforementioned, as if endowed with the gift of second sight from the very rising of the curtain, lug two lumbering arm-chairs to the very centre of the in all other respects totally unfurnished boards; there to remain, staring the spectators full in the face, during the whole of the ensuing scene, in order to give them timely intimation of a conversation, which, perhaps, the author has been torturing his wits to represent as an unpremeditated and spontaneous effusion, resulting from the most unforeseen concurrence of incidents.

A. Z.

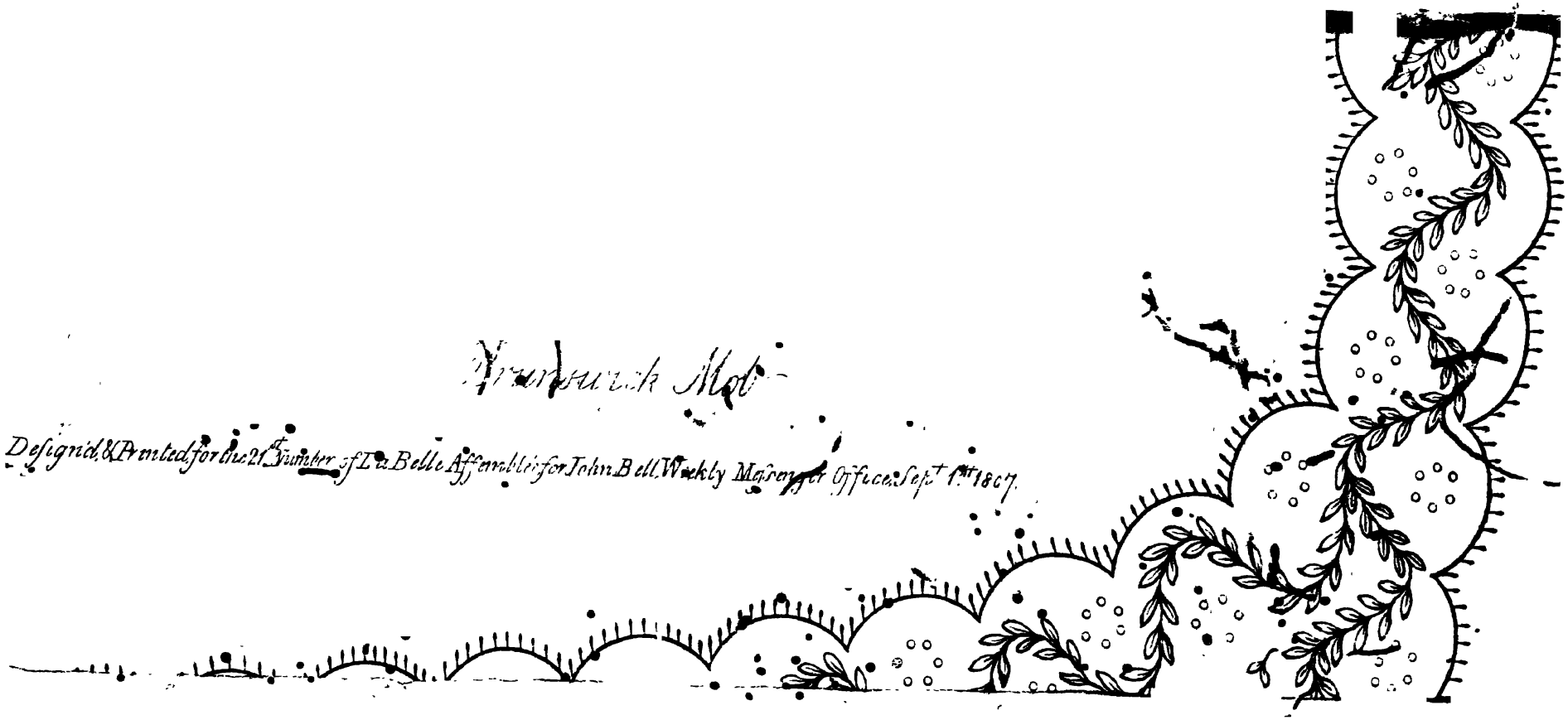
only with that Work,)





3

Fathers! the grey moisten'd walls
h, speak aloud of decay:
nges, and half op'ning, calls,
nhappy, thy dwelling of clay!"
lling of all I hold dear,
eeting once augured my breast!
ept, oh my Father, this tear,
last of his race, to your rest.



Brunswick Mob

Designd. & Printed for the 21st Number of La Belle Assemblée for John Bell, Weekly Messenger Office, Sept. 1st 1807.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS
For SEPTEMBER, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—Evening Dress.

A round train dress of India muslin, embroidered in a fancy border of needle-work at the feet. The stock bosom, ornamented with white beads. A full Spanish short sleeve, over a plain one of white satin. A scolloped lace tucker, placed strait round the bosom. Circassian scarf of gold, chambrey, or lace, crossing the back, and gathered in front of the left shoulder into an emerald brooch, reaching to the feet, finished with a gold tassel, and occasionally formed into drapery by the attitude of the right hand. The hair tastefully disposed in bands and curls; and a small ostrich feather crossing the crown towards the right side, is fastened to the hair with an emerald stud. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets of pearl, with emerald clasps. White kid gloves and shoes.

No. 2.—Evening Walking Dress.

A plain round gown of jaconot muslin, a walking length, simply ornamented with rows of open-hems round the bottom. A plain square bosom sitting close to the form, laced up the front, and trimmed at the edge with twisted muslin. A large straw hat of the Gipsy form, tied across the crown with a silk handkerchief. Deep Vandyke stock, of lace or needle-work. A black lace or Chinese shawl, thrown in irregular negligence over the shoulders. Straw-coloured kid gloves and shoes. A White sarsnet parasol, deeply fringed, and painted in historical devices.

No. 3.—A Walking Dress.

A plain round robe of the finest French cambric. A Capuchin cloak of muslin or coloured sarsnet, edged in Vandyke, sitting close round the throat, with a falling collar, and confined in the centre with a ribband or brooch. A Village hat, of straw or chip, with silk crown, and ribband to correspond with the cloak. Shoes of brown kid; gloves York tan; and parasol of clouded sarsnet.

No. 4.—Evening Dress.

A round train gown of white sarsnet, with square back, wrap front, and short full sleeve; ornamented round the bottom, bosom and sleeves with a rich chenille ribband of shaded green. A short sash tied behind with shaded chenille ends. The Parisian head-dress, composed of the hair formed in braids and curls, blended with bands of green and gold foil. The pear earrings of gold and pearl. An imperial necklace of linked gold; elastic bracelets of the same, with emerald studs. Shoes white satin; gloves French kid; and fan of white crape, painted in a border of the yellow jessamine.

A REGULAR AND EXTENSIVE DELINEATION
OF THE MOST SELECT
FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON;
Transmitted from the several Places of elegant resort.

Although the flight of our fashionable fair leaves us little to communicate immediately from the metropolis, on the score of fashionable intelligence, yet as we pursue the changeful goddess with determined perseverance, in her various haunts, we hope to collect for her fair votaries a selection of delineations equally copious with those advantages which our extensive limits of observation afford. It is true, that our brilliant parties, and public assemblies are for a while suspended; that our streets no longer resound with the rolling of splendid equipages, or attract by the number and elegance of their fair pedestrians: both animate and inanimate nature however need their allotted portion of rest; and the present period may not, therefore, improperly be termed the repose of the metropolis. But genius, taste, and pleasure are always active, they disdain the dormant faculties of languor and supineness; and merely shift the scene, in which they are ever destined to perform the princip-

part. Accordingly at Brighton, at Ramsgate, at Worthing, at Yarmouth, at Scarborough, we find them holding their respective courts, and by combining their attractions, giving lustre and animation to each gay and social scene. Now as at these places of summer resort, the splendid habit of the drawing-room is somewhat laid aside, it is the more requisite that the evening and morning, the walking, or carriage costume, should chiefly engage our present attention; for at the summer evening assemblies, the *petit déjeuné*, or any rural *fete*, the attire to be considered either elegant or [illegible]tent, should partake more of a graceful, unobtrusive simplicity, than of that dazzling display which distinguishes the winter ball or drawing-room. It is in the unstudied, yet chaste and tasteful garb of a domestic gentlewoman, in the neat, yet elegant attire appropriated to the evening walk, where taste and fashion unite in forming an interesting simplicity of style, that a beautiful woman will engage the attention, and come nearest the heart. We naturally glance from external grace, neatness, and propriety, to the purity of the soul, and the order of the mind; and our admiration insensibly changes to esteem and affection as we contemplate the existing analogy. We have in our former communications, occasionally insisted on the necessary attention of females to this particular style of decoration; and at a period when from its appropriate qualities, the adoption will consequently be more general, it will not be amiss to dwell more at large on its nature and advantages. We will begin with the walking, or carriage costume, which we consider never to have combined more variety and elegance than at the present season. The robe *pelisse* of plain or embroidered muslin, let in down the seams, and entirely round, with double rows of beading in embroidery, is exceedingly esteemed, both as a morning robe, or sea-side wrap. The Brunswick mob and vest, the simple jacket and petticoat, made high in the neck, with Spanish capes and Catalani sleeves, trimmed with Vandyke lace, are all articles of fashionable celebrity. But the Bannian, or Chinese coat, as a carriage habit, ranks high in novelty and elegance. It is formed as a large open pelisse, but short, not reaching below the bend of the knee; and is composed of a soft Chinese silk, a salmon colour, over which runs in a very small pattern, the tea leaf and berry. It is simply confined at the throat with a brooch, or chord and tassel of lilac silk; and a similar one is suspended from the bottom of the waist behind, meant occasionally to confine the coat. Round the bottom is placed a deep lilac silk fringe, of uncommon richness, and beautifully shaded. This very *unique* and elegant article is usually worn with a small jockey bonnet, of wove and variegated willow; fringed at the crown with light green or lilac. The short canonical cloak of muslin, or coloured sarsnet, trimmed with thread lace. The Spanish scarf, and Chili girdle, together with simple scarfs of coloured Italian crape, twisted fancifully round the figure, and worn with small transparent bonnets of the same, are all articles which rank high amidst a fashionable selection. The Arcadian hat of straw, or black chip, composes much simple and novel elegance. It is somewhat of the small gipsy form, with an oval, or melon crown. The rim sits close on one side of the head, so as to cover the ear; and on the other, exhibits a small French cap of lace, or a *demi* crown of similar materials with the hat; a half handkerchief of black net, embroidered in coloured silks, (chiefly shaded crimson, or jonquille), simply crosses the crown, and confines it under the chin. Some ladies add a flower in front, others pass a small wreath across the forehead so as to blend tastefully with the hair; and each of these additions have a most animated and pleasing effect, and renders this uncommonly elegant ornament, sufficiently dressy for an evening party. Simple gipsy hats of straw and chip, are still prevalent; and a bonnet somewhat of the Minerva form, is lately introduced on the evening parades. It is formed of a rich fancy sarsnet, shaded in the form of small clouds; ornamented with Angola feathers on the crown, of correspondent hues; and finished at the edge with the French binding. Many ladies appear on the public walks in simple caps of satin, or lace, lined with coloured sarsnet, and ornamented with wreaths, or small bunches of flowers. Over the cap, or suspended from the edge, is seen a short veil of French lace. Indeed we remark, that no female of fashionable pretensions appears in a cap or small hat, without this chaste and becoming appendage. The veil is so graceful and interesting an ornament, that which ever way disposed it must ever produce a distinguishing effect. We take upon us however to recommend some attention to the size and disposition of this generally becoming ornament in which particular it should at all times be adapted to the style of feature and stature of the several wearers; a short woman obscures the possible symmetry of her figure by a long or wide veil, while a female of a commanding height, graceful carriage, and imposing air, receives from the long veil considerable advantage. The style of gowns and robes differ not very materially from our last communication. The plain high front, sitting close to the form, with narrow shoulder-strap and low back; the plain Vandyke tucker, or French lappelled handkerchief trimmed with Vandyke lace; the small puckered front and sleeves to

dresses of coloured crape; the lozenge front and sleeve, formed of alternate stripes of French net and satin ribband; white tiffany short dress, over a coloured sarsnet under-dress; plain cambric morning dresses, with the bodies richly worked in a close pattern of open-hems and embroidery, with the Catalani, or corkscrew sleeve, are all articles at once distinguishing and fashionable. Several females of rank and taste wear the hair cropt close behind, and formed in curls on the crown of the head. In full dress, however, a variety of style prevails; sometimes we see the hind hair formed into ringlets twisted in a cable chord at the back of the head, and flowing full on the left side, while a band consisting of three braids rests flat on the other; sometimes the simple Madona front is observed, and sometimes entire bands of braided hair, interspersed with steel beads across the forehead, and are twisted in bows at the back of the head. Ridicules of painted velvet, of various constructions, and beautifully designed, are now much used by our *belles* of fashion. The coloured parasol is becoming very general. Trinkets exhibit little variety. The composition brooch, formed to represent natural flowers; the beaded necklace of polished rose-wood, capped and lined with gold; together with earrings and brooches representing the flower called the *Pheasant's-eye*, may be ranked amidst the most elegant and novel ornaments in this line. Black and white satin slippers, together with white and coloured kid, trimmed to correspond with the dresses to which they are attached, are generally selected. White kid, York tan, and Limerick gloves, are considered far more genteel than those of kid the colour of the bonnets, which were of late partially introduced. The prevailing colours for the season are pea-green, jonquille, pale-lilac, blossom, pink, and primrose.

LETTER ON DRESS.

FROM ELIZA TO JULIA, EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Rosewood Villa, Richmond.

Well, dear Julia, after having run our round of pleasure with the great and the gay, sporting with the dashers at Brighton races, joining with the fashionable throng at Worthing, admiring the fresh-imported belles at Margate, and sighing over the military heroes embarking at Ramsgate, here I am,—quietly seated beneath a branching willow, whose boughs, reclining in luxuriant loveliness, embrace the quietly flowing Thames. The Villa of which we are at present the inmates, is the residence of Sir James M'Laurence, a cheerful generous Hibernian; who, being very handsome, very insinuating, and very poor, gladly followed the example of his countrymen, in compounding with a rich city heiress, by giving himself and a title in exchange for the lady's fortune and estates. The father of Lady M'Laurence was a respectable merchant, whose name for more than fifty years had resounded within the precincts of Change-Alley; he was the intimate friend of my uncle, and his daughter consequently one of cousin Mary's oldest friends. This relation will account to you for our present destination.

Lady M'Laurence presumes much on her wealth, is somewhat vulgar, and ill-informed; she possesses a person and manners at once coarse and unengaging; and Sir James, who appears to possess a lively sensibility for female beauty and elegance, seems occasionally to observe these unattractive qualities in his partner, spite of that fortune which permits him to pursue other pleasures than those arising from a reciprocal interchange of affection and tenderness. My dear Julia, I have lately seen too much of those comforts and advantages which a good fortune procures, to form any high-flown notion of—"Love in a Cottage;" on the contrary, from a more extensive observation of men and manners, I am more inclined to echo the adage of our old nurse, who used to tell us, that "When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window." And yet, dear friend, one would wish that fortune should be but a secondary consideration in the choice of a partner for life.

But as this style is rather foreign to the destined purport of my letter, I will dismiss it for the present, and proceed to simple detail. I inclose in this packet, dear Julia, a long list of fashionable descriptions, collected from the several places where we have lately sojourned, and shall confine myself to a few choice delineations of such costumes as have since attracted my attention. Mary accompanied the three Lady B——'s to the *fete* at Oatlands, last week; and was highly charmed with the cordiality, fascination and benevolent manners of the Royal Hostess. Nothing could exceed the taste, animation, and hospitality of the charming scene. The dresses of the Ladies B—— was so singular in their construction and design, that they will be found worthy of delineation, were it only on the score of novelty; they were styled the Carmelite, or Convent vest, and were formed of a gossamer satin, the colour a nun's brown. They were cut low in the back and bosom, with a plain long sleeve of white crape; a French tippet of the same, cut in Vandykes, and entirely without trimming, met the edge of the vest round the bosom, and sat close to the form; round the throat it was finished with a row of Convent

beads, and a cross was suspended from the centre, of Jerusalem wood. A deep black velvet *cestus*, pointed before and behind, confined the bottom of the waist, which was much longer than are usually seen, and each point reached to the edge of the tuppet. The hair was worn in bands and braids on one side of the head, and a few loose curls fell on the other. On the crown of the head, and placed towards one side, was a flat and fanciful disposed turban of crimson muslin, thickly interwoven with small gold spots, and worn somewhat in the Chinese style. The three sisters are nearly of the same height, of a middle stature, and neatly rather than elegantly formed. Their complexions were a clear brown, and their features expressive without being handsome; but the *trio* thus singularly adorned naturally excited universal attention.

Mary wore a short dress of black net lace over a white satin under-dress, the bottom and drapery ornamented with borders of the pheasant's-eye and myrtle tastefully blended. Her hair was braided in bands, and twisted fancifully with Chinese pearl; bracelets and armlets of the same, with the barrel snap of diamonds. Her shoes were white satin, trimmed with silver; and she wore a *bouquet* of the Cape-heath and jessamine.

We have just received dresses from town appropriated for that intermediate style which at this season is more generally adopted; for, except on very particular occasions, it is thought prodigiously vulgar to dress much in the country; I do not mean to infer, that less attention is required in this order of personal decoration; for a correct taste is more immediately discernable in this than in any other style of costume. The most striking article in this line is a frock dress of plain India muslin, with separate waists, let in entirely round, with treble rows of beading. The morning waist is made of embroidered muslin, similar to that which composes the dress, and buttons up the back; it sits high in the neck, and close to the form, and is finished with pointed capes round the throat, trimmed with narrow Vandyke lace. The long sleeve *à la Catulani*, is of plain muslin; similar to that which composes the dress. The other waist which transforms this elegant garb into the evening dress, is formed entirely of footing lace, and beadings of embroidery, extended over a lining of white sarsnet; the sleeve, short and full, is formed on the cross, finished at the edge with a row of beading, and confined in the centre of the arm and bosom with the hearts-ease brooch.—I have never seen any dress which blends at once more convenience, neatness, and elegance. For more minute particulars I refer you, dear Julia, to the list of general remarks which accompanies this; and shall hasten now to conclude my epistle by a farther attention to your wishes, in recommending to your perusal the following new works. I know, that in spite of all opposition, you continue your predilection for the epistolary style; read therefore a novel in letters, entitled—*Love as it may be, and Friendship as it ought to be*, by Mrs. Bayfield; I know you will need no other inducement than the decision passed on it by the late elegant authoress, and inestimable woman, Mrs. Cooper. *The Hungarian Brothers*, and *The Aphorisms of Sir Phillip Sidney*, from the pens of the amiable sisters, the Miss Porters, I am sure you will read with avidity. *The Benevolent Monk* shall arrive with the next packet; we are too deeply engaged in it to part with it at present. Adieu! dear, and ever dear Julia, conclude me always your attached and affectionate

ELIZA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE conclusion of the Essay on Politeness, together with the termination of the Biography of the Queen of Naples, (which had been mislaid) will be given in our next.

The Farmer's Letters will be returned.

Our Correspondent in Capstone-street we shall be glad to hear from.

Our valuable Correspondent at Camden-Town, to whom we were indebted for the account of a Concert of Music given to two Elephants, is requested to purge his MS. of all future indelicacies. To raise a blush on female cheeks is not becoming a writer of his distinguished talents.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-Street, Strand.*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant Portrait of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.
2. THREE WHOLE LENGTH FIGURES of LADIES in the London Fashions for the Month.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by W. T. COPE.
4. A new and elegant PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street Strand, October* 1, 1807.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Engraved from an original miniature Picture expressly and exclusively for
La Belle Assemblée [illegible] Printed for John Bell at the Weekly Messenger Office
Southampton Street [illegible] October 1.1807.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For SEPTEMBER, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Twenty-second Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

MARIA FRANCES ISABELLA, the present Queen of Portugal and Algarve, was born December 17th, 1734; married June 16th, 1760, to the late King, by whom she has issue, John Maria Joseph Lewis, Prince Regent of Portugal and Brazil.

The Queen of Portugal was attacked early in life by a species of melancholy, which produced an occasional deprivation of her senses; and, about twelve years since, this malady encreased to such an alarming degree, that it was judged necessary to take the reins of government from her immediate guidance, and entrust them to the hands of her son. His Royal Highness was declared upon this occasion Prince Regent, and Portugal has never been more flourishing and happy than under his dominion. His Royal Highness has been married many years to Charlotte Joaquina, Infanta of Spain, and has issue by her, a son, born October 26th, 1802, and a daughter, born February 22d, 1804.

The incapacity of the Queen of Portugal is said to have had its origin in a species of religious melancholy; indeed such is the excess of bigotry and superstition which has always prevailed in this Court, that this kind of insanity is more prevalent in Portugal than in any other quarter of the globe.

Some years since, when her Majesty's distemper was at the height, the Court of Lisbon sent over to England for a physician of eminent practice in this country. The gentleman who was sent for attended the summons; but we fear that his skill was of no avail. Her Majesty seemed better for a time, but soon relapsed into a more alarming state than ever,—a state, it is said, of alternate idiotry, and an acute and agonising melancholy.

Portugal is almost the only country of Europe that has been exempt from the spreading mischief of the French Revolution; she is likewise the only state who has remained steadfast in her friendship and alliance with Great Britain. How long she will be permitted to remain so, now that the power of France and the ambition of its ruler have no check from any Continental states,—and now that the avowed principle of Napoleon is to drive the commerce of England from every port of Europe, is a subject of general apprehension.—Such is the political situation of Portugal that she can but submit to the rigour of a harsh necessity.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.

[*Concluded from Vol. II. Page 229.*]

The happy country of Naples remained long in a state of tranquillity and peace, till that general explosion of mischief, the French Revolution, produced a sudden shock amongst the Continental Powers, and involved the fairest part of Italy in its spreading ruin. The sister of the Queen of France, and of the Emperor of Germany, could not remain unmoved, whilst the former perished on the block by the hands of a savage horde of Jacobins, and the latter fell by an assassination of which France was universally suspected to be the author.

Naples, therefore, was one of the first in the confederacy against France. The melancholy history of these wars must not be pursued too far; it will be sufficient to say, that Naples fell from the same causes which precipitated the rest of the Continent. Whilst the French army was overrunning Italy, and the most skilful of its Generals was employed to subdue the kingdom of Naples, it was the policy of that unfortunate country to send to the cabinet of Vienna for the appointment of a General to command the Neapolitan troops. The conduct of this military cabinet is well known; they drew up plans of battles, and the whole scheme of a campaign, to the execution of the minutest part of which their several Generals were bound by the penalty of life and character. For the defence of Naples they appointed the court sycophant, Mack; a man who had procured his preferment by a successful course of intrigue, and had been raised by a party who were in opposition to all the views of the Arch-Duke Charles, the former saviour of Italy, and the bulwark of the Austrian House.

When Mack arrived at Naples, he found an army of forty thousand men, in a state of high discipline, commanded by excellent officers, and most admirably equipped for a campaign. Lord Nelson, who had just returned from the Nile, was at this moment in Naples.—Mack was, of course, introduced to this illustrious man. Lord Nelson made his observations on his character upon the first interview—"This man," said his Lordship to a lady high in his confidence, "is an officer well enough for a parade, but I do not like him for a field of battle. They must assuredly wish to lose Naples, or they would never send him to defend it."

The French were now advancing upon the Neapolitan territory with great rapidity. Overthrowing every thing in their way, and crowned with a general success, at once the reward of their courage and successful practices of corruption, they approached with their imminent thunder the confines of the kingdom.

The confidence of the Royal Family and the people was implicit, and they expected a certain victory. The French, with the usual vanity of their character, they thought reserved to fall by the Neapolitan sword, and they waited the moment of their approach as the day of triumph. Previous to a battle, General Mack proposed to review the troops, and exercise them in a sham fight—all the people of the city, amongst whom were Lord Nelson and the foreign Ambassadors, attended the review; his Lordship, however, soon retired disgusted from the scene. Being interrogated by the Lady, to whom we have alluded above, on what account he was displeased, he replied, "Did you not see that this fellow, Mack, had surrounded himself? If he fights in earnest as he does in show, there is an end of Naples."—His Lordship, indeed, acted as if he thought so; he prepared his fleet, which was anchored in the Straits, for the reception of the Royal Family; and in a few days after the battle had been fought on which the fate of the kingdom depended, the King, Queen, and Court of Naples, were obliged to take shelter in the cabin of the Admiral's ship.

Upon the peace of Luneville, a new face of things appeared upon the Continent, and the King and Queen were restored to their capital.

This tranquillity, however, was of no long duration—A third coalition involved Naples in all the horrors of war; and this country, which had made peace with France, conceived herself absolved from all its obligations upon the rupture between Austria and Napoleon. An English fleet and an English army were accordingly sent to Naples, and Bonaparte found it his interest to represent the reception of this force by Naples as the violation of a solemn treaty. No sooner, therefore, had his arms triumphed in Germany, than he turned his revenge upon Naples;—Massena advanced with a powerful army to seize the capital, and the King and Queen were again compelled to fly to Sicily. It was the

object of Bonaparte not to suffer so rich an inheritance to escape again from his hands. He resolved accordingly to annex it to France, by creating it into a tributary kingdom, and bestowing the crown upon his brother Joseph.

To this melancholy history we have little more to add; the Queen of Naples is now at Palermo, or Messina, a fugitive from her country, and pent up in an island, secure only by the protection of a British fleet. The island of Sicily is daily threatened with invasion by France, and it is a matter of serious moment to conjecture how long we shall be able to defend it. The Queen of Naples is a woman of heroic fortitude, and is not likely to lose any thing of her royal dignity by adverse fortune; she still preserves an elevation of spirit, and is not dejected by those calamities which might overwhelm an ordinary mind.

MADAME TALLIEN.

At the age of eighteen the rich and beautiful daughter of the Spanish Count de Gabarrus, was married to M. de Fontenai, a counsellor of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, who three years afterwards, to save his life at the expence of his property emigrated and joined his loyal countrymen on the banks of the Rhine. Not wishing to expose a woman he pretended dearly to love either to the hazards and dangers of war, or the perils, contempt, and sufferings of exile, Mr. de Fontenai, when emigrating himself, left his wife at Paris, to wait there the issue of the pending contest both between states and factions.

After the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette had been murdered in such a barbarous manner by the regicide assassins of her royal consort, Madame de Fontenai easily perceived that her sex no more than her country would be a safeguard for her; and therefore, by some pecuniary sacrifices, procured a passport for Bourdeaux, with permission to sail thence in a neutral vessel for Spain.

On her arrival at Bourdeaux, Tallien resided there as a representative of the people and as a national commissioner; she presented herself before the Revolutionary Committee to have her pass verified previous to her embarkation, but being the daughter and wife of noblemen, instead of obtaining leave to quit France, she was arrested as a suspected person, and as such confined in a loathsome goal. Tallien was struck with her superior beauty, and immediately was enamoured of her. Forming his opinion of her however from many other gay, indiscreet, though arrested ladies, he addressed her thus:—"My pretty female citizen, I shall call on you here as soon as it is dark—you understand me—I want to see you alone." "But I will not see you alone," answered she; "throw your Sultan handkerchief to some person more complaisant, and more worthy of such insulting and humiliating distinction." "You shall shortly repent of your haughtiness," said Tallien, ferociously quitting her. The very next day her name was upon the list of the military commission; or, which was the same, she knew herself to be one of those unfortunate persons intended to be tried and executed within twenty-four hours. When she was meditating on her fate, Tallien suddenly entered; he threw himself at her feet, and began with professing his sincere affection for her, and avowed himself her slave though she was no longer his prisoner. "Here is the list," continued he, "of the prisoners once condemned to perish with you; your name is already omitted, erase those of other persons whom you wish to save, and they shall all be set at liberty to-morrow morning." "I shall convince myself," said Madame de Fontenai, "whether you are sincere or not; lend me but pen and ink." With one single stroke she at once crossed all the names on the fatal list. Within twelve hours afterwards all these individuals of both sexes came to thank her for their deliverance, being informed by Tallien that they owed it to her interference alone.

Of the preference she then gave to M. de Fontenai, this ill-bred and vicious man seemed but little to know the value. Some few days after his till then faithful and amiable wife had been delivered of her first child, he had the indelicacy and brutality to introduce under the same roof in his house a common prostitute. The indiscreet fidelity of a maid informed Madame de Fontenai of the infidelity of her husband. With feelings acute as well as indignant, not considering the weak state of her health, she rose from her bed, and flew towards the room polluted by impurity. She found the door bolted, and was refused admittance. Smarting however more from the insult offered than regarding the strength she possessed, in endeavouring to force an entrance she fainted away, and was carried almost lifeless back to her bed. A woman, the victim of the seduction, corruption, or negligence of one sex, is also frequently the persecuted object of the jealousy, envy, pride, or uncharitableness of the other. Had M. de Fontenai been prudent and pure,

his wife might still have been innocent and chaste.

When at Paris, Tallien of course often visited Madame de Fontenai, who easily obtained a divorce from a husband proscribed as an emigrant. She refused however to regard Tallien in any other light than that of a friend, as long as France groaned under the tyranny of Robespierre, more barefaced, more violent, but less artful and less oppressive than that of Bonaparte.

Jean Lambert Tallien was born at Paris in 1770, and though only the son of a porter had, from the kindness of his father's master, been educated above his birth. He was at the beginning of the revolution successively the steward of Marquis de Bercy, clerk to an attorney, and in the office of the treasury; secretary to Brostaret, a member of the constituent assembly, and assistant to the proprietors of the Moniteur. In 1791 he published his own journal, called *l' Ami des Citoyens*, which did not meet with success. He shewed himself one of the most ungenerous and indefatigable enemies of his virtuous King, whose trial he pressed, and for whose death he voted. During his several missions as a representative of the people, he committed the greatest excesses and cruelties. It was not till after his acquaintance with Madame de Fontenai that he became more moderate; as to please her he had spared Bourdeaux, and to obtain her hand he saved the lives of thousands at Paris by the decided part he took in the destruction of Robespierre; and though his motives were dictated by personal interest alone, he notwithstanding rendered great services to his wretched country. His conduct and actions were afterwards inconsistent and contradictory, by turns the panegyrist or the accuser of revolutionary criminals; he was therefore suspected by all factions, and defended by no party. Such was the regicide to whom Madame de Fontenai united herself on the 20th of August 1794, three weeks after the death of Robespierre. He was then one of the most popular revolutionists, and she soon became one of the most fashionable belles of the French republic. It was however almost as difficult a task for her to exchange decency for Vandalism, to produce order in place of confusion in the regions of fashion, as for French political revolutionists to fix and constitute a regular government on the republican basis of anarchy and licentiousness. At once to attempt the restoration of former usages and customs, from which five years of revolutions had made a distance of five centuries, would have been a vain attempt The court, gala, or full dress, could not immediately supplant the sans-culotte and carmagnole vestments of filth and rags. Instead therefore of commencing with a progressive advancement towards a reform of apparel and appearance, Madame Tallien went to the other extreme in inventing the *ton* of nudity! The ungallant savageness of Robespierre, and the ungenteel brutality of his accomplices, had already necessitated every lady awaiting death from the revolutionary tribunal or only confined in consequence of the revolutionary tyranny, to cut off her hair and to cut down her gown, if she wished to avoid the insults of a public executioner, or the horrors of his unfeeling operation when on the scaffold.

It must also be confessed that a nation vicious to the highest degree before the revolution, had not improved its morals since; and that the fair sex in France naturally coquettes, vain, dashing, and bold, were much more inclined towards the naked than towards the covered or clothed system. Nakedness, absolute nakedness, and nothing but nakedness, was therefore seen at the play-houses, at the opera, at the concerts, routs, and in public walks as well as in private assemblies. When one lady left off a *fichue*, another laid aside a petticoat. When one uncovered her arms, another exposed her legs or thighs. Had the progress of stripping continued a little longer in the same proportion, it is very probable that most French ladies would in some months have reduced themselves to be admired, envied, or blamed, as the Eves of the eighteenth century.

But Madame Tallien did not enjoy undisturbed the dictatorship of the fashions; envious, seditious, or facetious rivals often opposed her. Among these Madame de Beauharnois, the gay widow of the guillotined viscount of the same name, was most ingenious and most active, though at first not the most apprehended. Having better shaped thighs than well formed arms, the pride of Madame Tallien, she, under a clear muslin gown, put on flesh coloured satin pantaloons, leaving off all petticoats, but at the same time lowering the sleeves of her gowns to her elbows, whose long elastic gloves of grenoble combined to conceal even her clumsy fingers. Madame Tallien, in her turn, wore gowns without sleeves; and to distract the notice of amateurs from the flesh-coloured pantaloons, affixed borders of large Brussels lace, not only to her white silk petticoat but to her cambric chemises. These fashionable contrarieties entertained many and scandalised few of the republican beaux and belles, though the partisans of short sleeves lampooned those of long gloves, and the cabals of under-petticoats wrote epigrams on the motives of the wearers of pantaloons. Every thing remained unsettled, and a civil war was by many judged inevitable, when a certain situation of the Viscountess Dowager de Beauharnois made her resort to false bellies, which were immediately accompanied by Madame Tallien's artificial *queues*. Both ex-

tremes therefore met, and caused a cessation of hostilities and the conclusion of a treaty of neutrality; and the year 1795 passed over without further disturbances or innovations.

When during 1796 fortune had crowned her new sans-culotte husband Bonaparte with undeserved success in Italy, the ex-viscountess was tempted to encroach on, and even to infringe, preceding engagements. Until the peace of Campo Formio, when the Parisians saluted Madame Bonaparte as *Notre Dame de Victoires*, and abused Madame Tallien as *Notre Dame de Septembre*, the former had not many or great advantages; but then the latter, under pretence of ill-health, prudently withdrew from the scene of contest. As soon however as the glorious victory of Lord Nelson at Aboukir was known at Paris, Madame Tallien shewed herself perfectly recovered, entered the lists with fresh vigour, and obliged her proud rival not only to shift her quarters but to change her colours. That year, 1798, a third and dangerous pretender started up in the elegant person of the celebrated Madame Recamier, whose appearance was sufficient to transform rivals into allies. She, however, more from prudence and modesty than from fear of the formidable veteran forces of her opposers, soon made an honourable retreat, and tranquillity has rewarded her sacrifice of vanity.

In November 1799, after Bonaparte had usurped the supreme authority in France, Madame Tallien, from a certain coolness attended with certain airs of hauteur, concluded that the wife of an upstart, who endured neither an equal nor a superior, would not long respect treaties which put her on a level with a person whom she considered not only as an inferior but as a subject She therefore made overtures to Madame Recamier for forming a common league against a common foe While their plenipotentiaries were discussing, the battle of Marengo occurred, and broke off all further conferences; and had not another intruder, Madame Murat, presented herself, Madame Bonaparte would have been as much the undisputed sovereign of toilets as her husband is of cabinets.

A republican writer thus complains of Madame Tallien's fashionable *incivisme*: "Possessed of an ample income, the whole of which is at her own command, she indulges in all the extravagance of dress and decoration. One day her shoulders, chest, and legs, are bare; on the next they are adorned with festoons of gold chains, while her head sparkles with diamonds; and instead of the simplicity of a Roman matron, she constantly exhibits all the ostentatious luxury of a Persian sultana. France may be termed a commonwealth, but these surely are not republican manners befitting the wife of one of the most eminent of her citizens" The author should have added that this eminent citizen then resided in a simple cottage, of which the furniture alone cost four thousand louis d'ors. As to French republican manners, are they not nearly connected with drowning, shooting, massacreing, murdering, proscribing, and plundering? Society has suffered but little from Madame Tallien's vanity, while humanity will for ever deplore and condemn the barbarous excesses of the most eminent citizen, Tallien, her republican husband.

It is averred by all the classes in France, that the young, handsome, and accomplished Madame de Fontenai, who so long continued the fashionable idol of men, and the fashionable model of women, divorced and married Tallien only to save her own head, and the lives of hundreds of other innocent persons. She never had any affection, nor even inclination, for an individual it was impossible for her to esteem, and she therefore treated him rather as a valet than as a husband; he was used still worse by her father, Count de Gabarrus.

In the sense of strict justice and sound morality, no provocations whatever can extenuate the violation of matrimonial duty. A wife however, circumstanced like Madame Tallien, who had no choice but between the embraces of an unworthy and a worthless husband, or a cruel and degrading death from the hands of the executioner, if disgust or revenge led her astray, though she must certainly be to blame, is less culpable than the unprovoked adulteress, whose vicious propensities injure and confer wretchedness on a partner, the free selection of her heart, deserving her love and her fidelity as well as her regard and tenderness.

That Madame Tallien has been very gallant, and very indiscreet in her gallantries, cannot be denied; but that also numbers of persons have boasted of her favours, and published anecdotes of their successful intrigues with her, to whom she had scarcely ever spoken, is equally true; and will be believed by every one who has studied the character of the vain and presumptuous French *petit maîtres*, who are greater gasconaders under the colours of Venus than even under the banners of Mars.

Madame Tallien, when Madame de Fontenai was esteemed not only one of the most beautiful and amiable persons of her sex, but also as one truly respectable and virtuous; she resided at Paris eighteen months after her first husband's emigration, and was constantly surrounded by admirers and adorers; but she afforded no more occasion for the rumours and clamours of malice and malignity, than for the calumny and accusations of envy and scandal. She quitted the capital in October 1793 as pure as she returned to

it in March 1794. She never admitted even Tallien, to whom she thought herself both obliged and engaged, but in the presence of a third person; and she never went out to plays, walks, or parties, but in the company of some female friend, or followed by attendants who never lost sight of their mistress. She frequently protested long before her second marriage, that gratitude and humanity alone had occasioned her divorce, and that she believed she should fall a victim to her feelings for the sufferings of others. She repeatedly complained to her friends and relatives how disagreeable Tallien was to her, and how much resignation it demanded on her part to unite her destiny with that of such a vile person.

After her marriage, notwithstanding her invincible repugnance to Tallien, she remained faithful and irreproachable; but this vain upstart shewed himself as immoral and indelicate as cruel and unprincipled. He abandoned a wife then the pride of perfection and matrimonial loveliness, boasted of the impure society of courtesans and strumpets, and afterwards vaunted before her of his depravity as of glorious achievements. She still, however, resisted the incitements of revenge, the gratification of her passions, the temptations of pleasure, and the allurements of love, and the pleasing prospect, or rather certainty, of being beloved by a gentleman her equal by birth and of principles congenial with her own. At last she happened to be acquainted with the loyal and witty, though not handsome Count de ——, who hated her husband as much as she despised him. To his first question, Can a lady of your rank, of your accomplishments, love a moral and political monster such as Tallien? she answered only with a significant blush. He took advantage of her bashfulness, embarrassment, nay humiliation, and she ceased that day to be a virtuous woman, a faithful wife.

When once the nice but strong limits which separate virtue from vice are transgressed, the road to ruin is smooth, enticing, easy, and nearly irresistible. In the course of a few weeks she entertained as great a contempt of herself as dislike of her husband; but familiarity with debauchery soon engendered indifference towards morality or even decency. Every gentleman whose manners she liked, whose conversation was agreeable to her, whose figure pleased her, or whom her fancy adorned with real or imaginary excellencies, was certainly without much difficulty or long perseverance to be counted among her favoured gallants. Her favours and distinctions finally became so common that they ceased to be either enviable or desirable.

Thus was she situated when in June 1798 Tallien sailed for Egypt. At that period a tall, handsome, well-made young man of family, fortune and education, became very fashionable the fashionable societies of the French capital He was introduced there as a Danish traveller by the name of Fredericson; but was shortly after usually known by the appellation of the *beau Regicide*. His real and family name and title were Count de Ribbing, a Swedish nobleman by birth but implicated in the murder of Gustavus III the late King of Sweden.

Shortly after Tallien's departure, the *beau Regicide* was lodged with his wife, and continued with her until 1801, when Bonaparte, having heard of a *penchant* of Josephine for him, dispatched to him an order to quit France immediately, "as the First Consul could not suffer in his dominions an assassin of the father of his ally, the King of Sweden."

Madame Tallien had promised her father to obtain a divorce from her present husband as soon as he returned from Egypt. A petition for a divorce was therefore ready drawn up and presented to Tallien at her first interview in 1801 accompanied with two living arguments, her two sons, of whom she had been delivered during his absence, and of whom she acknowledged that the *beau Regicide* and Co. were the fathers. After many complaints, reproaches, oaths, and threats, he at length consented, and in 1802 the daughter of Count Gabarrus was still unmarried with two husbands alive.

Madame Tallien is an incredible composition of virtues and vices, of good qualities and shameful irregularities. From habit more than from inclination she is, like Madame Bonaparte, one of the most profligate female characters of revolutionary France. Above remorse as well as repentance, she seems to care as little about what others say of her as about her own conduct. She is now (1807) in her thirty-sixth year, but does not appear to be twenty-five; she certainly still is one of the finest, best formed, and handsomest women of the French capital, though she no longer has any great influence in the fashionable world.

Madame Tallien in 1805, married M. de Caraman, much against the wishes of the family of the latter. She has now three husbands alive, besides two children, of whom neither of them is the father. Hitherto her behaviour, since her marriage with M. de Caraman, is as irreproachable and prudent as during her first marriage with M. de Fontenai, who often visits his *ci-devant* wife. She has publicly declared her intention to regain her lost reputation, which she says would always have been preserved had not her first husband been a fool and her second a rogue. She is now united to a gentleman of sense and honour, to whom she seems sincerely and affectionately attached.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A DREAM ON THE OCCUPATIONS OF DEPARTED SOULS.

[Continued from Page 96]

My conductor assured me, that repeated attempts had been made to convince him of his error, and that mirrors had been held before his eyes for that purpose, but that he always had been violently enraged, shut his eyes, and with a bludgeon, which he called his argument, had broke the mirror, and beat those, who, out of compassion, attempted to render him sensible of his deformity.

His dress was exactly like the princely robe of one of those theatrical princes, who, in country towns, frequent the fairs, carrying their whole monarchy along with them on a wheel-barrow. It was in many parts torn to such a degree, that it could not entirely conceal his nakedness, which defect he had attempted to remedy by pasting upon the holes some epigrams and heroic odes which his adherents had composed in celebration of his merits. I have observed that mountebanks of the common class generally endeavour to render their theatre respectable by pasting against it several bills which inform the multitude of the miracles they have performed, and strive to render their skill respected by producing certificates of kings, princes, and nobles, whom they pretend to have cured. But in this the mountebank of whom I am speaking acted upon different principles. His stage was covered all over with dedications and prefaces, and those parts which were particularly exposed to the light of his admirers exhibited his picture in various forms, resembling each other, however, in being adorned with wreaths of laurels, or with a certain glory, which was to represent immortality. Instead of letters patent he carried in his hand a pair of large bellows, which he always pressed together when he spoke of his patriotism.

I must not omit mentioning one circumstance, which enabled me to form some idea of the religion of our mountebank. On one side of his stage stood the image of a female idol, wearing a crown of quills, resembling the caps of the Indians in America. On this cap were inscribed the names of several ancient and modern writers, who had been condemned by her to death, because they had refused to worship her as a goddess. Her head, which had no eyes, was of an enormous size; but her belly was still larger, exactly resembling that of Puster, an idol of the ancient Germans, whom the priests made use of in order to cheat and to frighten the people, causing him, by a secret machinery to spit fire, though a mere log of wood. Her hands were very strong and misshapen. In the left she carried a telescope, which she, however, could not use, because she was blind. I observed, nevertheless, that she held it before her face, in order to conceal her want of eyes. In her right hand she held a vessel filled with ink, which she threatened to throw at the head of those that would not resolve to acknowledge her for a goddess. She sat upon a throne, consisting, however, only of an immense bladder, swelled up with air. At her feet lay a naked woman, whose name I could not learn, though she seemed to be her mortal enemy.

The mountebank went up to this idol as often as he perceived that his ardour and zeal for the common good began to abate. He worshipped her as meanly as he demanded to be venerated himself, sacrificing every time, upon a little altar, some leaves of literary compositions, which deserved to be committed to the flames, merely for not having been written by himself. The immediate effect resulting from the success of his prayers to the idol invariably discovered itself by the frothing of his mouth, and a learned convulsive motion in his hands, similar to that which in a violent paroxysm seizes envious and quarrelsome authors. He availed himself most successfully of such moments, distributing with additional zeal his learned nostrums among the auditors, recommending to them the most approved prescriptions of good taste, and enlarging upon the miraculous and happy effects which these panaceas had produced on several of his obsequious patients, who had greedily devoured them.

His chief arcanum consisted in a certain kind of pills, each dose of which he wrapped in one of the panegyrics which had been composed in praise of his name, and for the benefit of posterity, a practice from which he derived a twofold advantage, causing his patients to swallow both his pills and his celebrity. I was astonished to observe the amazing effect which these pills produced. No sooner had they been taken by the patient, than he felt violent pangs in his brains, which continued till nature relieved itself by discharging the impurities not in the common way,

but through the fingers. What astonished me most, was to observe that the patients caught these impure effluvia by a paper, presenting it with a respectful bow to their physician, for the further diffusion of good taste. They then obtained his permission to cure others under his direction. I observed that they frequently were more violent than their chief in their cures, for I saw one of them force a considerable number of pills down the throat of a spectator, in order to cure him, though much against his inclination, of a bad taste. I forgot to mention that the leader of these petty mountebanks related dreadful adventures concerning his cures. He scorned to say, "I have cured this or that afflicted person by means of my pills and powders," protesting to have preserved the health of all his countrymen; and whenever his pills took effect in a patient, he congratulated the whole community upon it. But I must not pass over in silence the most remarkable circumstance. Our mountebanks generally have suspended to their necks a few strings of teeth, extracted by them, and exhibited as trophies of their skill. My readers may easily conclude that our mountebank also must have been decorated with such convincing proofs of his skill and experience. Instead of teeth there was pending from his neck a large string of grammatical slips, which he had selected and extracted from the works of great authors. I could not refrain from laughing aloud on discovering that precious ornament, but unfortunately was detected in the fact by one of those witty adepts, who eagerly forced his way through the other spirits, and while he pressed towards me, exclaimed,—"Stop him! stop him!" I attempted to conceal myself among the gazing multitude, but could not escape his lynx-eyes. Having seized me by the throat, he roared with furious officiousness,—"Sir, I beg leave to cure you! you have a cataract, a most dangerous cataract! you shall not escape me till you are cured. Submit quickly to the operation, lest I should be compelled to have recourse to force." Neither prayers nor menaces could avail; he threw me on the ground, and I should undoubtedly have been forced to undergo the most painful operation, had not my conductor found means to deliver me from the talons of my barbarous benefactor.

Whilst I was yet petrified, as it were, with terror, a shade, who had observed these violent proceedings at some distance, came running towards me, out of breath, exclaiming:—"Dear Sir, indict him for an assault! avail yourself of the protection of the law! You have it in your power to pay the fees; I can clearly see that you have justice on your side. I'll serve you with pleasure. My charges will be extremely moderate. We will prosecute your aggressor, and compel him to make an apology. I can procure you, at a trifling expence, as many witnesses as you chuse; they shall attest upon oath any thing that you may desire. I'll go immediately and procure a warrant. I may be bold to assure you that your law-suit shall be as intricate thirty years hence as it is now. I am famous for affording prompt relief to my clients; thank heaven, I am not easy to be terrified, and my fingers are remarkably indefatigable. But you must not mind some expence; for neither myself nor your judges will be capable of forming a clear idea of your case without money. In what consists the cause of litigation? Draw up a *statum causæ*; but let it be as brief as possible; for I am a mortal enemy to all prolixity."

I was astonished at the malignant officiousness of that little garrulous spirit, who constantly kept his eager looks fixed at my pockets, whilst he extolled the justice of my cause. I began already to apprehend that I should not be able to escape the practical hands of my zealous advocate, when I fortunately hit upon an expedient of getting rid of him, informing him that I should be happy to avail myself of his kind offer, if he would endeavour to prevail upon some benevolent person to assist me with a small sum of money, to enable me to pay the customary fees, my finances being totally exhausted, adding, heaven would reward him for that charitable deed. "Heaven reward me!" exclaimed he, in a low accent. "I should willingly assist you; but my conscience does not permit me to engage in a cause manifestly unjust. For heaven's sake, do not go to law; every thing is against you; I advise you as a friend to settle your differences amicably. I shall take care not to make myself a party in your malicious design. You ought to be ashamed to make such an application to an honest and conscientious lawyer.—I am your humble servant."

I was rejoiced to have found out an expedient to extricate myself from that vexatious affair; but my joy was of a short duration. Before I was aware of it, a soul of a gigantic size rushed out of a thicket, and ran towards me. I was terrified; the lonesome situation of the place rendering it very probable that he must have some sinister design upon me. I fled without venturing to look round, and was almost dead with terror when I felt that he had seized me by the hair. I turned round to tell my pursuer that I had not a shilling in my pocket. Conceive my astonishment, when he bowed with looks of profound humility, without, however, withdrawing his hand from my hair, and said:—

Mæcenas kind, permit my timid muse
To lay her humble strains with trembling hands
And reverential awe———

I have not a farthing in my pocket, was my reply. Upon this he quitted me abruptly, casting a look of profound contempt at me. I saw him fly to a large troop of little spirits, who were running after a very corpulent soul, by whose splendid attire I could easily conclude upon his great merits and eminent talents. Their cries were so confused that I could not at first guess the meaning of it.

Venturing to step nearer, I could plainly distinguish the words,—altars, ornament to the country, admiration of the age and of posterity, immortality, and more than an hundred fine things of a similar tenor, each of which, on an average, was at least worth half a guinea. I imagined to know a clear voice that I distinguished from the rest, which, in order to render the wishes which it expressed the more affecting and impressive, cried, every third word—Ah! oh! It was highly diverting to observe how eagerly these little spirits ran after the hero who was the object of their praise, and, as I could plainly see, was visibly puffed up by the profusion of incense that was offered by his admirers, manifesting by his haughty looks that he presumed he was not unworthy of their panegyrics. At length he condescended to take notice of his clients, and stopped, turning himself towards them. This encreased their clamour. The little souls crowded towards him, every one being eager to be the first. They all raised their open hands, casting wishful looks at the patriotic purse of their dear patron, who proved his generosity by distributing a large sum to appease the cravings of their stomachs. I asked one of them who had distinguished himself from the rest by the loudness of his panegyrics, who that celebrated and virtuous man was? what he had done for the good of his country? and what rendered him deserving of such extraordinary panegyrics? "I do not know," replied he coolly; "however, he celebrates to-day his birth-day!"

Two souls, who I at first took for draymen, but who, as my conductor informed me, in their life had been critics, and famous for their astonishing learning, caused an uncommon concourse before the town-gate, where at certain times the wrestlers and boxers exhibited their pugilistic talents to the admiration of the populace. They had seized one another by the hair in the most furious manner, and exerted themselves to the utmost of their power to throw each other down. Their contest was remarkable, and the victory uncertain, on account of their being an equal match. I could not obtain the least intelligence of the primary cause of their mutual fury; all that I could hear consisted of the most abusive language, surpassing even the eloquence of the first-rate Billingsgate orators. At length one of them was thrown to the ground with astonishing violence. His conqueror seemed to have justice on his side: for his patriotism and zeal for the sciences urged him to beat his antagonist most unmercifully. They were both covered with mud, and raised such an impenetrable cloud of dust, that I was not capable of seeing them any longer; therefore I directed my attention to the by-standers, who seemed to be differently interested in this literary contest. Some were so wanton as to encourage these furious defenders of truth to continue their critical investigations with additional ardour, and whenever a violent blow was applied, signified their applause by the most thoughtless plaudits. Nay, I even observed that some of them flung money to the combatants, which encreased their fury to a most surprizing degree. Some of the spectators laughed; and these appeared to me the most impartial of all, because they considered the boxers as fools. Others strove to part the combatants; but their exertions were fruitless, and some of these even received severe blows in the heat of the contest, in return for their humane intentions.

Most of the spectators took an active part in this confusion, and the contest threatened to become general. One beat the other in the face without knowing him, or being able to assign a cause for these acts of violence. Several persons who had hitherto remained quiet, and whose presence had not been noticed, needlessly quitted their station, and mingled in the contest, for no other purpose than to render themselves conspicuous, and seemed to be highly delighted when they saw that they also became objects of laughter.

The two combatants, who had caused these disturbances, at length grew tired of the contest. They parted, and I ventured to ask the conqueror, who had so palpably convinced his antagonist of his superior good taste, what had occasioned their furious combat? I suppose, said I to him, you stood up as a protector of the real welfare of your country, and defended a truth on which depends the happiness of thousands? Surely you must have stood up in defence of the temporal or eternal happiness of your fellow-citizens, as you risked the loss of your fame and honour? "It was something of higher importance," replied he, "I do not care for such trifles. Consider only, dear Sir, consider that madman, that monster, that literary villain, that——" "But tell me in what consists the villany which that monster has committed?" "It is too shocking to be mentioned," replied he; "monstrous beyond belief. Turnus—my hair stands erect when I think of it. Consider only, that hardened villain maintains that Turnus had blue

eyes. I, Sir, who have been a celebrated critic these two hundred years, I have proved to him, by a passage from Virgil, that Turnus had black eyes. He has dared to contradict me, nevertheless, though he was a pupil of mine! Have you ever heard of a similar act of audacity?"

I cannot express how rejoiced I was on hearing this, as I now clearly conceived that the world would not have sustained any material injury though my critical hero should have been defeated, and I was glad to see that two critics of the last two centuries had rendered themselves ridiculous; for, thank heaven! the critics of our time proceed in a manner widely different. They investigate literary truth without the least heat, infatuation, or prejudice. They are modest in the midst of erudite contests; abandoning their assertions, as soon as they are convinced of having been misled by error, and rejoice at being rendered sensible of it. Thus laudable is the conduct of the critics of our enlightened and refined age. In former times they acted upon different principles.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ESSAY ON POLITENESS OF MANNERS.

[*Concluded from Page* 35]

It is a great step towards appearing to advantage in the world to have no gross vices or defects to conceal. Without our perceiving it, the passions leave deep traces behind in the countenance, and what is called a *happy physiognomy*, is nothing but the expression of a tranquil mind, gently agitated by commendable propensities. Accordingly, the same writer who had so acutely observed so many characters, remarks that, "good grace is to the body, what good sense is to the mind*."

It is this good sense that prevents extravagance, thoughtlessness, and inconsistency; that makes each perfect in his part, causes him to note the adaptations of places, persons, and situations, and to mark the different shades of familiarity, consideration, or respect, the gradations of which form that art of living, that knowledge of the world, which we term politeness†.

This refined notion of the decencies of life, animated with the degree of expression suitable to each, constitutes precisely what I call *grace in manners*, which conveys to each individual, and in a pleasing way, the sentiments we entertain for him.

What Rochefoucault calls *gallantry of mind*, which consists in saying flattering things in an agreeable manner, I should term *grace in speech*; the softness of the sentiment ought to be compensated in the expression by something sharp, that may prevent insipidity; for self-love in general resembles Tiberius, of whom Tacitus says, that "he hated liberty, and was not fond of adulation‡."

It is possible to avoid shewing personal interest, but self-love is a shameless creditor, which demands without mercy and without measure.

In the details of life, as in business, a great number of unpleasant circumstances are continually occurring, which are occasioned by nothing but trivial neglects, of which we are not aware. Small fractions omitted in our discounts with the self-love of others, are frequently productive of very great errors in the calculation of our hopes.

We have not satisfied all the claims of the world, though we may have paid our play-debts,

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* La Rochefoucault, Max. 67.

† The Duke d'Epernon, notorious for his pride, which he carried even to madness, was returning one day to Saint Germain in company with Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIII. The King had gone out, and the guard was in front of the palace. On perceiving Monsieur's carriages they ran to arms, and the drums began to beat. "Beat away," cried the Duke d'Epernon, putting his head out of the window, "here I am!" This want of sense was so excessive as to eclipse the impertinence, and the whim afforded a good deal of amusement to Monsieur and the whole court.

‡ This I take to be the meaning of the expression of Horace, *molle atque facetum;* which has been explained in so many different ways by translators, and by which he justly characterizes the peculiar style of Virgil. This, I think, ought to be rendered *delicate and piquant.* It is nothing but grace that combines what touches the heart and pleases the understanding; and in truth Virgil is by way of eminence the poet of the graces; ever tender, ever pure, ever animated; the heart is incessantly affected by the sentiments, the images, nay even by the musical mechanism of his rhyme. The understanding is satisfied by the highly finished execution, and the judgment and the taste alike find only subjects of commendation.

and have given no person any legitimate subject of complaint. The affronts which we cannot pardon, are those which we durst not, nay, which we are unable to express, which, in some measure are not appreciable by words. A multitude of little civilities, anticipations, and attentions, indicative of esteem or of interest, give a grace and a relief to the character; it is that flower of gentility, which is called the air, the tone of good company.

Many people consider politeness as a kind of ostentatious parade, as a luxury in manners, adapted only to a certain fortune and a certain rank: their rudeness they term plainness and ease; they never suspect that agreeableness of forms is one of the most essential elements of a placid and happy life. But does not the true repose and serenity of our days, depend more on a multitude of trivial circumstances of hourly recurrence, than on these important events, with which the path of life is but sparingly bestrewed? The habit of delicate sensations tends to give additional refinement to delicacy; vivacity of imagination and sensibility are improved by it; the aptitude to receive agreeable impressions is increased, and the combination of all these produces the immense interval that separates good company from the unpolished multitude.

Those who are most negligent toward others, are not themselves on that account insensible to any neglect of themselves. Your manners have fixed a standard of reciprocity; this balance, however, is not indifferent to the passions. What acute pain have we often received from things which appeared to be but trifles. The repeated prick of a pin is equivalent to a large wound; and it matters not what it is that disturbs my repose, if I have once lost my tranquillity.

Universal familiarity is in general insulting, and throws a discredit on that of intimacy; on the other hand, universal and excessive reserve, seems a refinement of pride, which gives itself little concern about placing you high or low, provided it keeps you at a distance.

How subtle is the principle of self-love, and how difficult to be managed! It pervades every heart, as the igneous fluid pervades all nature. In society it is a restless and mistrustful passion, which we ought continually to be careful of offending; and in our own bosoms, how much more delicate still is its nature! When pure, it is honour: if it receive the slightest adulteration it is tranformed into vanity and pride. Nevertheless, like electricity, it has its conductors, and there exists an art by which it may be directed and modified.

In the conduct of life, self-love ought to have the bashfulness of a virgin, and the coquetry of a courtezan; but what delicacy and what taste are required to seize the just gradations!

There is an act by which we may procure esteem ourselves at the expence of the vanity of others, and which throws a great charm over the manners; but this is the secret of the most accomplished.

To talk much of others and but little of ourselves, is the amiable artifice of ingenious self-love, which secretly gains the affection of the coldest hearts, which you are sure of pleasing: but vanity discovers no graces; it was not even forgiven in the *vain-glorious* Bishop of Noyon*, though all his pretensions would have been admitted had they any other herald than himself.

Conversation is the field in which taste and the graces are exhibited to the greatest advantage; it has almost generally been relinquished for gaming, a talent too difficult for most people to acquire. It cannot be denied, that courts themselves have lost much of their attraction by the change. Anne, of Austria, was the last Queen of France who had parties for the purpose of conversation. Conversation is become an obsolete art, the secret of which is lost like that of painting on glass; there, prevailed all the varied tones of wit, the lively, the ingenious, the *piquant*, the natural; there pressed by necessity, or animated by circumstances, the imagination created exquisite turns, expressions fraught with genius, which the French academy frequently adopted; the use of them was admitted among the laws of the language; and the quality of a man of fashion, which was then almost synonimous with that of a man of taste, gave some a seat among the chiefs of literature.

At that time, when conversation constituted the amusement of the most delicate persons, no coxcombs destitute of ideas fatigued with their insipidity; no sarcastic genius stung those who were present, or calumniated the absent; wit was keen without being malicious, and grazed without wounding; the faculty of listening was left

* Such was the epithet given to that prelate, who, in other respects was a sensible man, and who founded a prize for poetry at the French academy. A very entertaining collection might be made of all the sallies that escaped him, and which are preserved by tradition in society. A single one will be sufficient in this place. As he acted consistently with his character even at the point of death, the priest who was with him, remonstrated, and assured him that he endangered his eternal salvation; he replied, "O never mind that, father; depend upon it God will look twice before he dooms a Clermont Tonnerre to perdition."

to those who had not the ability to produce. Nor is this a quality that ought to be despised; it is more rare than is imagined. The silly witticisms of buffoons, afforded amusement only in anti-chambers.

Every thing that had the appearance of discussion was avoided; there was then no obstinacy in dispute, no vehemence in the tone, no passion in the interest. Nothing was calculated to excite languor; the conversation proceeded lightly along, strewing brilliant traits and expressions, like flowers and rich spangles; it was Camilla skimming the surface of the cornfields without bending the ears.

There is a certain elegant manner of taking one's place in the world, without exciting either aversion or dislike, and as it were by a tacit consent of the self-love of all. It is a rare and difficult talent accompanied with something noble and pleasing, and is to be found, as if implanted by the hand of nature in the courtier and man of fashion

The subtleties of declamation cannot be appreciated even by the most musical ear; they cannot be noted down; the greatest beauties of gesticulation arise in the actor from the impression of the moment, and have no written signs to fix their value. A comprehensive glance, which enables the warrior to combine circumstances and regulates his conduct, is itself the sudden illumination of genius. Thus it is with all the arts, and especially with the art of life. Rules can give only general results; it is delicacy of judgment and of taste that suddenly make a happy application of them; and readiness to seize and to execute, is the fruit of habit and practice.

This it is that produces so great a superiority in the manners of the courtier, even with fewer personal advantages. The ever varying scenes, the multiplicity of circumstances in which they are engaged, either as actors or witnesses, soon give them great experience. Arbiters of elegance, like Petronius, they feel keenly and judge shrewdly; the sense of propriety never leaves them even in the most difficult situations; a mistake would cost them too dear; they decide with promptitude* and certainty, like a skilful player, who has calculated all the chances.

Such is the use of taste and grace applied to manners.

From the preceding observations it would appear, that the highest degree of mental cultivation is necessary for the acquisition of this difficult art, and yet nothing is less essential; it consists entirely in tradition and practice. If, nevertheless, a multitude of observations and keenness of remark, be the object what it may, constitute precisely what is termed intelligence, it cannot be denied that this quality is peculiarly attached to a knowledge of the world independent of all instruction and culture. The ignorance of the commander De Jars and of Marshal d'Hocquincourt, had something extremely interesting and amiable*, and Matha cuts an excellent figure beside the Chevalier de Grammont†.

The cultivation of the mind and acquired knowledge afforded, however, great advantages, even for society, in consequence of the multitude of agreeable things which the imagination and the memory present to the judgment; and if the first class is equally capable of producing amiable men, it cannot be denied that to the second alone belong those who may be called great men. Of this the Duke of Orleans, the great Condé, and Prince Eugène, are demonstrations.

This leads us to other reflections: we must now erect the light-house upon the rock.

Reason, talents, and virtue are valuable possessions, which ensure the felicity of man in every stage of fortune, but they must be kept concealed from the eyes of the world, which are dazzled by their lustre. All our actions should receive an impulse from them; but as in the scenery of the stage, the machines should remain hidden from the eye of the spectator. It tends also to the perfection of these figures, it

* The most remarkable trait of this extraordinary promptitude of judgement is to be found in the life of Cardinal Richelieu. Louis XIII. hated him, entrusted his authority to him, as it were by force, and thought to recover it by affronting him. One evening the King had just broken up the council, the Cardinal was speaking to some one at the door of the chamber, without being aware of the movement behind him. The doors suddenly opened; this circumstance roused the Cardinal, who was accordingly about to hasten to his proper place. The King being quite close to him, pushed him by the shoulder, and said in a peevish tone: "Go on, Sir, go on; every body knows that you are master here." To obey or disobey appeared equally impossible; but the Cardinal did not long hesitate. "I will go on, Sire," said he, in a submissive tone, "since your Majesty commands me, but it shall be like the meanest of your servants." At the same moment he snatched a flamboeau from one of the pages, and proceeded a few steps before the King, whom his ingenuity and presence of mind restored to good humour.

* See the conversation of the Marshal d'Hocquincourt with father Canaye, in the works of Saint Evremond.

† Memoirs of the Chevalier Grammont.

the painter is an anatomist; but when he is satisfied with the correctness of the attitudes, and the expression of the head, he hastens to cover the rigid dryness of the outline with the softness of the flesh, the freshness of colouring, and the elegance of drapery; he exhibits to the eye nothing but sentiment, soul and life.

Reason alone has something cold and formal, which is repugnant even to taste, and insupportable to frivolity; how many graces it requires to render it tolerable!

We are fond of talking of virtue, but we never wish to meet with her except in affairs of business; her presence disturbs, her look intimidates; a vigilant conscience foresees her judgments and anticipates censure by hatred. To no purpose is she covered with the veil of modesty; it is but too transparent; like Homer's gods, virtue ought not to mingle among men unless concealed under a human form, nor should she be discovered but by her miracles.

The human mind is so constituted, that though the perfection of each action individually delights, charms, and extorts applause, yet a continued series of perfection fatigues and oppresses; it shocks the self-love of all. How small is the number of those pure and tender hearts in whom the love of the fair, the good, the true, burns like the sacred fire, and which cling with enthusiastic attachment to the models which are set before them! Most people are willing to bestow their admiration to-day, if they may reserve their censures for to-morrow; but to be always obliged to applaud would be a cruel punishment for public malignity. The world is a suspicious tyrant; it hates whatever exceeds the ordinary standard, and the sage will continually inculcate the lesson given by Parmenio to Philotas: "My son, make thyself little!"

Has not Richardson been reproached on account of the uniformly perfect character of his Grandison? And yet he is but the hero of a novel; the public has in this judgment accused itself.

The Duke de Montausier would not have been a favourite at any court*; it required the great soul of Louis XIV to cherish so near him a man almost as great as himself.

Rivals are not the only objects of which talents have occasion to be apprehensive. "I am tired of hearing him called the Just," said the Athenian peasant, when he signed the proscription of Aristides; he has revealed to us the secret of human nature. Envy, like the royal tyger, attacks merely for the pleasure it takes in destruction.

The greatest strength of mind consists in checking your flight, and appearing to men only at that degree of elevation which you know to be either useful or agreeable to them. When you are willing to be second to every one, you may rest assured that you will be the first in the opinion of all. Reputation is obtained like the prize of valour among the Athenians, which was decreed to him whom every one thought the most worthy after himself

Ye men of ardent genius and exalted virtue, enjoy in secret your sentiments and your intelligence; truth and virtue are beauties for contemplation. In the society of nature alone, seize in mysterious obscurity the boon she offers; her enjoyments, like those of love, cannot be communicated; those who taste, are alone capable of appreciating them. Keep yourselves down to the ordinary standard; exhibit only the amiable man, and reserve the great man for peculiar occasions; you have sufficient reason to exult, but do not give the world notice to hate you. Of what use is vain applause? All that passes out of your heart is but empty sound; it is what is within that constitutes felicity. Leave the popular favour and the reputation of a day for the buffoons of fortune; the homage of ages belongs to genius and virtue. Wait till the setting of the sun, your shadow will then lengthen behind you, your name will be sacred, when it shall be no more than a sound. Such is the greatness, such the glory of man; but to think, to feel, and to please, to be amiable and to be loved,—this it is that constitutes true felicity.

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* The Duke de Montausier has come the nearest of any modern character to Cato of Utaca, of whom Velleius Paterculus says, that he always did what was right, not because he intended to act more virtuously than others, but because he was unable to act otherwise. Some one representing to him that he educated the heir to the throne with too great severity, and that he would repent it when the Prince became King, he replied: "If Monseigneur is an honest man, he will thank me for my severity, and if he is not, I should be ashamed of his favour."

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF VIENNA, AND THE MANNERS OF ITS INHABITANTS.

[*Concluded from Page* 93.]

Few journals are read, doubtless because they are very common in public places. The best literary and political gazettes are generally the least in vogue. In a word, it is painful to observe, that the best works cannot be procured without great difficulty.

In a system of things like the present very little may be expected from literature and the arts. Every spark of genius is stifled in its birth, unless some child of the muses, impelled by an extraordinary ardour, should break the fetters that bind him, and at the risk of happiness soar above every obstacle which lies in his way.

It is worthy of notice, that the literature of the modern Greeks lays its foundation in this city. It employs at this time three presses. Some of the Greeks translate many German, French, and Italian works into their own language. They compose likewise calendars, gazettes, &c. in Greek.

It is not certain whether from a taste for the English or a disgust to the French, that now more than ever the nobles, and those who copy after them, have their children taught the former language. Nor is it uncommon to observe a young lady going to mass with a prayer-book resembling those in use among the English Catholics.

The English in this city, let their condition be what it may, enjoy at present the privilege of being presented at court by their minister, and consequently of having an introduction to the first circles which has given rise to so many singular adventures.

Besides the universities, there are different large schools, in which a great number of scholars are taught (at a moderate price) whatever relates to commerce; such as *l' erste normale*, which has one professor employed in giving lectures on the physical education of children, and likewise gymnasia, or colleges, where the methods of teaching are by no means consistent with the improvements of the age.

The university has, among other professors, two for the Latin, one for the French language and literature, and another for the Italian. It has others for history and chemistry, as far as it relates to the science of agriculture; but no one is appointed to give lectures on the management and preservation of forests. The philosophy of Kant is no longer held in any estimation in this city.

In 1796 the list of promotions for the university contained thirty-two doctors in physic, six in law, and five in divinity. In 1797 there were not less than one hundred and four doctors in physic, twenty-one surgeons, and ninety-two persons appointed as ordinary surgeons, who enjoyed the liberty of following their professions.

The military medico-chirurgical institution, the object of which is to form surgeons for the army, known by the name of the academy of *Joseph*, deserves to be mentioned here. It has six professors, and from five to six hundred students.

The inhabitants are generally kind and simple in their manners. Sometimes we may observe a rather studied politeness, and an affectation in lavishing titles and attentions, which forms a contrast with their homely appearance and unpolished manners; all this may be attributed to the influence of the court and the ministers of the petty German Princes who reside in Vienna as agents for their respective employers. Their manners and language have been studiously copied by the people in general.

The strongest propensity of the inhabitants is for good living; and if it cannot be said that they always indulge themselves in delicacies, yet it must be confessed that they eat much and drink in proportion.

The traveller from Venice and Milan would here find some mixture of the Italian manners and customs.

Chocolate is here as in Italy much used, though but little esteemed in the North. It is the same with certain vegetables, such as broccoli, apples of paradise, &c. The daily parade of the *Prater* may, in some measure, resemble the Italian parades. If gallantry in the higher ranks is not so general as in the latter country, it is not attended here with any stigma. The Italian language is likewise much spoken. In consequence of the many censures which the corrupt language of the natives has incurred, its diction is become more pure than that of most other Germans. But their pronunciation is still defective.

The women are lovely, and preserve their charms to an advanced age. They are fond of

dress and pleasure, their minds are not without culture, but they are very much confined in the choice of their books. They cultivate music in preference to every other study or amusement.

No people enjoy so many pleasures as the inhabitants of this place. In addition to numerous public houses where there is eating and drinking and dancing,* it is likewise customary for the people in general to share in the diversions which seem reserved for persons of rank only. The picture of enjoyment which is always accompanied by that of misery, stands here alone—Upon our arrival at Vienna two classes only present themselves to our view, the nobility and citizens. The lower class is not visible; luxury has confounded it with the second, and even with the first sometimes. But in order to complete the representation which has been made of the inhabitants, it may not be improper to borrow the sentiments of an eminent writer on that subject.

"At all times the greatest happiness of a native of Vienna has been a good table, and with that—which is no more—a couple of good friends. He now becomes less communicative. His reserve borders on mistrust. He continues to be fond of public places. He looks and listens with an interest but not with a desire to be noticed. Formerly he was pleased with hearing the news from foreigners; now he contents himself with reading it as he can. Formerly he adopted the opinions of foreigners, and even perfect strangers, now he forms a system for himself, to which he obstinately adheres; he knows more than others; he learns the spirit of the age in the Gazette of Vienna, the course of political events in the Wienerbo, one of the worst papers that exists;" but his favourite writer, who has all his confidence, is the famous Gazetteer of Neuwied (it is easy to judge whether this gazette is partial). This change in the exterior conduct of the natives, this sterility of ideas, has arisen from the melancholy events which have taken place in a great nation, and attracted the inhabitants of Vienna more to the enjoyment of their own exclusive happiness. It originates likewise in the measures of government, who perpetually keep a watchful eye over the actions and discourses of the public, and consequently render them timid and embarrassed. So that whatever wears the resemblance of a political society is cautiously avoided. This air of *sang froid* which the natives put on, in opposition to the inhabitants of other German provinces, is at the same time the effect of the policy and rivalry of the different courts. A citizen of Vienna, who used to converse with every German as a friend and countryman, without regard to the situation north or south, now assumes another tone; he retires within himself, and must be twice addressed before he deigns an answer. Formerly whatever descended the Danube was dear to him; now he examines before he makes his choice, and consults his judgment before he yields to the impulse of his heart.

Mistrust of foreigners is moreover increased by the marked ingratitude with which their services have been too often rewarded. To these causes are united the events in France and the rigorous vigilance of the police, which these events rendered necessary, and which have effaced one of the most striking traits in the character of the natives, namely, their attachment to association, and effectually concurred to suppress the gaiety natural to small private circles, and to stifle every happy sentiment of humanity.

Among the common crimes of Vienna, robbery must be considered the principal. The author who has furnished us with the little extract which we have transcribed upon their character, and who is in general sufficiently prepossessed in favour of his country, forms a frightful picture of the robberies committed in this city.

"Every gold and silver-smith is in danger of his property. We have now, in 1797, three robberies a day perpetual. There are pickpockets, housebreakers, and robbers who enter by the roofs, and take away the linen which is placed for drying in the garrets; others strip the beds of the feathers, and the coach-boxes of their leather; others mount horses and take away chaises, chariots, and other valuable articles."

The lower order of citizens and servants have preserved the use of bonnets or leather caps, richly embroidered; these ornaments of luxury often serve as objects of temptation to the robber. The editor himself was about eight years ago witness to a daring attack made upon a woman in the middle of the street, upon the approach of evening. The man succeeded in tearing off her bonnet, and afterwards in escaping through the multitude that was quickly collected.

At the same time a man was killed by a stiletto in the open street, and at no unseasonable hour, without any discovery being made of the murderer; but crimes of this magnitude are very rare. The natives, although fashioned in many respects after the Italians, are, however, far from presenting in their character the glaring defects which are laid to the charge of the former.

Upon going out of the city we are struck with the beauty and magnificence of the numerous chateaux, parks, and gardens, observable in the

* For servants even learn to dance.

environs, besides the imperial residences of Luxemburg and Schönbrunnen, Belvider, celebrated for its superb collection of pictures, and singularly embellished from the spoils of the churches of Brabant under the reign of Joseph. Here likewise may be seen the majestic Gallizinberg, the splendid Dornback, the vast and delightful residence of the Mareschal de Lasy, and last of all the Augarten and Prater.

The Augerten, which was opened to the people by Joseph, at first presents a magnificent garden, which is more embellished by art than nature. It has many delightful walks impervious to the rays of the sun, which the nightingales conspire with all the other charms of nature to render truly enchanting.

At the principal entrance is a vast edifice, where every thing is consecrated to extravagant festivity. It is composed of galleries beautifully decorated, where provisions are perpetually preparing from morning to night. Numerous companies frequent this place. Before the edifice is a circular spot surrounded by large chesnut trees, under which tables are placed for repasts, and for taking tea, coffee, ices, &c. In passing through a beautiful walk we come to a ride planted with trees, which is bounded by delightful fields. A lofty terrace encompasses this part of the garden below, where the waters of the Danube gently flow. The eye extends to a distant chain of picturesque mountains; glides over the woods and rural habitations; over hamlets and villages which cover the plains below, and then descends into the smiling vallies; it afterwards remounts a group of little hills crowned with groves; and at last gently reposes on the green meadows, where numerous flocks and herds are perpetually feeding; from thence it commands one extensive view of the city. Before and under your eyes is the forest of Briget, which is the wild part of the garden, and serves as a shade to the picture.

This forest, which extends a league, is divided by the Danube, whose banks afford a charming walk, and its tranquil stream heightens the gaiety and cheerfulness which pervade every object; it is not only an agreeable river, but is likewise a place of resort for every species of pleasure. Many small houses have been erected for the purpose of preparing food and delicacies. On feast days in particular, this wood presents a spectacle of sensual enjoyments worthy the painter and philosopher. Not of the cynic philosopher, who, with a mixture of scorn and pity, weeps over the follies and the pleasures of mankind, but of the more judicious philosopher, who laughs at their follies while he smiles at their enjoyments. The philanthropist will feel his bosom glow with delight to observe a forest transformed into an animated city. The image of happiness will speak to his heart; he will view with complacency the amiable weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, and perhaps conclude with sharing them.

In all the cottages there are many repasts; some are prepared under the trees, others in the meadows and on the banks of the river. During these repasts, musical instruments are continually playing, which give a zest to the pleasures of the palate.

The elegant costume of the people would likewise present an image of general prosperity, if their excessive luxury did not incline us to doubt it.

No one is permitted to be alone in this place. But if he crosses the river and retires into the opposite forest, he may there enjoy the charms of solitude with nature only for his companion. It is not easy to form an idea of the beauty and sublimity of this spot. The Danube, which separates this part of the forest, becomes a sea, which expands itself majestically, and branches forth into divisions, which form several islands. Here the imagination may rove with delightful contemplation over the extensive scene presented to its view.

Some of these islands are covered with thick forests, others with enchanting groves; and others with meadows where the flowers and birds form an agreeable mixture of colours. The beauties of nature seem here to humanize the most savage animals. The stag sports and bounds; the nightingale sings her cheerful song; and the feathered tribe pursue their various propensities without molestation or constraint. At the termination of this forest the Danube is lost to our view, and a hamlet rises up on a sudden to attract our notice.

This hamlet, which may be the commencement of a town, is composed of small houses with one story only, well built, painted without, and commodious within. The inhabitants exhibit a group of happy faces, in which health, contentment, and chearfulness are strikingly depictured. This is the Augarten, which is not (incredible as it may appear) many steps from the city; and what is more astonishing is, that it is not greatly frequented. The preference is given to the Prater, doubtless on account of the carriages and equipages which are there assembled. The Augarten is not brilliant but on particular occasions, when parties of pleasure are formed during the summer season. In the freshness of the morning likewise, subscription concerts are given by people of fashion, which are particularly agreeable to early risers.

Upon leaving Vienna we reach the Prater, by a beautiful walk, a league in extent, which di-

vides the forest. This forest presents on one side the prospect of a village. The small houses which compose this village are scattered in the wood, where Turkish, Chinese, Italian, and English coffee-rooms, ball-rooms, and billiard-tables, are erected. The inhabitants of this spot are not shepherds, but principally cooks, confectioners, musicians, dancers, and the like.

In a particular part of this wood, which has the privilege of a fresh and agreeable shade, with many green turfs, it is usual for persons of every description and rank in society to be continually walking. Here princes, citizens, servants, monks, and soldiers, are all blended without distinction.

The cottages are so many temples dedicated to sensual delight, where continual victims are offered at the shrine of intemperance. The woods and meadows are filled with the same preparations. Tables are spread in all parts, and waiters continually passing and repassing. The company take ices and creamed coffee, besides the repast which they make before and after the promenade. The echoes perpetually repeat around the groves the sound of the horns, flutes, and other instruments, which charm the ear and give an edge to the appetite. In a word, this wood seems to concentrate all the magic powers of pleasure within itself.

During the conviviality of eating, drinking, walking, and playing, crowds of carriages (for they are numerous at Vienna) are continually entering this scene of mirth and festivity. All these carriages cross the forest, which extends to the pavillion called the Lusthaus, and is the end of the ride. At the Prater superb fire-works are exhibited, exercises are made, and every species of public performance is displayed, which the ingenuity of individuals has invented. But nothing exceeds the pleasure of dining on a clear day under a tree, and listening to the enchanting music on one side, whilst from another quarter a number of tame stags and fallow deer, enticed by the appearance of food, approach us, and eat bread from our hands. A luxury of enjoyment which few can experience elsewhere.

SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR,

AN ENGLISH TALE.

The English are a wise and respectable nation. The immense weight which they have always held in the scale of Europe, their skill in politics, in war, and their sublime discoveries in the sciences, would be sufficient to insure them the most exalted praise, even, if added to this, they did not possess the merit of having been the first modern nation endowed with the two most necessary requisites of man, wisdom and good laws. The English have not taken an unfair advantage of their superiority, which they might have done with great ease; but their good sense taught them not to wish to arrive immediately at that perfection which can only be the fruit of long tried experience. It was their opinion that reason, virtue, and particularly happiness, were only to be acquired by a just medium; and to preserve this liberty, the first gift which man can enjoy, they have confounded this exalted word, and mixed with it the sublime ideas of obedience to the law, respect for the authorities established by the law, and a sacred awe of transgressing against it. On this foundation was quickly erected the unshaken support of liberty, that creative principle of happiness, public spirit.—It is by this alone that the inhabitants of two small islands have often seen themselves the umpires, or the terror of sovereigns, the mediators of Europe; that their fleet, the unrivalled mistress of the ocean, has sailed, and borne terror to the two Indias and sought their treasures; and that their own happy country, safe from the invasion of strangers, and internal divisions, enjoys the blessings of peace, cultivates the fine arts, possesses riches gathered in every quarter of the globe, and witness the arrival in her harbours of the productions of the whole universe.

It is undoubtedly upon this that they rest the good opinion they entertain of themselves, that estimation in which they hold their own nation as superior to all others. They are conscious of their own value, and boldly proclaim it. They disdain to acknowledge the merit and qualities which grow in every land; this gives their very virtues an appearance of pride which diminishes their lustre without taking aught from their real worth. In a word, they care but little for the approbation of others, and the only means of pleasing them is to praise their wisdom.

I have, however, known an Englishman who, in order to avoid these defects, if they may be so termed, fell into the opposite error; he not only laid a great stress upon the opinions of mankind in general, but the wish of pleasing proved the ruling passion of his soul. He was not satisfied with acting right, but wanted to meet with

your lover, to owe all his happiness to you alone!

Filled with the most pleasing ideas our hero arrived at the Priory. It appeared to be a very ancient building, and much out of repair. On entering the court-yard, a servant of rather a shaby appearance, asked him what he wanted. Sir Edward told him he wished to see Mrs Jones, and if she was at home, to tell her that the cousin of Mr. Clements, whose death she had, he supposed, been made acquainted with, requested to see her. The man said his mistress had heard of Mr. Clements' death, and immediately showed him into a parlour, where a very handsome young woman was reading with great attention a letter, which, on Sir Edward's entrance, she hastily hid in her bosom. Our hero bowed, and the young woman arose with some confusion, but gracefully returning his salute, and begging him to be seated, left the room on the pretence of informing her aunt. Sir Edward on hearing this appellation, no longer doubted that this was Frances; he however dared not recall her, and Mrs. Jones, in a few minutes, made her appearance unaccompanied by her niece.

[*To be concluded in our next*]

ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

LIONS.

Citizen Felix, in 1797, brought a lion and a lioness to the national Menagerie in Paris. About two years after, Felix fell ill, and could no longer attend the lions, so that another person was obliged to do the duty for him. The lion, sad and solitary, remained from that moment constantly seated at the end of his cage, and refused to receive any thing from the stranger; his presence was even hateful to him; and he menaced him by roaring. The company of the female also seemed to displease him, he paid no attention to her. The uneasiness of the animal made him be thought really ill, but no person dared to approach him. At length Felix got well, and meaning to surprise the lion, he crept softly to the cage and showed only his face against the bars; the lion directly made a bound against the bars, patted him with his paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleasure. The female ran to him also, but the lion drove her back, seemed angry, and unwilling she should snatch any favours from Felix; a quarrel seemed about to take place between them, but Felix entered into the cage to pacify them; he caressed them by turns. Felix is now frequently seen between this formidable couple, whose power he has fettered, holding a kind of conversation with them. If he wishes them to separate and retire to their cage, they obey his commands, and at the least sign from him, lie down on their backs to shew strangers their paws armed with terrible claws, and open their mouths full of tremendous teeth; and are rewarded by being permitted to lick his hands. These two animals, of a strong breed, are five years and a half old (1799); they were both of the same mother, and have always lived together.

WOLVES.

In 1799 one of the wolves which was kept in the national Menagerie, in Paris, brought forth several young ones, of which three were left her to bring up; one of these little ones sometimes got through the bars of the cage in which they were kept, in order to play with the dogs in the yard, and afterwards returned into the cage. The keeper said that the father and dam of the young wolves were displeased at this frequentation; be this as it may, one morning they fell on the three young ones and devoured them; nothing was left but pieces of the skin and a few bones.

It may not be thought incurious to insert a few particulars about the number of wolves in France, extracted from two French publications on the subject. M. de la Bergerie, in his "Researches into the principal impediments to the progress of Agriculture," says,—"If the state were to pay a million of livres for the head of the last wolf in France, it would in the same year gain above twenty millions: on my own lands between the months of March and October, which time does not include the season when wolves commit the greatest ravages, they destroyed a bull, a cow, a mare, and a foal." M. de Moncel says,—"In my parish, in six weeks time of the winter 1797, the wolves destroyed twenty three horses, and in a neighbouring parish fifty-three head of cattle in the same year."

This book contains a register, in near 400 pages, of the havoc made by wolves, and mentions that twenty three persons were devoured by them in the environs of Sens. From the emigration of rich and idle people, from the general disarming, and from the ordinary consequences of war, wolves have multiplied terribly in France; in 1796 the government proclaimed rewards to

whoever killed a wolf big with young, of fifty livres, twenty livres for every young wolf, and a hundred and fifty livres for any wolf who was known to have destroyed any man, woman, or child. The result of this proclamation was published in the "Annals of Agriculture," the following year; by which it appears, that notwithstanding eleven departments had not yet sent in their statement, there were killed in one year in France,

Mad wolves, or which had attacked men	22
Male wolves, not mad	1034
Wolves big with young	114
She wolves not with young	702
Young wolves, the size of foxes	3479
Total	5351

In this list is not reckoned such as were killed by persons who did not claim any reward.

These six thousand wolves would probably have produced in two years at least twelve thousand more, which, at only ten sheep each, would have devoured 120,000 sheep, not to mention horses and cattle. If the value of these animals be calculated it will be found to amount to an enormous sum, both on account of the preservation and the reproduction.

Wolves infested Ireland many centuries after their extirpation in England; the last presentment for killing wolves being made in the county of Cork about the year 1710.

The breed of these animals can hardly ever become extinct in France, because they abound in the immense forests of Germany which confine on the north-east borders of France, into which empire thousands are continually making inroads.

M. de Moncel, among other enemies to agriculture, enumerates sparrows, which occasion infinite damage. Their number is calculated to be half that of the population of France, and that each sparrow eats annually a measure of corn weighing twenty pounds. These birds are equally noxious in other countries.

(To be continued.)

SELECT ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS

OF THE LATE M. DE CHAMFORT, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, OF MADAME NECKER, AND OTHERS.

A KING of Sardinia was once told that the nobility of Savoy were very poor. At a certain time several noblemen, knowing that the king was to pass through Chambery, came to pay their homage in magnificent dresses. The king gave them to understand that he did not think them so poor as had been represented. "Sire," answered they, "we were informed of your majesty's arrival; we have done what we ought, but we owe what we have done." *Nous avons fait tout ce que nous devions, mais nous devons tout ce que nous avons fait.*"

The book of Helvetius, *De l'Esprit*, and Voltaire's poem of *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, were prohibited in Switzerland at the same time. A magistrate of Berne, after a strict search for those two works, wrote to the senate:—"We have not found in the whole province either wit or maid."

Gabrielli, the celebrated singer, having demanded five thousand ducats of the Empress of Russia, for singing two months at Petersburgh, the Empress answered,—"I do not pay any of my Field-marshals at that rate." "If that be the case," replied Gabrielli, "your Majesty has only to make your Field-marshals sing." The Empress paid the five thousand ducats.

Some of the counsellors at the bar talking loudly during a trial, M. de Harley, the president, said,—"If those gentlemen who converse together made no more noise than those gentlemen who are asleep, it would be more agreeable to those gentlemen who listen."

Mademoiselle du Thé having lost one of her lovers, and this event having become public, a gentleman who paid her a visit, found her playing on the harp; and quite surprised, said to her, "I thought to have found you in a state of desolation!" "Ah!" said she, in a pathetic tone, "you should have seen me yesterday!"

A lady conversing with a gentleman, said, "Get you gone, you always talk nonsense."—"Madam," replied he, "I hear it sometimes, and you catch me in the fact."

A lady who was piqued with the manner in which a gentleman refused to marry her, said to him, "You are the silliest man about the court." "You certainly see the contrary," replied he.

The manager of a theatre begging the Duke de Villars to forbid the free admission of the court Pages to the playhouse, said, "My lord, you will please to observe that many pages make a volume."

A preacher said, "When Father Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, he caused much disorder, tradespeople left their shops, physicians their patients, &c. I preached there the following year," added he, "and restored every thing to order."

A person said to Rousseau, who had won several games at chess of the Prince of Conti, "You have not made your court to the Prince, you should have let him win a few games." "How!" replied he, "do not I give him a Rook?"

A witty lady, not handsome, finding Marshal Richelieu took no notice of her at court, but was engaged in conversation with a lady who was very beautiful, but was accounted rather stupid, went up to him and said,—"Marshal, you are not blind, but I believe you are a little deaf."

In an Italian farce, Harlequin reflecting on the various defects of each sex, says,—"How perfect should we all be if we were neither men nor women!"

"You are always yawning," said a woman to her husband. "My dear friend," replied he, "the husband and wife are one, and when I am alone I grow weary."

A person said to a physician, "Well, Doctor, Mr B is dead notwithstanding you promised to cure him." The Doctor replied, "You were absent, Sir, you did not follow the progress of the cure—he died cured."

An Abbé, member of the French academy, a great purist, was working at a grammar. One day the company he happened to be in was lamenting the miseries of the wars—"All this matters not," said he, "it does not hinder me from having inserted in my grammar two thousand French verbs completely conjugated."

Time is like space, it is only measured by the objects which fill it.

An old gentleman had made a settlement of fifty pounds a year on a young girl, to be paid as long as she loved him. She inconsiderately left him, and attached herself to a young man, who, having examined that contract, thought he could revive it. In consequence, she claimed the quarters which were due since the last payment, informing him upon stamped paper that she still continued to love him.

A foolish fellow said in a company, "An idea strikes me."—A wag retorted, "I am surprised at it!"

A gazetteer inserted in his paper,—"Some say Cardinal Mazarin is dead, others that he is still living; as to me, I believe neither the one nor the other."

A printseller wanted to sell at an exorbitant price the portrait of Madame la Motte (of necklace memory), who had been whipt and branded on the scaffold four days before, and gave for reason that the print was taken before the letter-press.

Viscount S. once met M. de V. and said to him, "Is it true, Sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty, you said I had no wit at all?" M. de V. answered, "My lord, there is not a word of truth in the matter, I never was in any house where you were thought to be witty, and I never had occasion to tell any body you had no wit at all."

Those persons who enter into long printed justifications before the public, appear to me like dogs which run yelping after a post-chaise.

"From whence the phrase—*learn to die?*" said a young lady, "I perceive that people succeed very well the first time."

A man of moderate fortune undertook to assist an unfortunate gentleman who was left in want by two rich noblemen who had formerly been his intimate friends; the particulars of the affair were told him, with its aggravating circumstances relative to the two noblemen. He answered quietly:—"How do you think the world could subsist if poor people were not continually employed in doing the good which the rich neglect, and in mending the evil which they commit?"

A French nobleman had been in love with a lady of high rank who treated him with contempt. He became prime minister; she stood in need of him, and he reminded her of her rigour. "Ah! my lord," said she ingenuously, "who could have foreseen this!"

A country Doctor going on foot to visit a patient in a neighbouring village, took a gun to amuse himself on the road. A peasant met him, and asked him whither he was going? "To see a patient." "Are you afraid of missing him?"

A perfumer would emulate the greatest poets, and strike our imagination more forcibly if he could, for example, imitate the scent of the earth after a shower of rain in the spring, or after a summer heat; so great is the power of reminiscence and the connexion of ideas.

A girl at confession said,—"I accuse myself of having esteemed a young man." "Esteemed! how many times?" asked the Father.

A French actress recited imprecatory verses with terrible gestures, but as soon as she had done, her face remained quite composed and without dumb play. Mr. Garrick said of her, "She is a good girl, she puts herself into a furious passion, but she bears not the least shadow of malice."

By writing upon all the events of our lives, on all the thoughts worth attention which successively occupy us, on the influence of things relatively to our character and temper, and by often reading what we may have written at different times, we multiply and prolong the advantages of experience.

M. Orri, Comptroller-General of finances, a blunt, worthy man, said to a lady whom Louis XV. had just taken into favour (afterwards Marquise de Pompadour), who requested a place for one of her friends,—"If you are what people say, you do not want my interest; if you are not, I will bestow this place according to merit."—Madame turned her back on him, and the King afterwards received him coolly.

On observing the miserable shifts which many persons are reduced to in order to kill time, I open a book, and say to myself, as the cat did to the fox, I have but one trick, but it never fails me in time of need.

Those persons who are solely addicted to self-love, continually persuade themselves that others are either admiring or envying them; they are like thieves who perpetually believe they are pointed at.

We should endeavour to guard ourselves against being plagued about trifles. This is the malady of happy persons, it pursues them like those ephemeron insects which will not let us enjoy a fine day.

In a dispute on the prejudices which render the family of a criminal infamous, N——, said, "It is quite enough to see honours and rewards bestowed where there is no virtue, without inflicting a punishment where there is no crime.

The singers belonging to the chapel of a poor [illegible] solicited to be paid their salary; they received for answer,—"We do not pay those [illegible] for their money, how would you have [illegible] those who sing for it?"

[illegible]ards the end of life we are ourselves; we [illegible] longer seek to please, and we lose the desire [illegible] leasing together with the right.

D'Alembert was of opinion, that for the public assembled a particular kind of eloquence is requisite; that it is essential to speak in short sentences, and never to exhibit any thing to notice which is difficult to be understood. As soon as the attention of a numerous assembly is distracted for a moment it cannot be fixed anew.

The following epitaph was made on the mother of the Duke d'Orleans, regent:—"Here lies Idleness." The proverb says,—"Idleness is the mother of all vices."

"I do not like those impeccable women," said T——, "who are above all weakness. I fancy I read on their door the line of Dante on the gate of hell.—*Voi che intrate, lasciate ogni speranza.*"

An idea which appears twice in one work, especially if at a short distance, affects me in the manner those people do who, after having taken leave, return to fetch their cane or sword.

"I am playing at chess for a shilling in a saloon where the dice are rattling for a hundred guineas," said a General who was employed in a difficult and unprofitable service, whilst other Generals were making easy, brilliant, and lucrative campaigns.

The Duke de Lauraguais carried off an actress; the Duchess was generally esteemed, and the public was exasperated at her husband for this action. He attempted to justify himself to the Abbe d'Arnaud, with the eulogy of his mistress. "Have you done?" answered the Abbé, "put into the other scale the contempt of the public." The Duke embraced him fervently; "my dear Abbé, I am the happiest of men, I possess at one time a virtuous wife, a charming mistress, and a sincere friend."

Marmontel said that the difference between the tragedies of the ancients and those of the moderns was like that between a spit-jack and a watch; as to the jack, the weight which moves the machine is on the outside; this is fatality, &c: in the watch, as in modern tragedy, the springs are in the inside; these are love, ambition, &c.

A man being at his last gasp, his confessor attended him, and said,—"I am come to exhort you to die." "And I," replied the other, "exhort you to let me die."

A STATISTICAL SURVEY OF PRUSSIA IN SEPTEMBER, 1806.

FROM THE LATEST AND BEST AUTHORITIES.

Grand Divisions.	*Areas in German Square Miles. (15 to a degree.)*	*Population.*	*Number of Inhabitants on each German square mile.*
MONARCHY OF PRUSSIA ...	5,647	9,851,000	1,744
I. KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA	3,153	4,104,000	1,301
a. Old East Prussia	704	990,000	1,406
b. New East Prussia	915	877,000	958
c. West Prussia	576	817,000	1,418
d. South Prussia	958	1,420,000	1,483
B. DUCHY OF SILESIA	730	2,047,000	2,803
a. Lower Silesia	411	1,202,061	2,924
b. Upper Silesia	249	601,128	2,414
c. Glatz	29	101,919	3,514
d. New Silesia	41	71,826	1,751
C. PROVINCES IN GERMANY	1,751	3,653,000	2,085
a. In Upper Saxony	1,167	1,853,000	1,587
1. The Electoral March	452	8,530,000	1,974
2. The New March	206⅛	324,000	1,572
3. Pomerania	442⅛	518,000	1,180
4. Erfurt, Eilhsfeld, Muhlhausen and Nordhausen	48½	159,000	3,260
b. IN LOWER SAXONY	187	581,000	3,106
1. Magdeburg and Mansfeld ..	108	320,000	2,941
2. Halberstadt	26⅞	101,000	3,708
3. Hohenstein	8½	26,000	3,058
4. Quedlinburg	1⅞	14,000	6,800
5. Hildesheim and Goslar	40	120,000	3,000
c. IN WESTPHALIA	275	726,000	2,594
1. Kleve and Elten	20½	54,000	2,634
2. Mark, Essen, and Werden	51	148,000	2,902
3. Minden	18½	70,363	3,803
4. Ravensberg	16⅓	89,938	5,506
5. Lingen and Teklenburg ..	13	46,000	3,538
6. Ostfriesland (Frisia)	56¼	119,562	2,108
7. Munster and Pappenberg ..	49	99,040	2,020
8. Paderborn	50	98,407	1,969
d. IN FRANCONIA	120	493,000	4,108
1. Anspach	62¾	270,000	4,302
2. Bayreuth	57¼	223,000	3,896
D. NEUFCHATEL AND VALENGIN ..	16	47,900	2,902

Chief Towns, and their Population.—Berlin, 178,308—Warschau, 74,591—Breslau, 60,950 Konigsberg, 60,000—Dantzig, 46,213—Magdeburg, 37,451—Potsdam, 26,980—Stettin, 22,935 Posen, 21,473—Halle, 21,350—Elbing, 18,805—Erfurt, 17,684—Frankfurt, (on the Oder) 17,501 Anspach, 13,928—Halberstadt, 13,816—Munster, 13,000—Hildeshiem, 12,400—Furth, 12,398 Brandenburg, 12,154—Quedlinburg, 11,500—Emden, 10,745—Bayreuth, 10,000.

Note 1 In 1805, the remaining part of the Duchy of Cleve, the Principalities of Neufchatel and Valengin, of Anspach and Bayreuth, were ceded to France; in lieu of which the Hanoverian Countries (about 700 German square miles, and one million and one hundred thousand Inhabitants) were disposed of by Napoleon in favour of the King of Prussia.

Note 2 Deducing the former from and adding the latter to the sum total at the top of the above Survey, the Prussian Monarchy contained in September, 1806, 6,191 German square miles, and 10,365,100 Inhabitants.—Public Revenue 38—40 Millions of Rix dollars, or 60 Millions of Florins,

LOSSES OF PRUSSIA.

BY THE PEACE OF TILSIT, SIGNED ON THE 9TH OF JUNE, 1907, THE KING OF PRUSSIA IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP THE FOLLOWING PROVINCES.

	Ger. sqn. miles (15 to a deg.)	Population
A. In the Kingdom of Prussia.		
a. West Prussia, and the greatest part of the Netz District, ceded to Frederick the Great in the year 1773*	550	817,000
b. Dantzic, Thorn, and part of South Prussia, ceded by Poland in the year 1793	760½	2,100,000
c. The rest of South Prussia, and New East Prussia, ceded by the Treaty of St. Petersburg, in the year 1795..	1187	
B In Upper Saxony.		
a The Altmark	62	114,000
b. Erfurt, Eichsfeld, Muhlhausen, and Nordhausen	48½	158,000
c. Cotbus (in Lusatia)	17	33,260
C. In Lower Saxony.		
a. Western Division of Magdeburg, about	61	250,000
b. Halberstadt	20⅞	101,000
c. Hohenstein	8½	26,000
d. Quedlinburg	1⅞	14,000
e. Hildesheim and Goslar	40	120, 00
D. In Westphalia.		
a. Mark, Essen, and Werden	51	148,000
b. Minden	18½	70,263
c. Ravensberg	10[illegible]	89,9[illegible]8
d. Lingen and Teklenburg	13	46,000
e. Ostfriesland (Frisia)	56¼	119,562
f. Munster and Pappenberg	49	99,040
g. Paderborn	50	98,407
E. Electorate of Hanover	700	1,100,000
Loss total..	5,725	5,464,570

Note 1. Burggrave Frederick of Nurenberg, Master of Anspach and Bayreuth, (1[illegible]8 Ger. square miles), lays the first foundation of the future greatness of his House, by purchasing the Electoral March of Brandenburg, in the year 1415; extent of his Possessions at his death....*G. sq. m.* 463

Extent at the death of the Elector Frederick II (1470)	543
Ditto Albrecht Achill, (1486)	680
—— Johann Cicero, (1499)	589
—— Joachim I. (1535)	613
—— Joachim II (1571)	407
—— Johann Georg, (1598)	638
—— Joachim Frederic, (1608)	638
—— Johan Siegmund, (1619)	1443
—— Geo. Wilhelm, (1640)	1443
—— Fred. Wilhelm, (1688)	1961
—— King Frederick I (1713)	1992
—— King Fred. Wilhelm I (1740)	2105
—— King Frederic II. (1786)	3396
—— King Fred. Wilhelm II (1797)	5496
—— Under the reign of his present Majesty in Sept. 1806,	6191
After the Peace of Tilsit,	3468

Note 2 During the time of the 30 years war, the whole Army of the House of Brandenburg consisted of no more than 2000 men; and Gustavus Adolphus, with only 3000 men, forced the Elector George Wilhelm to fight for the Liberty of Germany.

Note 3. In the seven years war, Frederick the Great gloriously resisted the united efforts of France, Austria, Russia, &c. and raised Prussia to the highest pitch of glory,—to the very first leading Power in Europe.

Note 4 At the beginning of the present century Frederick Wilhelm, at the head of an army of upwards of 250,000 men, ranked with the very first Powers of Europe; in the year 1807, in the short space of seven months, this very army is entirely annihilated, and the Kingdom of Prussia degraded to the lowest state of political insignificancy.

Note 5. Frederick the Great, on his accession, found a treasure of eight million 700,000 dollars; which he increased to the astonishing sum of sixty millions.

Note 6. After the Peace of Tilsit, the remaining part of the dilapidated Prussian Monarchy is left in a most ruinous condition, ready to sink under a load of enormous debts, and reduced to poverty and general distress.

* After a second examination of the several Articles of the Peace at Tilsit, the Author of this Survey is sensible of having committed an error: the greatest part of *West* Prussia and the *Netz* District, remains a Prussian Province; of course it is to be deducted again from the sum total of the loss at the bottom of this table. The *exact area* cannot accurately be ascertained *at present*.

THE CRIMINAL.

[*Concluded from Page 71.*]

THE deeds of this man in a short time spread alarm through the whole province. The highways were rendered unsafe; frequent house breaking by night distressed the citizen; the name of the landlord of the sun became the terror of the country people; justice made strict search for him, and set a reward on his head. He was fortunate enough to frustrate every attempt on his liberty, and sufficiently artful to avail himself of the fears of the superstitious peasant for his own safety His associates had spread a rumour, that he was a sorcerer, and had made a league with the devil. The district in which he played his part, was still less then, than at the present day, to be accounted among the civilized in Germany. The report was credited, and his person protected. Nobody seemed inclined to engage with the dangerous fellow whom the devil patronized.

He had now followed this unhappy line of life a year, when it began to grow insupportable to him. The band, at whose head he had placed himself, had not fulfilled his brilliant expectation. Overpowered with wine, he had then suffered himself to be won by a dazzling outside, now he discovered with horror how abominably he had been deceived. Hunger and want succeeded in the place of that superfluity with which they had inveigled him; very often was he compelled to risk his own life for a single meal, and even that was barely sufficient to keep soul and body together.

The shadow of that brotherly harmony vanished. Envy, suspicion, and jealousy kept this infernal band in perpetual dissention. Justice had offered a reward to any one, who would deliver him up alive, and should he be an accomplice, a solemn promise of pardon besides—a powerful inducement for the dregs of mankind. The integrity of those who had betrayed both God and man was but a poor security for his life. Sleep from this moment fled his eye-lids; constant fear of death preyed upon his rest; the ghastly spectre of suspicion haunted him wherever he fled; tortured him, when awake; couched on his pillow, when he went to sleep; and terrified him in horrid dreams. His conscience, which long had been dumb, at the same time regained the power of speech, and the canker-worm of repentance, which had been asleep, awoke at this general storm in his breast. All his hatred fell now from mankind and turned its terrible edge against himself. He forgave all nature, and found nobody to curse but himself alone.

Vice had accomplished its lesson on the unhappy wretch; his sound natural judgment at last triumphed over the sad deception. Now he felt how low he was fallen; a more settled melancholy succeeded in the place of wild despair. He wished with tears to recal the past, for he was now positive, that he would lead quite a different life. He began to hope that he might still be honest, because he felt he could be so. At the highest pitch of his iniquity, he was perhaps nearer the good, than he was before his first transgression.

Just about this time the seven years war broke out, and the recruiting was carried on with great spirit. From this circumstance the unhappy wretch entertained hopes, and wrote a letter to his sovereign, an extract of which I shall here insert

"If your princely favour does not shrink back at the idea of descending to me, if offenders of my nation do not lie beyond the limits of your mercy, grant me, I beseech you, most gracious sovereign, a hearing. I am a murderer and a thief. The law has condemned me to death, justice pursues me; and I offer to present myself voluntarily, but at the same time I lay before you a strange supplication. I detest life, and fear not to die, but awful to me are the thoughts of death without having lived. I would wish to live, in order to compensate for a part of the past; I would wish to live, in order to conciliate myself with the state, which I have injured. My execution will prove an example for the world, but no recompense for my crimes. I have an abhorrence for vice, and feel an ardent desire for virtue. I have displayed abilities, which have rendered me the terror of my country, I hope I still retain some to be useful to it.

"I am conscious that I require what is unprecedented. My life is forfeited, it does not become me to enter on stipulations with justice. But I do not appear before you in fetters and chains,—still I am free—and my fear has the smallest share in my prayer.

"It is mercy for which I entreat you. A claim on justice, if I even had one, I would not presume to adduce.—However, I may still be allow-

ed to remind my judges of one circumstance. The æra of my crimes commences with the sentence which for ever deprived me of honour. Had equity been then less denied me, I should now perhaps have no need of mercy.

"Let mercy take place of law, my sovereign. It is in your gracious power to dispense with the laws in my behalf; confer upon me my life. It shall from the present moment be devoted to your service. If you can, let me know your most gracious will from the public papers, and I shall on your princely word present myself in the capital. If you have determined otherwise with me, let justice do its duty, I must do mine."

This petition remained unanswered, as likewise a second and a third, in which the supplicant begged for the place of a dragoon in the prince's service.—His hope of a pardon totally extinguished, he formed therefore the resolution of flying out of the country, and of dying as a gallant soldier in the service of the king of Prussia.

He escaped happily from his band, and began his journey. The way led him through a small country town, where he meant to pass the night. A short time before, stricter mandates had been issued throughout the whole country for the vigorous examination of travellers, because the sovereign, prince of the empire, had taken part in the war. Such orders had also been enjoined to the examiner of this town, who was sitting on a bench before the gate as the landlord of the Sun rode up to it. The equipage of this man exhibited something comic, and at the same time frightful and wild. The Rosinante on which he rode, and the burlesque choice of his garments, where his taste had probably been less consulted than the chronology of his robberies, made a wonderful contrast with a face on which was displayed so many violent affections, like mangled carcases on a field of battle. The examiner stopped short at the sight of this strange wanderer. He had grown gray at the gate, and a forty years experience had rendered him an infallible physiognomist for all vagabonds. The keen eye of this scrutinizing interrogator did not even here mistake his man. He immediately shut the gate, and laying hold of the reins, demanded of the rider his passport. Wolf was prepared for something of this kind, and carried really a passport with him, which he had lately taken from a merchant, whom he had robbed. But this single testimony was not sufficient to remove suspicions confirmed by a forty years experience, or to provoke the oracle at the gate to a revocation. The examiner credited his own eyes more than this paper, and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the justice.

The justice of the place examined the passport and declared it to be good. He was a great lover of news, and was particularly fond of talking politics over a bottle. The passport informed him, that the bearer came directly from the enemy's country, where the theatre of the war then was. He hoped to draw from the stranger some private information, and sent back a secretary with the passport, to invite him to drink a glass of wine with him.

Meanwhile the landlord stormed before the justices; the ludicrous spectacle had attracted the rouge of the mob, and assembled them in flocks about him. A general murmur arises, they point alternately at the steed and rider, till at last the wantonness of the people ended in downright riot. The horse at which every one pointed, unfortunately happened to be a stolen one; he imagined that the horse had been advertised and well known. The unexpected hospitality of the justice confirms him in his suspicions. Now he is fully persuaded that the imposture of his passport is detected, and that the invitation is only a snare to catch him alive and without resistance. A bad conscience makes him a blockhead; he puts spurs to his horse, and gallops off without returning an answer.

This sudden flight is the signal for pursuit.

A general hue and cry is raised, "stop thief!" and every one flies after him. The life and death of the rider is at stake, he has already got the start of his pursuers, they pant breathless after him, he hears his delivery —— but a heavy hand presses invisibly against him, the hour of his fate is run, the inexorable Nemesis detains his redemptor. The street to which he had trusted himself has no outlet; he is obliged to turn upon his pursuers.

The noise of this affair, in the mean time, had put the whole town in commotion, crowds gather on crowds, every street is barricadoed, a host of foes advance against him. He takes out a pistol, the populace fall back; he determines to open himself a way by force through the crowd. "I'll blow out that man's brains," cries he, "who is foolhardy enough to stop me." Fear commands a general pause;—a resolute journeyman smith at last lays hold of his arm from behind, seizes the finger with which, frantic with despair, he was just going to draw the trigger, and thrust it out of joint. The pistol falls, the defenceless wretch is torn from his horse, and dragged back in triumph to the justices.

"Who are you, fellow?" asked the judge in a somewhat harsh tone of voice.

"A man who is resolved to answer no questions, until they are more civilly asked."

"Who are you then?"

"For what I passed myself. I have travelled through Germany, but such rude impertinence as I have met with here is to be found no where."

"Your hasty flight renders you very suspicious. Why did you fly?"

"Because I was weary of being the laughing stock of your populace."

"You threatened to fire on them."

"My pistol was not loaded, you may examine it, you will find no ball in it."

"Why do you carry secret weapons with you?"

"Because I have things of value with me, and because I have been warned of a certain landlord of the Sun, who is said to infest this part of the country."

"Your answers say a great deal for your boldness, but nothing for your exculpation. I allow you till to-morrow to tell me the truth."

"I will remain by the answers I have given."

"Lead him to the tower."

"To the tower?—your worship, I hope there is still justice in the land. I shall require satisfaction."

"I shall give it you as soon as you can justify yourself."

The next morning the justice considered that the stranger might perhaps be innocent, that the authoritative manner of speaking would have but little influence on his obstinacy, and that it would be better to treat him with decency and moderation He assembled the jury of the place, and ordered the prisoner to be brought before them.

"Pardon me, Sir, if in the first moment of my passion I yesterday spoke a little harshly to you."

"With pleasure, if you address me in this manner."

"Our laws are severe, and your affair made a noise, I cannot set you at liberty without infringing my duty. Appearances are against you, I wish you could say something to me by which they might be confuted"

"But if I knew nothing?"

"Then I must state the case to government, and you remain so long in custody."

"And then?"

"Then you run the danger of being whipped over the frontiers as a vagrant, or if they deal graciously with you, they will force you to enlist."

He was for some moments silent, and appeared to have a severe conflict with himself; then he turned boldly towards the judge.

"Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?"

The jury looked at one another in a doubtful manner, but retired on a commanding wink from their superior.

"Now what is your request?"

"Your behaviour of yesterday, Sir, would never have brought me to a confession, for I set force at defiance The delicacy with which you have treated me this day has inspired me with confidence and respect towards you. I believe that you are a man of honour."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I see that you are a man of honour. I have long wished for such a man as you. Allow me your right hand."

"What is the use of all this?"

"Thy head is grey and reverend, you have lived long in the world, have had perhaps sorrows enough of your own—is it not so? and are become more inclined to pity the misery of your fellow-creatures?"

"Sir, what is the meaning of this?"

"You are now on the brink of eternity, soon will you yourself stand in need of mercy from God; you will not refuse it to me—have you no idea of what I am going to say? With whom do you suppose you speak?"

"What is all this? you frighten me."

"Have you still no idea—Write to your prince in what state you found me, and that I was myself from free choice my betrayer; may God hereafter be merciful to him as he will presently be to me; entreat his pity in my behalf, father, and let a tear fall on your report.—I am the landlord of the Sun."

THE WAY TO BECOME A MARSHAL.

A TRUE STORY.

The state numbered the Count Von B—— among the most meritorious of its members He was equally respected by the court and his fellow citizens in general. In a long and eventful war, in which two civilized nations not only disregarded at times all the principles of civilization but even of humanity itself, he risked for his country his life, his property, and all that he possessed. He was the only general whom the enemy alike feared and esteemed, before whom he fled, and whom he, nevertheless, loved. The same man who in the field fought with lion-like courage, who smiled with undaunted brow at wounds and danger, was always a mild conqueror after the battle; he maintained the most rigid discipline, attacking none but armed warriors, and protecting the citizen and the peasant. This magnanimity often rendered the short interval of repose after a

victory more serviceable to his party than the victory itself.

He now began to grow old, high in fame and rank, and possessing wealth and the leisure to enjoy it. Enjoying the rank of field-marshal, and a considerable salary, he passed the greatest part of the year on his estate in the country, spending but a very few months in the noisy capital. It was only on particular occasions that his sovereign applied to him for his advice, but he had always the satisfaction of seeing that it was followed. All the courtiers testified the highest respect for him; by all the good he was beloved, and from the soldiery he received the endearing appellation of father.

But he was still more happy in the circle of his family. It was, indeed, but small, for he was the father of only two daughters and one son. The former were the wives of virtuous men, and the latter, who had already attained the rank of colonel, had come by an advantageous marriage into the possession of considerable property, and an estate contiguous to that of his father, whose example he incessantly emulated, and not without success. Never was father more tenderly attached to his son; never did son treat his father with greater respect.

The young Count once added a whole wing to his mansion, and in this wing he constructed a very beautiful saloon. The walls of the latter required to be decorated with paintings, and for the subjects of them the Colonel selected the principal events of the glorious life of his father. These scenes, as he rightly judged, would far surpass the most costly tapestry that he could procure, and would be more honourable than the completest genealogy. To execute this idea, he employed the most celebrated painters in the country, and their labours were the more successful, because they were convinced that they were not exerting their talents merely for a pecuniary reward, but on a subject worthy of immortality.

On one side the Count was seen throwing a standard with his own hands into the midst of the enemy's cavalry, that by this truly Roman stratagem, he might animate the wavering ranks of his own troops to a new attack. In another place he was represented at the storming of a besieged town, forgetting that he was the general, sharing the dangers of the meanest soldiers, and inflaming their ardour by his example. In a third piece, he was seen rescuing his sovereign from the hands of a hostile corps by whom he had, while hunting, been surprised and taken prisoner. Another represented him in another battle, sinking wounded from his horse, and at the same moment pointing with his hand to the enemy, as if to say: "Push forward, and give yourselves no concern about me." Again he was seen assisting to sign the peace by which his exhausted country was again restored to peace and prosperity. Carefully as all ostentation was avoided, yet wherever the spectator turned his eye, he observed some glorious scene from the life of the heroic veteran.

This plan the Colonel kept a profound secret, and a few days after the saloon was finished, he gave a grand entertainment in it to a numerous company. It is scarcely possible to conceive the surprize of the old Count, at his entrance, when he beheld so many testimonies of his merits, and when the novelty of the thing itself, the congratulations of all the company, and a mixed emotion of modesty and delight quite overpowered him. It was some minutes before his feelings allowed him the power of utterance, when with a look of affection he thus addressed his son: "You did right to keep this intention of yours a secret from me, if you were bent on executing it, I should otherwise have prevented what now it is too late to hinder. To reprove you for it now would certainly be regarded a mere farce; and I therefore consider this series of paintings as a tribute of filial respect, not as food for my vanity. But—, but—" continued he, shaking his head with an equivocal smile.

"What do you mean to say, father?"

"That this painted biography partakes of all the errors of those which are written without the knowledge and consent of the heroes of them. Too often this or the other circumstance is omitted, and yet perhaps this very circumstance which is thus omitted is the principle trait of the whole. In this instance too—."

Here he paused, and as he uttered the last words, the air of paternal affection was changed into a half satirical smile. He was requested to finish what he was going to say, and concluded as follows: "In this instance, too, if the short compass of my life is to be thus represented, one very heroic action is wanting; an action so important in its result, that were it not for that, we should not perhaps this day be so cheerfully assembled, or at least not under the same circumstances as at present. Remind me, my son, of this subject to-morrow at tea; it would indeed be a pity were it to be lost."

The Marshal was again urged on all sides to favour the whole company with a relation of the anecdote, but he persisted with a smile in his refusal. Finding their intreaties unavailing, they sat down to table, and the preceding conversation was, or seemed to be soon forgotten.

The young Count Von B—— had, however, treasured up every syllable his father had uttered, and did not forget at the appointed time to remind him of his promise. "'Tis no more than I expected," replied the Field-marshal smiling, "and

it is but just that I should acquit myself of this debt, but let us first go into the saloon and be alone there for a few minutes." They accordingly went.

"You have concluded the series of pictures," said the veteran, "with that in which the monarch confers on me the order of knighthood, and the marshal's truncheon. This is a great violation of historical truth, for you have here combined in one moment events that were separated by an interval of fifteen years, and have blended the actions of two different princes performed under totally different circumstances. That, however, is not of much consequence.—But from the place which that picture occupies, would not every spectator suppose that the rank of Field-marshal had been conferred on me as a reward for some of the actions commemorated here, or for the whole of them together?"

Young Count. Most certainly.

Old Count. And yet nothing can be more erroneous; for the achievement which obtained so high a reward, is totally omitted in this series.

Young Count. How so, father? Is it possible that from forgetfulness———.

Old Count. Not from forgetfulness, but from ignorance, which I excuse as readily as your present surprize. You were very young when I obtained this promotion. I never mentioned the circumstance either to you or to any other person, and I must first look round to see that we are quite alone.

Young Count. We are.

Old Count. Let us then go through this series of actions, as well as the rewards conferred for them! This lame arm is a consequence of that battle, in which with such boldness and success I threw our standard among the hostile squadrons. The left wing was already flying, and the right began to flinch. The latter now pressed onward, and the former rallied. I was then only major, and a major I remained. My general, one of the first that took to his heels in order to preserve his precious life, received a considerable gratuity as a recompence for his conduct on that arduous day. In that battle when I fell wounded from my horse, I was taken prisoner; my wound was badly healed, I was forgotten in the exchange, and was at length ransomed from my own private property.

Young Count. How?

Old Count. (Proceeding, as though he had not heard his son's exclamation.) The scar on my forehead reminds me but too well, without any picture, of that fortress, which cost us almost a whole campaign, and which, at last, I may say it without vanity, was taken and preserved in consequence of my dispositions alone. I repeat, *preserved*, for I was obliged to dye my sword in the blood of several of my own soldiers, to restrain their disposition for murdering, plundering and burning. On my return, the Prince thanked me before the whole court, and the same day appointed the primo-minister's son, a boy of seventeen, to the post of governor of the newly conquered place. He most graciously offered me the next command under this stripling, and seemed astonished when I refused it. It was not without the greatest difficulty that I escaped being exiled or confined for life in a fortification, after that peace, which, notwithstanding my unlimited powers, I might perhaps have been in too great a hurry to conclude; for I forgot to insist on the cession of a tract containing more than twelve hundred acres, merely from the silly apprehension lest the war should continue another year, and cost us some millions more of money, and some thousands of human lives.

Young Count. By G—d, father, that was scandalous.

Old Count. Let me finish! The best is yet to come. You must have seen the snuff-box, which the rescue of my sovereign while hunting procured me. It was certainly rather rash of him to take such a diversion in an enemy's country, and that too at a time when every peasant might be considered as a foe or a spy. I had, however, my spies, and kept a body of men on whom I could depend in readiness. The enemy were obliged to relinquish their booty, and I was presented with that box, of the value of perhaps one hundred and fifty dollars, as an indemnification for the loss of a fine horse, worth at least a thousand. The chamberlain by the Prince's side, who manfully clapped his hand to his cutlass, but unfortunately never drew it, was appointed marshal of the court for his faithful services. It was supposed some tokens of discontent were perceived in me, and on that account I was likewise presented with this order, which put me to a great expence without producing the smallest advantage. You look grave, my son, more so than I wished. What will you do, when I tell you, that for fifteen years I remained just what I was?

Young Count. Fifteen years; but, perhaps, purposely, father; perhaps from self-denial?

Old Count. It would certainly sound well in me to assume the tone of a philosopher, practising the austerities of self-denial. But truth is superior to such a character, though perhaps truth may not sound so agreeably. It was not from my own fault (for love to my family made me eagerly desirous of promotion) that I remained unrewarded, but because there were always courtiers who, if not more worthy, were at least more fortunate; because the Prince whose life, liberty, and glory I had more than once preserved,

at length died, and his successor considered services previously rendered to the state, as already recompenced. Weary of hollow promises, of tedious expectation and disappointed hope, I was on the point of relinquishing the matter entirely and of retiring into the obscurity of a country life, when fortune afforded me an opportunity for an achievement, which immediately procured me promotion and realized all my wishes.

Young Count. And what was that achievement? I entreat you, my excellent father, to speak without reserve! What was it?

Old Count. (*Smiling*), O it might easily be painted too. A river of considerable breadth, some ladies shrieking and weeping on the bank, myself on horseback almost in the middle of the stream, and in my hands a dripping, half-drowned lap-dog. Not too many objects; are they, think you?

Young Count. How, father; are you serious? Can the saving of a lap-dog——.

Old Count. Yes, the saving of a lap-dog was the important achievement which procured me a richer recompence than all the blood I lost on so many different occasions; than a service of thirty years, often embittered by distress; than the exertions of so many days and the watching of so many nights. It would be easy for me to raise your astonishment still higher, were I to describe the dog itself, old, infirm, with only one eye, remarkable neither for form nor colour; or, were I to delineate its mistress, to expatiate on her intrinsic merit, her descent, which was the very reverse of noble. But no, a regular narrative is better than such a di-jointed account: listen then to me! I was one morning taking a ride full of thought. The rank of a Field marshal had just then become vacant by the death of Von F——. There were many applicants for it; I was one, the oldest and the most experienced; but I foresaw that I should apply in vain; for the minister, Von K— was at that time more uncontroled monarch of the state than the sovereign himself, and the Prince had often given the friends of the favourite the preference to his own. He was, to be sure, well enough disposed to me; I knew, however, that he expected flattery from every one that approached him; but I was much too proud to pay court to a man, who was trembling at the rod of the schoolmaster, at a time when I was confronting danger and death in the field of battle. The success of my application might easily be predicted even without any spirit of prophecy. I was riding, as I said, and lost in thought, when a carriage passed me; I looked up and perceived in it the mistress of the favourite, a creature who had raised herself from the situation of chambermaid to the possession of unbounded influence over her former master. She was indeed beautiful as the goddess of love, but with respect to the qualities of the heart and understanding, nature had been very sparing. She returned my salutation with an air of great negligence, and drove a few hundred paces further to the Dutch farm-house, which, as you know, stands close to the river, where her carriage stopped. In order to avoid passing by them again, I was just going to turn my horse into a bridle-road to the left, when a most lamentable outcry assailed my ear. It proceeded from those ladies; I saw them running to and fro in great trepidation; and apprehensive lest some accident might have happened, I rode up to the spot, from a natural movement, as fast as I could. The mistress of his excellency, as soon as she perceived me coming, ran to meet me, with a countenance indicative of the utmost distress. "O, General!" cried she, long before I reached the spot, "help us I entreat you! My little favourite—yonder he is in the water; he cannot get out, we cannot go after him; he will be lost!"

Without farther reflection, or transferring this duty to the person to whom it properly belonged, I mean my servant, I spurred my horse into the river, caught the unfortunate favourite, who, had I been a moment later must inevitably have gone to the bottom, and restored him to his mistress. Such a scene now took place that it was difficult to suppress, I will not say a smile, but loud bursts of laughter. It is impossible for the tenderest mother to express more extravagant joy over her only son, whom she supposes among the slain and who returns unhurt to her embraces. Besides, the high-flown congratulations of the company, their emulation to caress the little favourite, and their fear lest he should wet their clothes; their exclamations, out-cries, and talking all together, produced a scene of confusion that was irresistibly ludicrous. Thinking that I had performed my part, I was going to take leave and ride away, when the overjoyed lady so urgently entreated me to favour them a little longer with my company, that I suffered myself to be persuaded, alighted and offered her my arm. "General," whispered she, taking hold of it, if I ever forget this service, or let it pass unrewarded; if the minister be not from this day your warmest friend; if your present application be not speedily successful; or if I ever suffer you to ask for any favour in vain, may the same accident which to-day happened to my lap-dog, befal me the next time I go abroad." I bowed, in token of obligation, but without making any reply; for to confess the truth, I was too proud to express much gratitude to such a woman, and yet too attentive to my own interest entirely to reject any advantage that threw itself in my way. At

any rate, I was fully resolved never to put her in mind again of the affair.

Next morning, however, the minister drew me to the corner of a window in the Prince's anti-chamber, and assured me, that the sovereign had lately mentioned me several times in the handsomest terms; that he had confirmed him in these favourable sentiments, and had the strongest hope that he should soon be able to congratulate me on the attainment of my wishes. He was right; for the same month I was promoted to the rank which I now hold. Had not my conscience attested that I had earned this elevation by many preceding actions, be assured that I should have refused it; but a survey of my past life, and a look at you, caused me to accept the proffered promotion. It is indeed possible that I may be mistaken in my conjectures, the whole may have been a mere coincidence of the circumstances. But yet, my son, I cannot help thinking that the poor dog deserved a place, and I shall at least wish that you may once have occasion to relate a similar story to your son.

A DESCRIPTION OF POLAND,

WITH RESPECT TO THE PERSONS, MANNERS, DRESS, &c. OF THE PEOPLE.

I AM in doubt, whether I should call the Poles a tall people, or not. That there are many above the common stature, is unquestionable; but I think the idea will be more fairly generalized by the assertion, that they are about the middle size. They are rarely corpulent. Their complexions are fair, often colourless, and generally with far less colour than the English. The eyes and hair are usually light, though there are many beautiful exceptions. It never struck me, that they possess any strongly marked peculiarity of feature. The general expression of the countenance is amiable, friendly, and interesting—the natural result of their general character.

There are no traces remaining of that bold and daring spirit, which so peculiarly characterised the rugged virtues of their Sarmatian ancestors. I by no means intend to say, that they are deficient in the ordinary and gentlemanly courage; but we no where discover those symptoms of strong thought which impels to intelligent activity and enterprize.

Their manners are singularly polite, open, and affable—no insolent pride, no disgusting *hauteur*; conscious of their rank, as is natural and inevitable; but they know how to descend with grace and dignified kindness.

I cannot give a more apt, or a more illustrious example, than the Prince Czartoryski. His person is, perhaps, rather below the middle stature, but erect and well proportioned; his countenance, open and sanguine, invites to friendly intercourse; his forehead clear, open, and for a man who has passed the meridian of life, remarkably free from wrinkles; his nose is slightly aquiline; his eyes—dark, bright, and playful, indicative of a lively fancy—are well overshadowed with eyebrows slightly arched, raised, and moveable by the electric touches of thought; it is a face expressive of intelligence, with the total absence of all indications of laborious effort.—His manners are condescending, kind, and familiar, beyond all praise. Every one feels at ease in his company; from his various and extensive knowledge, both of books and of men, he can adapt himself with facility to all persons and characters. Yet he has more real dignity than is often seen even in persons of the first rank. In truth, he cannot help being conscious that he loses nothing by a near inspection. His intellectual superiority screens him from the possibility of all contempt, as an effect of familiarity. The more intimately he is known, the more sincerely is he loved, the more certainly admired.—But the quality which imparts the great charm to his manners and conversation is, the real and manifest benignity of heart, which flows in every word, and prompts to every action. I have often heard him spoken of by different people, on occasions, and in situations, which totally precluded all sentiments of flattery or views of interest; and the genuine expressions of affection and esteem have been so distinctly marked on the countenances of the speakers, as to render it impossible to doubt the worthiness and true respectability of character in the object which had awakened them.

The person of the Count Zamoyski is tall and erect. His complexion clear, but colourless; light hair; a long nose; eyes light and large, with a countenance singularly open and benevolent; a very good face. He has evidently the appearance and manners of a gentleman; but, what is far higher praise, his excellence of heart shines through all his conduct. I have never seen a human being whose disposition is more essentially good and honourable. He delights to contemplate pictures of happiness and of perfection.

If he has followed a character, even in a play, with interest and admiration, it painfully wounds his sensibility, to find that character deviate from honour, and thus mar the virtuous reveries his fancy had been weaving. Nothing could give him a more deep regret than the thought that he had injured a single human being. These admirable qualities, I have before observed, are not likely to lie inert and useless.

I have spoken thus particularly of these two illustrious men, because I happened to know them best; without intending the slightest disrespect to many other noble Poles, whom I had the honour of seeing. Of others, indeed, the characters I should be enabled to give would be so general, as to be little flattering to themselves, and as little amusing to my readers.

My fair country-women will now be curious to know something about the ladies of Poland, and I proceed to gratify their curiosity. Whether I shall flatter their vanity quite so much as they could wish, I shall leave themselves to determine. I must assure them, at the outset, that I have high praises to bestow on foreigners; yet, on striking an equitable balance, I am free to acknowledge that the advantage is still their own.

In point of stature and general appearance, I have scarcely any remark to make which could discriminate the Polish ladies from the English. Their complexions are fair and clear, perhaps more generally colourless than those of English ladies. Rouge is almost universal, except among young girls. The quantity, as it may seem, is in some sort of proportion to the rank of the lady, and certainly increases with the age: for a woman advanced in years is rouged even to the eyes. Their teeth are commonly good: hair and eyes generally light, though with many exceptions. Their cast of features is extremely various; and I should be quite at a loss to select any which should be nationally characteristic. I shall therefore content myself with giving two or three examples; premising, however, a hint to English ladies, not to be too much in a hurry with their general conclusions respecting all Polish ladies, grounded on these select particulars.

The Countess Zamoyski.—This lady is tall and slender, with an elegance of form, which the loveliest of the graces might behold with envy. She is of that class of beauty, which in common language we call dark, as she has dark hair and dark eyes; yet her complexion is beautifully fair and clear; her nose and chin feminine, well and delicately shaped; her teeth white and regular; her mouth well formed, with sweetly pouting lips. She has that part of beauty in which ladies are most deficient—a fine, smooth, and open forehead, which loses nothing on being shown, and of which the lower part is graced with beautiful dark eye-brows, exhibiting the gently waving line, expressive of taste and feeling. If I may be permitted to notice any quality which may be thought to dim the lustre of this assemblage of beauties—it is, that her lovely eyes are not exactly in a line with each other; but the deviation is so trifling, as to be observed only in certain positions of the face; nor am I sensible that it detracts any thing from the general effect. It is as a spot upon the glorious face of the sun, which serves to augment by contrast his effulgent brightness. Her eye-lids, the edges finely curved, and adorned with dark eye-lashes, open and lift themselves with peculiar beauty; and when her eyes, in soft and lambent lustre, are cast heavenward, her soul rapt in pleasing contemplation, she then displays one of her most beautiful and interesting attitudes. In this attitude she has sat for her picture.

But the powerful magic of this lady's beauty proceeds from that sensibility which pervades and animates her lovely form. It is this which gives a natural ease, an inimitable grace, to all her movements, which art alone can never bestow: It is this which tunes her voice to soft, melodious accents—which inspires her with elevated sentiment, and the touch of sympathy. . . . . .

When her soul is up—when her feelings are awake, and in search of objects to keep them in play, she will often go to her instrument; and the obedient strings, responsive to the electric kiss, will proudly rise in full and warbled harmony, or gently sink in dying sounds, which melt and pierce the soul.

But her qualifications end not with the ordinary female accomplishments. She has a high relish for the beauties of poetry, and a delicate taste in the productions of fine literature in general. Of this I had once a striking proof She had been reading on a certain day in one of the volumes of La Harpe: and had been both informed and delighted. On joining the company in the saloon, her countenance was flushed with sentiment and interest, and she expressed her grateful acknowledgments to the writer who had given her pleasure so refined and exquisite. Such men (said she) I would load with honours while alive, and when dead, would erect statues to their memories. In such a soul, the enthusiast poet would wish to establish his splendid empire.

But I shall be reminded, I am afraid, that I am not now describing the heroine of a romance. I admit the justness of the imagined rebuke But surely, it were an injury and a symptom of a morose and gloomy temper, to speak of beauty and excellence so consummate, in the dry and home-

spun terms of vulgar admiration. Why will not ladies be more extensively convinced, that it is by qualifications like these alone, by which they can hope to enchain the soul? Beauty is not beauty without sentiment, without intelligence, without expression. We may admire the delicacy of contour in a statue. But lines straight or waving, or curved or angular, constitute not a human being. We cannot sympathize with a statue; it is intelligent expression—the vital glow of feeling, whose pervasive radiance warms and illumines the magic circle, and weaves the deep spells of beauty's soft dominion The Count Zamoyski is worthy of a spouse so amiable; and though they are both still young, five boys and a girl attest the happiness of their conjugal union.

Princess of Wirtemberg—sister of the preceding, and consort of the brother of the Prince of Wirtemberg, married to our Princess Royal She is separated, however, from her husband, on account of treatment, which has obtained and (as report says) has merited the epithet of *brutal* It is no disprase to this lady to say that she yields to her lovely sister in personal charms In feminine accomplishments, she is nothing inferior To her honour be it said, that no one more affectionately loves her sister, or is more forward in generous admiration of her. Yet her own person has striking and peculiar beauties. She has the divinest full dark eyes which ever adorned the countenance of woman, perfectly placed, and surrounded by those clear and delicate shadings, which indicate feeling and genius. Her forehead is clear and open, and her fine dark eyebrows are the seat of unwonted expression. The lower part of her face is less perfect, considered as belonging to a woman; but there is not a feature which impresses us as disagreeable. I shall present the completest idea of this lady's face, and bestow on it, at the same time, no ordinary praise, by observing, that it is a striking, though perhaps a softened resemblance, of that of Mrs. Siddons—a resemblance by which she is much flattered. The mental qualifications of this lady, in no wise disappoint the expectations which arise from the intelligence of her countenance. If the conversation has happened to turn on the important topics of the affairs of kingdoms, I have been astonished at the soundness of her observations, and the confident clearness with which they were uttered. In speaking of the fate of Poland, I once heard her remark, with an air of reproachful emphasis, "If we had had a *head* in Poland, the country might yet have been saved!" Perhaps her highness was not far from the truth.

Princess Constantine Czartoriska.—At the risk of exciting the envy of the English fair, I must not forget to speak the praises of this distinguished beauty. She is about the middle stature, her person well-formed, and rather full; but it is the plenitude of health and joyance; there is no approach to lustiness. She has a complexion beautifully fair; eyes and hair light, though not so light as to betray any sort of weakness. Her features are perfectly regular and beautiful; their expression sweet and natural—a healthful and a joyous beauty, abundant of love's choicest blessings.

In speaking generally of the Polish ladies, in point of manners and disposition, they appear in a very amiable and estimable light. To say of ladies of rank, that they are polished and accomplished, is no distinctive praise, as those qualifications may be taken for granted. But it is to their distinguished honour, that their manners are condescending, kind, and affable; and that their pride and ideas of rank are almost uniformly subdued by their singular amiability.

And here I shall take the liberty to make one remark, which people may call moralizing, if they please; it is, that pride never takes deep root but in cold constitutions. The warm, the generous, are too much occupied with their own feelings, and their affection for others, to attend to suggestions exclusively selfish. I trust, that the quality I would wish to stigmatize will not be confounded with the pride of elevated thoughts—a sense of personal dignity, and of station in society, justly entitled to be styled noble, and honourable to human character.

The tempers of the Polish ladies, though susceptible of great exhilaration, are gentle and affectionate—as if formed by nature

Pour parler d'amour
Pendant tout le jour.

Frank and unreserved, they are always free to converse; yet unlike the sparkling vivacity of the French women, who rather storm than invite attention, their manners solicit regard by inobtrusive allurements—by attractions more secret, not less powerful.

The national dress of a Polish gentleman consists of a vest or waistcoat with sleeves most commonly of pink, yellow, or blue silk, though the colour may vary with the taste of the wearer. Over this is worn a loose tunic of cloth, velvet, or silk, according to persons and times, which reaches a little below the knees, and is confined about the waist by a sash of silk. The sleeves are full, and slashed towards the shoulder, both behind and before; and the open places are lined with silk the same colour with the vest. The breeches or rather trowsers, are on ordinary occasions of cloth; at other times of silk, likewise of the same colour; and their extremities on the legs are

met and coveted, like our pantaloons, by the tops of yellow Turkey leather buskins. The tunic is open at the bosom to display the silk vest beneath, and edged throughout with fur, sometimes with ermine. The shirt collar should be open, or confined only by a single button. A neck handkerchief, however, is now usually added Without doors, a roundish cap of some gay coloured leather is worn, ornamented with fur. The head is shaved with the exception only of a circular patch of short hair, about three or four inches in diameter. Whiskers also, and a sabre, as a mark of nobility, are essential to complete the costume, but the latter is discontinued. When on horseback, the Polish noble has a sumptuous mantle thrown over his shoulders.

This dress is undoubtedly grand and picturesque, but more showy than useful. No dress can be founded on a just taste which does not join convenience to elegance. It is now very generally laid aside. The Poles have adopted the English fashions in this, and in some other particulars. But there is rarely any considerable party without the presence of several persons in the ancient national costume. These instances are almost always found among elderly men, and those too not of the first consequence. I do not recollect more than a single instance of a young person, in genteel company, thus habited. The old farmers retain the ancient custom; the young ones have abandoned it.

In winter the Poles formerly wore sables, the skins of tygers and leopards, &c. also velvets lined with wool and edged with fur. This practice is not wholly discontinued, but their ordinary cloths are now more commonly lined with wool, or rather with prepared sheep-skin; so that a Polish gentleman may walk or ride out apparently only in a sort of shooting jacket and boots, tho' the first would be lined with sheep-skin, and the last perhaps with wolf-skin, the hair turned towards the leg. The only apparent difference from the dress of an Englishman would consist in the furred or velvet cap, lined also with sheep-skin. If a person goes out during the severity of the frost without one of these caps, he is liable to a headache so tremendous as scarcely to be borne. The Poles speak of it with horror. I have been so imprudent more than once, to walk out only with an ordinary hat; and though I did not feel in consequence a headache of the violence described, I yet felt enough to be convinced that the warning which had been given me was not without reason. The gloves are also lined with fur.

During the summer the *redingote* is worn by most persons not of the first rank. This word is evidently borrowed from the English *riding-coat*. It is the common surtout, or upper-coat, and is worn without any other under it. Within door, it is the ordinary coat also in winter.

The chief peculiarity in the dress of the ladies is, in winter, a large silk pelisse, lined or rather padded with wool, and often edged with fur. This is used only when they go into the open air. In general, their dress differs little or nothing from that of English or French ladies.

A TOUR IN ZEALAND IN THE YEAR 1802.

BY A NATIVE OF DENMARK.

I HAD contracted an intimacy with a young gentleman at Copenhagen, who came from Norway, to enter himself a student at our university; and we proposed, in the summer of 1802, to make an excursion into the country. We set off in the month of June, by the western gate, close without which a glorious monument stands on the high road, in commemoration of the emancipation of the peasants.

The road, on either side, leads to large, handsome, and even magnificent houses. At some little distance from the monument it branches into an avenue on the right, composed of six regular rows of lofty lime trees. These lead to Fredericksberg, over fertile and highly cultivated fields, many of which have latterly been metamorphosed into gardens, surrounding elegant and fanciful villas. Thus, this delightful avenue assumes an appearance which, encouraged, will rival in taste and natural beauties, the first cities of the world.

As soon as the gates are opened on Sunday afternoon (they are always shut during divine service), immense crowds flock along this road. The avenue fills with company, who ramble to the Royal Gardens, or the village, where the ear is entertained with music from every quarter. Mirth and festivity are universal, and good order pervades the whole.

We entered the gardens, and passed some agreeable hours in viewing the different improvements. They are not, however, equally deserving commendation, particularly the canal and waterfall; but the grotto, which embowers the spring, and the singularly beautiful serpentine walks which conduct you, as it were, through irregular

paths of uncultivated nature, deserve particular notice.

The palace stands on a beautiful eminence, and forms a *coup d'œil* particularly attractive. Lime trees, in romantic groups, range along the declivity on the side facing the gardens, through the middle of which a rich lawn has been levelled down the slope.

The prospects from this hill are every way pleasing, but not equally striking. If the eye wanders in vain for mountains, cataracts, precipices, or cascades, the heart, at least, is gratified; it contemplates a country made fertile by the cheerful labours of an industrious peasantry.

The prospect from that side of the palace which faces Copenhagen, is most interesting.

To the left lies an avenue leading to Fredericksberg, overtopping a multitude of well contrasted houses and gardens, which extend and vanish amidst the larger edifices of the western suburb. The monument appears in the perspective.

To the right, an arm of the Baltic divides Zealand from the island of Amack, where innumerable flocks are seen to graze, giving you at once a clear idea of the industry and wealth of its inhabitants.

In the centre, Copenhagen presents itself with a degree of splendour and grandeur difficult to be described. Its numerous towers, one of which is 380 feet high, majestically rear their heads above lofty buildings raised upon the ashes of that part of the city which was destroyed in 1795, which are calculated to impress the traveller with ideas of its present magnificence equal to those of former times, when the gorgeous palace of Christiansborg, and the ancient church of Saint Nicholas enriched the scene; with this essential difference, however, that formerly the attraction lay in its exterior, now it is transferred to the interior; and although the massy piles of ruins may seem to derogate from its importance, the deficiency is amply supplied by its internal beauties.

The view is enlivened by innumerable vessels passing to and from the Baltic, which lose themselves behind Copenhagen, re-appear, and glide down the Sound, between the shores of Zealand and those of Sweden; which, as well as the isle of Hveen, are visible from this hill.

The palace is not large, but it is handsome; and its delightful situation, and vicinity to the city, render it a most eligible retreat for the Prince Royal. Here, in the bosom of his family, this amiable prince reposes from the fatigues of an unremitted attention to the duties of his exalted station; while the dexterity with which he steers his bark along the dangerous shoal of politics claims the admiration of the world.

The steady adherence to his word which attends all this prince's actions has established his character, both as a ruler and a man, with every judicious and impartial foreigner; but with his own countrymen it has given birth to sentiments of confidence and attachment; which, co-operating with his exertions, bid fair to preserve a country whose real happiness lies in its own lap.

The Prince married Maria, daughter of Prince Charles, Stadtholder of Holstein. Several children were the fruit of their union, of whom the Princess Carolina is the only survivor. She is about ten years old, but excluded from inheriting the crown by the laws of Denmark, which confine the succession to heirs male.

Just as we were about to leave the gardens, the Prince Royal and his consort entered them, privately, to enjoy an evening's walk free from form. The interesting sight detained us some time longer, when we pursued our way towards Roeskilde Inn, eight miles distant from the metropolis. Here we sojourned for the night, and set off again at sun-rise.

Those who are acquainted with the state of this country twenty or thirty years ago, must exult at the change time has made for the better; and to those who are not, it may perhaps be interesting to know how changes so beneficial could have been produced in so short a period.

Formerly, when you met a peasant driving his waggon to market, the appearance of himself and every thing about him gave you an idea of forced obedience. Instead of alacrity, you saw sullenness on his brow; instead of the cheerful husbandman whistling with the fruits of his labour to market, you beheld a slave toiling for a merciless master. Encouraged by no one, but oppressed by many, he dragged his unwilling steps slowly along, reluctantly yielding to the strong necessity which robbed him of his best produce, to satisfy the unfeeling claims of those whose only merit was the accidental superiority of their birth; so that the fruit of his diligence was certain ruin. If he dared to remonstrate he was chastised; if his lands did not thrive he was called lazy, and turned out of the farm by the lord of the manor. If industrious, and his lands improved, he was dismissed by the lady, who always found out some deserving favourite to reap the rewards of this poor man's industry. His old age was uncheered by the fruits of those trees he had planted in his youth; and his death-bed unconsoled by the comforts he might otherwise have left his children.

Such, and numberless other abuses, at length rendered the peasant supine, spiritless, and unfit for enterprise. The gloom extended to every thing around him; the houses, land, cattle, all were tinctured with his wretchedness.

When I therefore reflect on his miserable lot,

I cannot sufficiently respect and admire those proprietors of lands whose philanthropy was roused in his behalf.—Vassalage was abolished; the lands were parcelled out in lots, upon which farm-houses were erected, and those peasants only remained in the village whose lands were contiguous. This arrangement made the peasant his own master. He could now act according to his own judgment; he had merely his own benefit to consult, not that of others

While indulging these reflections, cheered by the smiling fertility of the surrounding country, we imperceptibly reached the valley in which Roeskilde, the most ancient town of Zealand, is situated. As it has been constantly on the decline, nothing particular can be said in its favour, except what its pleasant situation claims. It is built on a branch of the Jisefiord, the banks of which form a very striking contrast. To the left are vast forests of oak, through which, at intervals, various spires and steeples steal upon the view, and to the right lie innumerable corn fields, interspersed with insulated farms.

We entered the town, and put up at the sign of the Prince, where a cheerful looking landlady welcomed us with much good humour. Having rested a little, we walked out to view the town, and particularly the cathedral, which contains the remains of all our royal family for ages past. The building, though very extensive, has been increased by a mausoleum for the reception of future kings.

We beheld the resting place of Christian IV. a king who held the balance of justice in equal scales, and who consulted in all things the good of his subjects; happy in an honourable peace, but provoked by injuries, the first to meet danger in maintaining the rights of his people. His virtues have procured him the surname of Great.

Having seen every thing worthy our attention, we returned to our good humoured hostess, who confirmed the favourable opinion we had previously formed of her. We were well served, charged reasonably, and left the inn highly pleased with our entertainment.

We now directed our route towards Hillerced, a market town, famous for a castle called Fredericksborg. After having proceeded a considerable way, it occurred to me that we might, by taking the circuitous route through Horn's Herred, have surveyed Jaegerspriis, a country seat belonging to Prince Frederick. The Prince has erected monuments in his gardens to those great men who have, in their different capacities, signalized themselves for the good and glory of their country From that place we would have re-crossed the branch of the Jisefiord, and come to Fredericksvaerk, an extensive cannon foundry, established by the late General Classen. But, as my friend seemed little disposed to undertake that journey, we pursued the plan we originally set out with.

The numerous spires of the castle of Frederickborg now appeared in the horizon, and we mounted an eminence whence we beheld the gothic castle floating, as it were, in the lake below. The town of Hillerced, which is small and inconsiderable, occupies one side of the banks, and presents a very picturesque scene There are gardens to all the houses, which slope down to the water's edge; while the other side displays corn fields in high cultivation, mingled with avenues, and closed by woods that confine the view to a very limited compass.

It being the hour for divine service, I proposed that we should go to church, and afterwards return to the castle The church is a very neat building, and its interior presents a singular spectacle, the walls being lined with a vast number of the escutcheons of our nobility —"Pray, gentlemen," civilly asked a man who concluded we were strangers, "do you wish to see our Saviour?" We thanked him, and said, "Yes." He conducted us to a heavy mass of silver, modelled in the form of Christ. "There were," continued the man "his twelve apostles, but they are gone away. When Charles IX. of Sweden, possessed himself of great part of the island, including the castle, he carried them off, saying to our Saviour, *You may stay, but your disciples shall go into the world for the benefit of mankind*"

From church we went to view the interior of the castle, which, however presented nothing to engage our attention, excepting the peasant maid who shewed us the apartments. Her singular dress and manners visibly interested my friend; nor was I less pleased with the fascinating simplicity of her whole appearance, so superior to the imitations of our dashing *belles*, who at times borrow the rustic garb, without being able to complete the metamorphosis by assuming the rustic's peculiar graces. Her petticoat was of green taffeta; a pale pink silk corset, made to her shape, displayed all the symmetry of her fine form; while a silken cap, entwined with threads of gold, sat close to her face, just permitting her features to peep forth, and express a countenance which the fancy of no painter could equal. My friend asked her a very natural question; she cast down her fine blue eyes, and with a sigh answered, she had now no friend; "he fell," said she, "last year in the battle, yet I grieve not so much for myself; he died for his country it was a noble end,—but he might have become a firm supporter of my aged parents, if distress should ever bow them down." We noticed to her, that she had as just a claim as others to benefit by the general subscription. Her reply won us

heart:—"There are widows, orphans, and wounded enough," answered this lovely daughter of simplicity, "to share the just reward of their grateful country; my parents will soon leave this world, and honesty with industry will help me through it." Had I been a painter, the portrait of this affecting girl should have graced this page!

Having passed two very pleasant days at Hilleroed, we proceeded to Fredensborg, taking the road which winds along the remains of the beautiful oak wood, whose foliage once hid the village of Groenholt. On entering this village, we observed a stork's nest on the church, which we found engrossed the interest of the whole village. There were two birds, and the rustics carefully provided them materials to build with, and guarded them from the wanton pranks of the mischievous. One of them flew over our heads with food for its mate, which was perched upon the back of the church feeding her young brood.

The bell now struck eight, and we had a long road before us; but the evening being extremely fine, and my friend making the proposal, we determined on seeking a supper in one of the cottages. We entered beneath a neat looking roof, and having made our wishes known to a clean tidy looking woman, she gave us a hearty welcome. Every thing we saw displayed the attentive housewife, and increased our good-will for our hostess. On an oaken table she spread a clean cloth, and served up supper, consisting of a dish of sour milk strewed with grated rye-bread and powdered sugar, bread, fresh butter, and some new-laid eggs. Appetite seasoned this simple repast.

While we sat at supper a hale, hearty man entered the room, whom we found to be our host; and shortly after a grey headed old man joined us, he was the father of our hostess, and had been, many years since, a soldier. The veteran placed himself in a large wicker chair. Cheerfulness sat on his brow, and his old age was a perfect picture of content. He began a lively conversation, related anecdotes of the service, and dwelt with peculiar delight on the new regulations, which do away the old established custom of enlisting Germans for our army.

It was near eleven when we broke up and asked for the reckoning; but our good host could not be prevailed upon to receive any remuneration. We left the cottage highly impressed with his hospitality, and proceeded to Fredensborg, which we reached about twelve o'clock. The distance was scarcely two miles, but the night being uncommonly fine, and having, in our island, no apprehension of robbers, we indulged the scene at our leisure.

Fredensborg, situated on the lake of Esrom, which is one of the largest in the island, forms a very considerable village. It is surrounded by woods, and from its exquisite situation has been adorned with a royal palace, which, though at present uninhabited, ranks with the more elegant order of buildings.

We next crossed the country towards Elsinore, which we reached at sun-set. It is impossible to comprehend the beauties of this prospect on a fine summer's day without having seen it. We ascended a rising hillock, to delight our eyes with the charming scenery around. The town lies immediately beneath, and a little beyond it the ancient castle of Cronborg. The Sound presented itself, covered with an immense number of shipping, and the shores of Sweden displayed the town of Helsingborg, which afforded us a most brilliant spectacle, the sun reverberating his rays on the windows, by which the houses assumed the appearance of one continued blaze. To this magnificent view, the clearness of the calm evening very materially contributed, the objects approaching nearer in semblance than in reality.

At this moment the bells of Cronborg chimed nine. The flag of the guard ship was hauled down, and a solitary shot bade farewell to the setting sun. We left our post and walked on towards the town.

Elsinore is the second town in our island, and if the spectator were to calculate on the activity and bustle visible in every corner of it, he would estimate its number of inhabitants at many thousands. The fact however is, they scarcely exceed five.

It needs little penetration to discover to whom this town chiefly owes its prosperity; for, if the flag on the castle did not inform you it was Denmark, you would fancy yourself in England. This resemblance of exterior is verified with still greater exactness in the interior. Many of the inhabitants are Britons born, they naturally retain the manners and customs of their country; and those who are not, take peculiar delight in wishing to appear like Englishmen. In the summer season the liveliness and cheerfulness of this town, comparatively, far surpasses Copenhagen; but during the winter Elsinore puts on a very sombre garb, the navigation being shut up for four or five months. Yet the inhabitants are not at a loss to amuse themselves, they form clubs, give balls, and contrive to kill time. There is no regular theatre; now and then a Swedish company of itinerant players make a halt, as do the Germans, who torture us incessantly with miserable fragments of the dramatic art; but latterly, Mr. Schwartz, of the Theatre Royal at Copenhagen, has obtained a licence to perform plays in Zealand generally, and we have every thing to hope from the abilities of an actor who has long deservedly claimed the approbation of the metropolis.

In order to form a clear idea of the business transacted at Elsinore, you must repair to the bridge, which is constantly filled with merchants, clerks, and boatmen, on the look-out for every new arrival. The alacrity prevalent here is wonderful. The moment a vessel is discernible the boatmen put off, contending with each other who shall first reach the ship; but they often labour in vain, when the captain chuses to go ashore in his own boat. On his arrival at the bridge there is as much contention among the merchants to welcome him, and to entreat the management of his affairs, should he not be recommended to any particular house.

It was very much our wish to have taken a survey of Cronborg; but the late orders were so strict that it was impossible to get access to the castle. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with admiring its noble gothic turrets, towering above the fortifications. A traveller, who visited this fort in 1793, informs us, he found the sentry boxes lying upon the ground, and the soldiers asleep in them; at the same time he observes, that he could easily take it with two sail of the line and five hundred determined men; but I will venture to aver, that the outside of the fortification is so formidable that the gentleman who made this assertion would now be as little able to take the fort as we are to prevent a fleet from passing the Sound; the breadth of which, as measured at the instance of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, in the year 1796, is about four miles. That ships may pass without the least injury from the fort was fully proved in 1801, when none of the British, except the headmost, returned the fire.

The palace of Marienlyst, belonging to the Prince Royal, but never occupied by him, stands in the suburbs. It is built on a steep hill, intersected with winding roads which reach the summit, and are neatly laid out in terraces; on one we took our seat.

As it is usual in times of peace for English ships to pass singly, or in small divisions, we could not expect to be gratified with a repetition of the magnificent spectacle of four or five hundred vessels going through the Sound at the same moment, however, we indulged the picture in miniature; fortunately, about thirty sail from the North Sea were then coming in sight. We soon distinguished a ship of war among them, which particularly drew our attention, as we knew she could not be English. With the help of a spy-glass I discovered her to be the Naiad of thirty-six guns, from her peculiar construction. This frigate was the first ship built, in 1796, on the plan of the ingenious Captain Hohlenberg, who may very deservedly be called the restorer of our navy. Her stern, in particular, differs from all others, having neither cabin windows nor quarter galleries. There are merely two port holes abaft, glazed, to admit light. Ships of war should be planned for utility, not for the accommodation of large parties.

[*To be continued.*]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ADJUDICATION OF PRIZES,

WITH A PROPOSED NEW QUESTION BY

THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences had, in their last public notice, proposed the prize of five hundred roubles, to be given to any professor of physic, who would establish and communicate to the academy, "a series of new and instructive experiments, on light considered as matter, also on the properties which may in part be attributed to it, on the affinities which it may appear to have, either to organized, or unorganized bodies, and upon the modification and phenomena of these substances by their combination with the matter of light." The academy had declared at the same time, that in order not to confine the learned, who might have similar pursuits, that they contented themselves with stating the subject generally, leaving them at liberty to consider the question in any point of view, that might appear the best calculated to elucidate the access to a question so difficult.

The academy has received, within the prescribed time, six tracts on the question, each having a note sealed and a motto, viz.

No. 1. In the Russian language, with the motto "*A philosopher who has learned to doubt, knows more than all the learned, &c.*"

No. 2. In the Russian language, " *Time is the earliest thing in nature, &c* "

No. 3. In Latin, " *Est-ne color proprius rerum, lucisne repulsus eludunt aciem ?*"

No. 4. In French, " *Nox abiit nec tamen orta dies !*"

No. 5. In German, " *Ut noscas splendore novo res semper egere, et primum jactum, &c.*"

No. 6. In German; " *La physique ne sera veritablement une science, que lorsque tous les effets naturels se deduiront clairement d'un seul et meme principe evidement demontré.*"

The three first tracts, No. 1, 2, 3, beside the common fault of wanting new experiments, a complete and instructive series of which was required by the academical notice, contained hypothesis and propositions, either well known, erroneous, or ill expressed, and advanced without demonstration. For these reasons, the academy did not think these tracts could aspire to the prize.

The tract No. 4, is not without merit, the author enters upon several interesting questions concerning the nature of light, in a manner that readily convinces us he is not a stranger to the subject; but the deficiency of connexion and of systematic arrangement which is perceived in the tract, and above all the absolute want of new experiments, which might lead to new results, or serve as a support to a number of hypothesis advanced by the author, destitute of every species of demonstration, would not permit the academy to adjudge the prize to this memoir even had there been none of greater merit.

As to the last pieces, No 5 and 6, the academy has found them worthy of particular attention. From the report of the committee appointed to declare the best qualified performance.

These essays (No. 5 and 6), are agreeable to the principal condition stated in the notice, inasmuch as they contain a great number of new experiments on the effects and properties of light, and a judicious application of those, which though already known, were repeated whenever they appeared to the author doubtful. Both pieces are executed upon a plan wisely conceived, expressed with clearness, and arranged in a sufficiently systematic order. On the other hand, in each were found some incoherent and contradictory conclusions, as also propositions hazarded without sufficient proof, besides some errors, and obsure passages. But as these imperfections were overbalanced by researches of great merit, the academy without acceding to every assertion of the authors, have nevertheless thought it their duty to divide the prize between the authors of Nos. 5 and 6, thinking them worthy of encouragement and honourable reward.

On opening two of the sealed notes, Doctor Henry Frederick Link, professor of physic at the university of Rostock, was found to be the author of No. 5; and Mr. Placidus Heinrich, professor of physic and mathematics, to the Abbey de St. Emerau, at Ratisbon, the author of No. 6 The notes of the remaining tracts were burnt without being opened.

When the academy had made public the notice, in which the marine department proposed a prize on the question concerning the resistance of fluids; they had engaged to publish also the judgment which that department, in conjunction with the academy, should make on the memoirs presented conformably to this engagement, the academy announce, by the present, the receipt of these memoirs, viz.

No. 1. With the motto, " *Sic modus lasso maris et viarum militique.*"

No. 2. " *Praestat natura vosce doceri, quam ingenio suo sapere.*"

No. 3. " *England and France agree.*"

(The last of which came after the time), none were found to satisfy all the conditions of the problems; but as the tract No 2, exhibits a new theory, which though not established on grounds sufficiently solid, nor applied to naval architecture, in the manner the notice required, yet is preferable, in some measure, to the theories of Vome and of Don George Juan; agrees better with experiments than the common theories, and deserves therefore to be noticed advantageously; the marine department to recompence the author for his trouble and laudable efforts, have decreed to him the prize of one hundred Dutch ducats, and the academy have given their sanction to this decision; the opening of the sealed note, discovered the author in the person of Mr. Zacarie Nordmark, professor of mathematics in the university of Upsal.

In publishing these judgments, and distribution of prizes for the year 1806, the academy proposes the following question for the present year, 1807:

Chymistry teaches us the means of discovering the noxious qualities of mineral bodies, whereas it is only by empiricism, that we have learned to distinguish venomous plants from those that are not so; even the characteristics, by which we think ourselves enabled to determine of the presence or absence of venom in vegetables, are not always sufficiently certain and incontestable.

The livid colour, for example, which has rendered many plants suspected, is a deceiving sign. The bur (*Arctium Lappa*), looks dull, and is of a pale colour, yet is a wholesome plant; on the contrary, the laurel (*Daphne*), is remarkable for the beauty of its flowers and leaves, yet

this is venomous. The families of ranunculus and anemone are as beautiful as they are numerous, they are, however, for the greater part noxious.

The same may be said of the disagreeable smell of plants, which is taken for a diagnostick of the poisonous quality, and which sign is equally uncertain with the preceding.

The colour of the laurel is very agreeable, while the orache, (*chenopodium vulvaria*), an innocent and even salutary plant, is of a very disagreeable smell; the odour of the coriander is disagreeable to many persons, yet of a very salutary nature.

The umbelliffuous plants, which grow in damp and inundated situations, have the reputation of being poisonous; notwithstanding this, the sium (*le berle*), and all its species, the *sison inundatum et satsum*, the *phellandrium aquaticum*, the *angelica sylvestris*, the *aegopodium podagraria*, plants which thrive in marshes, contain no poison. It is plain, therefore, that neither the pale colour, disagreeable smell, or growth in marshy places, can furnish us with certain and indisputable signs of the presence of venom in plants.

The pretended repugnance of animals to pernicious plants, is evidently as little infallible; the division of plants made by botanists into classes, orders, and families, according to their nature, is not more efficient in recognizing those that are venomous; to be convinced of this we have only to observe, that among the principal genus of the night shade, so suspected, is found the potatoe, (*solanum tuberosum*), and also capsicum, (*le piment des jardins*) which has the virtue of exciting and destroying the pernicious principle in the narcotic plants.

In consequence of this want of an exterior and natural certain sign, by which venomous plants might be immediately detected, it would be desirable to find out some easy method of examining them; such for instance as an *eudiometre*, or thing that might produce changes in them which (like the black colour assumed by mushrooms when they are boiling), might indicate their noxious qualities, though the criterion of venomous mushrooms is not yet sufficiently established.

An easy method is therefore required by which any individual, not having the least knowledge of botany, may detect venomous plants in a short time, at a small expence, and manner perfectly decisive.

The prize is one hundred Dutch ducats, and the precise time, after which no memoir can be admitted to the competition, is the 1st of July, 1808.

The academy invites the learned of all nations, without excluding its honorary members and correspondents, to investigate this matter; there are none but those academicians who are called to exercise the functions of judges, who it is thought ought to be excluded.

The learned who contend for the prize are not to put their names to their works, but merely a sentence, or motto, with sealed notes added to them, which will have the same motto outside, and the author's name, quality, and place of residence inside. The note of the piece which is determined to the prize shall be opened, and the rest shall be burnt unopened.

The tracts should be written in legible characters, either in Russian, French, English, German, or Latin, and must be addressed to the permanent secretary of the academy, who shall deliver to the person appointed by the author, a receipt marked with the same number and motto which was inscribed on the piece.

The successful memoir is to be the property of the academy; and without whose formal permission, the author shall not print it.

The rest of the tracts may be received back from the secretary, who will deliver them at St. Petersburgh to any person commissioned by the author to apply for them.

POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ODE TO LUDLOW CASTLE.

PROUD pile that rear'st thy hoary head,
In ruin vast, in silence dread,
O'er Teme's luxuriant vale,
Thy moss-grown halls, thy precincts drear,
To musing Fancy's pensive ear
Unfold a varied tale.

When terror stalk'd the prostrate land
With savage Cambria's ruthless band,
Beneath thy frowning shade,
Mixed with the grazers of the plain,
The plundered, helpless peasant train,
In secret ward were laid.

From yon high tower the archer drew
With steady hand the stubborn yew,
While fierce in martial state,
The mailed host in long array,
With crested helms and banners gay,
Burst from the thundering gate.

In happier times, how brightly blazed
The hearth with ponderous billets raised,
How rung the vaulted halls,
When smoaked the feast, when care was drown'd,
When songs and social glee went round,
Where now the ivy crawls.

'Tis past! the marcher's princely court,
The strength of war, the gay resort,
In mouldering silence sleeps;
And o'er the solitary scene,
While Nature hangs her garlands green,
Neglected Memory weeps.

The Muse too weeps:—in hallowed hour
Here sacred Milton own'd her pow'r,
And woke to nobler song;
The wizard's baffled wiles essayed,
Here first the pure majestic maid
Subdued the enraptured throng.

But see! beneath yon shattered roof
What mouldy cavern, sun-beam proof,
With mouth infectious yawns?
O! sight of dread! O! ruthless doom!
On that deep dungeon's solid gloom
Nor hope nor daylight dawns.

Yet there, at midnight's sleepless hour,
While boisterous revels shook the tower,
Bedewed with damps forlorn,
The warrior-captive pressed the stones,
And lonely breathed unheeded moans,
Despairing of the morn.

That too is past—unsparing Time,
Stern miner of the tower sublime,
Its night of ages broke,
Freedom and peace with radiant smile
Now carol o'er the dungeon vile
That cumb'rous ruins choak.

Proud relic of the mighty dead!
Be mine with shuddering awe to tread
Thy roofless, weedy hall,
And mark, with Fancy's kindling eye,
The steel clad ages gliding by
Thy feudal pomp recall.

Peace to thy stern heroic age!
No stroke of wild unhallowed rage
Assail thy tottering form!
We love, when smiles returning day,
In cloudy distance to survey
The remnant of the storm.

THE MARINER's DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swang loose at the sport of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his house, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn,
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight:
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"Oh God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire,—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters,—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave?

Oh sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss,
Where now is the picture that Fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?

Oh sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unbless'd and unhonoured, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of wave shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
Oh sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

When Nature starts from Winter's sleep,
And hails the dawn of genial spring,
The breezy fragrance wakes old age,
And tunes life's haste discordant string.

The dappled, jocund morn presents,
In op'ning youth, th' exulting sight;
Whilst growing day expands the view,
In full-blown blooming manhood's height.

As Spring to Summer's ray recedes,
Summer to Autumn's mellowing gleam;
So thus is youth engulph'd in age,
And backwards seems a baseless dream.

For now no more the fragrant breeze
Can life, or health, to these impart;
To me 'tis momentary ease,
Yet, ah! it fails to heal the heart.

DORA.

ADDRESS

TO THE GUARDIAN SPIRITS OF RURAL RETIREMENT.

Ye Spirits, who make these lov'd shades your delight,
Ye who hover around when the white-bosom'd spring,
Advances, enrob'd in a mantle of light,
And distils rosy health from her dew dropping wing.

Oh lead me, sweet Sylphs! by your magical spells,
To wander your heaths and your mountains along,
Guide my feet where the rill murmurs flow thro' your dells,
And breathe on my ear your wild musical song.

Ah! these are the scenes where your presence I own,
Thro' the rock-skirted valley your footsteps I hail,
Down the pine-cover'd walk, musing pensive, alone,
I list to the sound of your wings on the gale.

Oh, deck these lov'd scenes with your choicest of flowers,
And teach the clear stream o'er its current to mourn;
Bid the songsters of nature enliven these bowers,
And each moss-covered rock their sweet echoes return.

When the sun streaks the west with his red spangled beams,
Or paints the grey morn with his pencil of gold,
When the planet of night thro' the dim valley gleams,
And the gems of the sky their bright bosoms unfold.

When the dew drops hang trembling and nature is mute,
Save the beetle's dull horn, or the plaint of the rills;
Or when to night's dear Pity's soul-soothing lute,
Steals in pauses melodious along the blue hills.

When Spring's jocund season of youth and delight,
When Summer's warm Suns, or when Autumn's bower
Are lost in the chaos of Winter and Night,
And the seasons of love and enjoyment are o'er;—

Still, still, oh ye Sylphs, in bright visions attend,
And hover around me when musing I stray;
And when the dark tempests of life o'er me bend,
Pour the radiance of Hope o'er my care-clouded way.

Then, calm as the Sun, when the storms cease to rage,
Reposes his beams on the ocean's clear breast,
When the fervour of youth is extinguish'd in age,
Bear me safe on your wings to a mansion of rest.

D. P. E.

TO A FRIEND,

By an Officer under sentence of Death, for absenting himself from his Regiment.

START not, my friend, to trace the well-known hand,
Nor feel your cheek the crimson dye of shame;
Still am I worthy of that sacred eye,
Tho' branded with a base deserter's name.

Can you forget our vows of early youth?
Ah, no! I know your generous soul too well;
Say, will you brave my dungeon's horrid gloom,
To bid me then one long, one last farewell?

Come, then, the test of love and friendship prove,
Justice demands, with stern relentless pow'r,
This feeble frame must for my crime atone;
Oh! kindly soothe me in the parting hour.

When the deep bell shall warn me it is near,
And my breast heave in a convulsive sigh,
Support my fortitude, and cheer my soul,
Bid me remember I should nobly die!

'Tis not the thought of death or silent grave,
Religion bids me all those fears controul;
'Tis scorn and infamy, alas! I dread;
'Tis these that thus distract my sinking soul.

The proud contempt that marks each soldier's eye,
The muffled drum and th' ignoble bier;
Those who once lov'd me too, shall view this scene,
And o'er my fate not one will shed a tear!

And when no more my name perhaps may live,
A mark'd example to the worst of men;
Some gen'rous few may sigh to hear the tale,
The good shall pity—while the bad condemn.

ON THE DEATH OF A PEWET.

'Twas in the dead of sable night,
Couch'd 'neath an evergreen;
Nought but the twinkling starry light,
Or glow-worm could be seen.

A cloud had cas'd the pallid moon,
Increasing mist around;
No music save the screech owl's tune,
A melancholy sound.

And mowing nightly wandering cats,
A thieving murd'rous race,
Whose unharmonious debates
Resound in every place.

No murm'ring of the gentle wind,
Or clearish glassy rill;
The peasantry in sleep confin'd,
Fair nature hush'd and still.

A hapless bird in sweet repose,
(Apparently secure,)
Had crept beneath the spreading boughs
To 'scape the chilling air.

In nature's handsome plumage dress'd,
Like rainbow's varied hues;
A proudly waving topknot crest,
It strutted to amuse.

Destroyer of the reptile class,
Most hurtful to the soil;
Nor could devouring insects pass,
They prov'd his welcome spoil.

When sallying forth at midnight gloom,
A wand'ring cat espies;
Poor helpless bird—thy dreadful doom,
Heart rending shrieks, and cries.

Vain are those struggles, vain those cries,
The bloody deed is done;
In agony poor Pewet dies,
The cat is fled, and gone.

Amusing, inoffensive bird,
No more I'll see thee strut;
No more thy simple note is heard,
Stopt by the murd'ring cat.

Thus innocence is early ta'en,
While guilty victims 'scape;
Who, reptile like, the country drain,
Tho' in another shape.

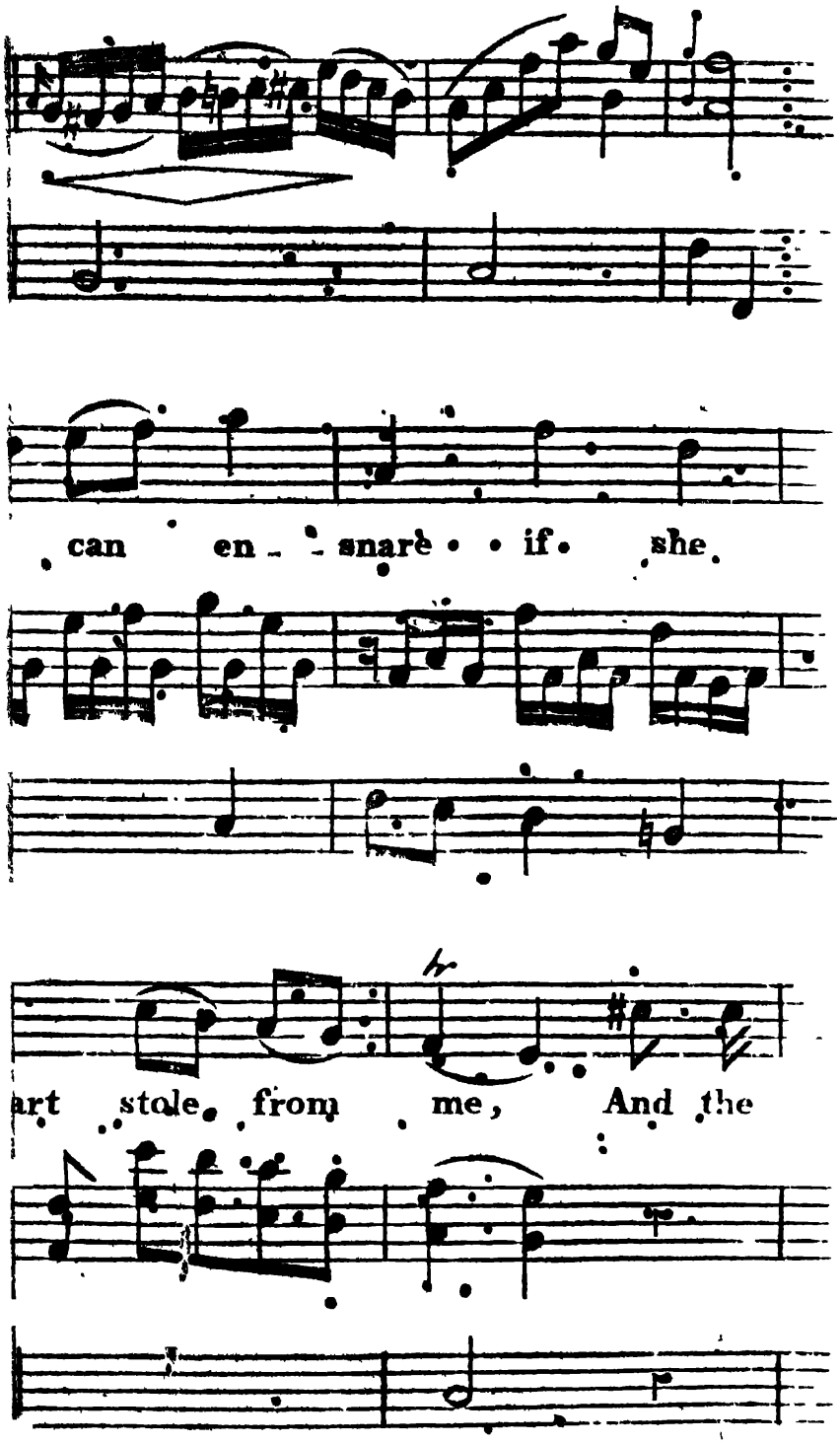
Excuse the soft and pitied tear,
The deep and mournful sighs;
I'll now attend his parting bier,
And often where he lies.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A SMELLING BOTTLE.

WHILST thousands round to Folly's temples pour,
And grasp the trifles of the passing hour,
Swim with the stream, nor seek to stem the tide;
Fashion their God, frivolity their guide;
To win a heavenly, not an earthly name,
Is the bright end of Dorothea's aim,
To calm the soul upon the bed of death,
And watch the humble Christian's parting breath,
The sick to comfort, succour those in need,
And prove to all the "Gift of God" indeed!
If such thy name, accept then from a friend,
The simple offering which these lines attend,
Their pompous presents to the rich I leave,
Nor envy those who give but to receive.
My gift accepted, each kind task will share;
Refresh the weak, revive the fainting fair;
And while you in its brilliant lustre find,
Th' unsullied emblem of a spotless mind,
It teaches all who view its tragic form,
That man is mortal, and at best a worm.

G.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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[*Continued from Page* 110]

ACT II. SCENE I.—AGATHE, PAULINE, THERESE, LEDOUX, *and* CORSIGNAC.

Therese. I told you how it was; the blow came from Ursule.

Corsignac (to Pauline). Do not let me suffer for the offence of your friend.

Pauline. You are forgiven.

Ledoux (to Agathe). Do not compel me to run away a third time.

Agathe. You may stay.

Pauline. How wicked of Ursule make my sister put on her riding dress.

Agathe. And to incite Pauline to put a romance in her ridicule.

Corsignac. And to made such a mixture of truth and falsehood, so as to compromise my innocence.

Therese. You will find that she has told some other story to Louise.

Agathe. But how came she not to fear lest we should reveal to each other the bad advice she gave us?

Therese What does she care for this, now she has bred a quarrel between my father and Sainville?

Pauline. I have been told that Mr. Sainville has been seen going to visit Ursule's mother.

Therese. You see, she draws him into her net.

Agathe. God knows with what colour she will adorn our portraits.

Therese. The first condition she will impose upon him will be, never to see us again.

Corsignac. And my poor friend is so easily led.

Therese. Don't affect sorrow; you are happy. I, therefore, will give you little credit for your demonstrations of grief. It is my sister alone, my good Louise, whom I pity—and if I could, would assist. But stay—Oh! I have it! She deceived us with false representations and perfidious counsels, let us make use of the same weapon.

Corsignac. I understand you; you may rely upon me.

Ledoux. As for me, I cannot boast that I do; but will always be ready to help you.

Therese. Ursule is fond of scandal and discord; she thinks herself a wit, and it is easy to fancy that other people have the same tastes as ourselves.

Pauline. The truth of this we have proved to-day, Therese; you are right to refresh our memory.

Therese. First you, Mr. Ledoux, try to lead back to us Mr. Sainville, as you have been led by Mr. Corsignac.

Ledoux. Only give me the power to act, and I'll work wonders. I am naturally cunning and wily; and will tell him——. What shall I tell Mr. Sainville?

Therese. That it is very wrong in him to have thus forsaken an old friend, and that he ought to have excused my father's impetuosity

Corsignac. Stay; I have the whole plan in my head, and will direct its execution. But Ursule is cunning as well as Mr. Ledoux. She will suspect both you and me. She is fond of scandal, and consequently curious.

Therese. She is.

Agathe. How often we have surprised her listening to our conversation, and watching our actions.

Corsignac. Oh! she is in the habit of listening! excellent! The whole now is to get her back here with Sainville; and this I will attempt to perform, assisted by the abilities of Mr. Ledoux.

Ledoux. Thank you for the honour you confer upon me, by choosing me for your ally in this important negociation. Let us lose no time—I go—I hasten.—(*To Agathe*) Too happy if I could but obtain your approbation.

Corsignac. Let us lose no time, as you rightly said; follow me.

[*Exeunt Corsignac and Ledoux.*

Therese. I do not know exactly what this Mr. Corsignac means to do. But, where is my father?

Pauline. Gone to scold his workmen.

Therese. No doubt of it; for when he is in a passion, every one must feel its effects.

Agathe. Hush! Here he is.

Enter JAQUEMIN.

Jaquemin. Here you are all at last.

Agathe (to Pauline). Is his anger gone?

Pauline. I believe it is.

Jaquemin. Well! are you frowning at me? It is true I have flown into a passion.

Therese. Yes, it frightens us at first, but as you are well known.———

Jaquemin. Where is Louise?

Therese. In her room, where she weeps, and refuses to be comforted.

Jaquemin. Poor girl! I have been in the wrong, I am afraid, yet I cannot go and beg her pardon. It is your fault, you three, that I have been unable to chain my anger.

Pauline. Very well, my dear guardian; scold us as much as you please.

Agathe. I prefer your violence to Miss Ursule's flattery.

Jaquemin. What of Ursule? Why she is one of the best girls in the world.

Therese. She! she is a deceitful intriguing coquet.

Pauline. It is she who was the cause of your quarrel with Mr. Sainville.

Jaquemin. Is it she? Yet Sainville is not the less guilty in my sight.

Therese. Should we try to make him understand reason.

Jaquemin. What! that I ask him here without resenting the manner in which he left me.

Therese. Never mind, leave that to me We have already sent for him; and all I beg of you is to receive him well.

Jaquemin. That I should receive him well!

Therese. But especially do not let Ursule suspect you are acquainted with her actions.

Jaquemin I shall have no difficulty to obey this injunction, since I know nothing of them.

Enter LEDOUX.

Ledoux. Here I am, ladies.

Therese. Where is Mr. Sainville?

Ledoux. He refused to accompany me.

Jaquemin. Here again, you see how he behaves.

Ledoux. But I must give Miss Ursule and her mother their due. These two ladies united their entreaties with ours, to persuade Sainville to come, but he declared Mr. Jaquemin had forbidden him his house, and then we were invited to dinner; Mr. Corsignac accepted, but I refused the invitation.

Pauline. He accepted; is this the way to prove his love for me?

Agathe. Is not Mr. Ledoux a skilful ambassador?

Ledoux. Every one cannot be successful, and I assure you, my exertions have not been spared. But I must inform you that Miss Ursule is following me. She no sooner heard of a misunderstanding with Mr. Jaquemin, than she offered herself as a mediator betwixt the two former friends.

Jaquemin. The deuce take me if I understand any thing in all this.

Enter URSULE.

Ursule. Good morrow, a second time, my dear friends.

Therese. Good morrow, my dear Ursule.

Ursule. What have I learned? Has Mr. Sainville been unfortunate enough to displease Mr. Jaquemin.

Therese. It is a mere trifle.

Pauline. A light cloud passing through a fair sky.

Ursule. I am very glad to hear it; *a propos*, he has paid us a visit.

Therese. Very natural; your parents knew each other.

Ursule. My mother engaged him to dine with us.

Jaquemin. He dines with you! I congratulate you upon the power you exercise over him.

Ursule. But I am determined to force him to an explanation with you.

Therese. An explanation! there is no occasion for it.

Ursule. He refuses in vain; I will find some means of bringing him here

Jaquemin. I have no wish to see him.

Ursule. Let me act, and all will soon be right. But where is Louise?

Enter CORSIGNAC *and* SAINVILLE.

Corsignac. I have triumphed over his obstinacy; come in, and make your re-appearance, Sainville.

Ursule. Mr. Sainville!

Sainville. Truly, Corsignac, you exact too much.

Corsignac. My exertions have proved more successful than yours (*to Ursule*). I hope you do not feel hurt. Well, what mean all these serious faces?

Jaquemim. I do not wish to compel Mr. Sainville to visit me, if it be not pleasant to him.

Sainville. Remember, Sir, you forbade me.

Jaquemin. I am too impetuous!

Therese. Let's forget the past. (*To Sainville*) Had you not agreed to accompany my father before dinner to the house which is to be sold in our neighbourhood?

Sainville. I had.

Jaquemin. I beg to be excused, in the present moment, I cannot accompany you; but Mr. Ledoux will have that pleasure.

Ledoux. It will really be a great pleasure to me.

Sainville. I am ready to attend your commands.

Ursule (aside). I must make Agathe and Pauline speak.

Jaquemin. Very well; good bye, Mr. Sainville, I hope to see you soon. (*To Therese.*) I am going to see Louise. [*Exit.*

Agathe. I follow you. (*Low to Sainville as she passes by him.*) Louise alone will suit you. [*Exit.*

Pauline (low to Sainville). Believe me, Louise is as good as Ursule is wicked. [*Exit.*

Ursule. Wait for me, my good friends, I wish to converse with you. [*Exit.*

Sainville. They are all leagued against the amiable Ursule.

Therese. I'll lay any thing you had been forbidden to come and see us.

Sainville. Yes, by your father.

Therese. Not alone, but by Ursule and her mother.

Sainville. Well; their conduct only proves they felt acutely for my honour.

Therese. Now answer me plainly, do you think you can be happy with Ursule.

Sainville. She seems to have received a good education, to possess liberality of sentiments——.

Corsignac. And to love you; if you wish for a proof of this assertion, tell me what defect you will feign to have, and I'll be hanged if she does not instantly assume it.

Sainville. What is it you say?

Corsignac. Stay; I know you hate pretensions to wit and a disposition to slander; goodness and simplicity you admire. Go with Mr. Ledoux as you are engaged, at your return you will meet Ursule here and pronounce upon her merits.

Sainville. But I should like to know your meaning and not to be treated like a child.

Corsignac. Never mind, you must go.

[*Exeunt* Sainville *and* Ledoux.

Corsignac (low to Therese). Ursule is coming, let us speak as though we did not see her. (*Aloud*) Yes, my only motive for accepting their invitation, was the hope of baffling Ursule's secret intrigues, for that she is intriguing there is no doubt.

Therese. I have been telling every body so, but no one will believe me.

[*Ursule walks tip-toe towards a closet in which she conceals herself, leaving the door a-jar.*]

Corsignac. Our interests are the same, let us act in concert. (*Low*) She is now in the closet. (*Aloud*) Well, as I told you, I am to dine with Ursule, I'll try to win her confidence, and nothing will then be so easy as to overthrow all her plans.

Therese. But how?

Corsignac. This morning I revealed to her every good quality which adorns Sainville's mind; but this knowledge will be useless to her, we must study the defects of others to be able to please them.

Therese. And what are those of your friend?

Corsignac. Causticity, and a strong inclination to turn every body into ridicule.

Therese. How strange! I have heard honeyed words alone drop from his lips.

Corsignac. He was just arrived then; and longed to make himself amiable. His heart is good, his wit alone is malicious.

Therese. Then all is lost, for Ursule is also malignant, satirical and talkative.

Corsignac. We have only to persuade her, that she ought to affect simplicity and good nature. Sainville will fancy she is silly or an hypocrite, and in either case be disgusted with her. His second failing seems incompatible with the first, it is a strong pretention to be a wit.

Therese. Indeed?

Corsignac. He writes verses; he has formed the plan of a descriptive poem, according to the present fashion. He has composed a satire which I think very harmless; no matter, it shows his intention. He lays down all his thoughts, all his actions, and dedicates the greater part of his life to preparing posthumous memoirs.

Therese. Lord preserve us! Ursule comments on the *Mercure de France*, and guesses its charades; scolds Pauline because she only reads novels, and speaks of nothing else but literature, morals, sciences, chemistry, botany——.

Corsignac. Botany! it is Sainville's favourite study, let us tell her that he does not like a learned wife. And on your part, advise Louise to reveal her wit, and especially not to spare Ursule in her sallies.

Therese. This is impossible—my sister is so good natured.

Corsignac. Let her feign a while. It is so easy to speak ill of others, and to believe what is said against them, that she cannot help succeeding.

Therese (low). Enough, let us withdraw now.

Corsignac (aloud and going). Every thing is settled; I shall marry Pauline, and you your cousin.

Therese (going). Try to find Ursule, I go to meet Louise. [*Exeunt both.*

Enter Ursule *from the closet.*

Ursule. Very kind intentions towards me! Ah! you wish to ruin my plans; I am attacked, and must defend myself. Poor Louise, it is in vain they wish you to show what nature has denied you—wit. He writes verses too! what sympathy! Pauline seeks for it, and I find it Oh! I am so angry, so joyful—I shall be avenged!—but hush! here he is.

Enter Sainville *and* Ledoux.

Ledoux. We could not see the house, the key was not to be found; but you do not want me

any more, and will permit me to leave you for Miss Agathe. [*Exit.*

Ursule. Is not Mr. Ledoux an excellent man?

Sainville. I think so.

Ursule He never meddles with intrigue; he never attempts to injure any body in the opinion of others.

Sainville. What do you mean?

Ursule. To be frank with you, you must know I have got enemies——.

Sainville. You?

Enter THERESE, *and steals into the closet.*

Ursule. Jealousy is a base and degrading vice. I am not blind; the visit you have paid my mother has made me the object of the hatred of certain persons—and yet what have we done? we have told you as much good of Mr. Jaquemin, his daughters, and wards, as we possibly could.

Sainville This is true.

Ursule. I am feared, and why? because I have been fortunate enough to receive a better education than ladies generally do. No one can hate affectation of wit and learning more than I, but a woman ought not to be an ignorant idiot."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

HAYMARKET.

THIS theatre closed on Tuesday, the 15th, with the tragedy of *Hamlet*. In this play Mr. Young well employed the last opportunity that for some time he was likely to enjoy of demonstrating to the public his eminent talents. It is surely unjust, that an actor who has qualifications that in the important character of *Hamlet* are always respectable, and sometimes even brilliant, should be without an engagement at a winter theatre. Covent Garden, possessing the Kembles and Cooke, has certainly no need of tragic reinforcement; but in Drury-Lane there certainly is room for so good a tragedian as Mr Young. After the play Mr Fawcett returned thanks in the name of the proprietors and performers.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Thursday, the 17th, this theatre opened for the season. Mrs. Jordan, whom the Managers have very wisely engaged for three successive seasons, appeared in her favourite character, the *Country Girl*. The house was crowded to the top, and she was welcomed on her entrance with the most enthusiastic applause. Mrs. Jordan is somewhat less *embonpoint* than when we saw her last. Her performance of this character has long been the pride of the stage, and the *chef d'œuvre* of modern comedy An actress of such distinguished merit can scarcely become a subject of criticism. Of Mrs Jordan it may be said, without flattery, what was said by Voltaire of a certain French actress,—"That her merit was of that species as rather to give new principles to criticism than to become a subject of its scrutiny. The standard of equality is not to be measured by line and rule"

Wroughton, whose performance of *Moody* does him great credit, was loudly welcomed, as were Palmer, Barrymore, and Holland. Miss Mellon, whose reception was equally flattering, must not be forgotten. In the Afterpiece, Bannister was most flatteringly received; his performance was admirable as usual. Mathews and Mrs. Mountain were heartily welcomed.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS theatre opened for the season on Monday, the 14th, with *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. C. Kemble is the best *Romeo* on the stage. Miss Smith has more spirit, but not so much warmth and tenderness as Mrs. H Siddons in *Juliet*; altogether, we think her inferior to the above-mentioned actress.

The Performers were greeted on their respective appearances with the usual testimonies of welcome. The *Beggar's Opera* was performed on Wednesday—Incledon was rapturously received, and his *Macheath* was excellent Munden was welcomed in a manner equally flattering. Mrs C. Kemble's *Lucy* was in the true spirit of the character, and her reception was such as she must have coveted. Miss Bolton was equally simple and pleasing, and is much improved in the character of *Polly*.

On Friday Mr. Kemble appeared in the part of *Penruddock*, in the *Wheel of Fortune*; his unrivalled excellence in this character is well known. Mr. K was of course flatteringly received.

A sister of Mrs. C. Kemble has appeared in the Farce of *Raising the Wind*; she is a good figure, and may become, by instruction, a useful actress.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS.

For OCTOBER, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A Lady and her Child, attired in the most elegant fashions of the season.

Lady's dress.—A round gown with short train, ornamented at the feet in flutings of muslin or needle work; a long sleeve racked, with full top; frock back, and lappelled bosom cut low, and trimmed with scolloped lace. A *Chapeau à la bocage*, of imperial chip or sarsnet, ornamented with a wreath of ivy or jonquille; a single sprig of the same in front of the bosom in lieu of a brooch. A shawl of Chinese silk, thrown negligently over the shoulders. Hair in a single band across the forehead, relieved by loose curls in front and at the sides. Hoop earrings of amber or cornelian. Straw-coloured kid gloves and shoes.

Child's dress.—A frock and trowsers of fine cambric, bordered at the bottom in rich fancy Vandyke; French back, and bosom cut very low, and ornamented with the same; Circassian sleeve very short. The Moorish boot, or high *pomposa*, of bright yellow kid, laced with purple. Sash to correspond, tied in shortbows and ends behind.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No 2.—A Parisian Dancing Figure.

A round frock of Italian crape, over a white satin slip, ornamented at the bottom with a pink and silver ribband. Long waist, laced up the back with pink or silver chord; a plain bosom cut very low, trimmed *tel que la robe*. The melon sleeve, formed of alternate stripes of pink satin and white crape; a narrow sash of pink ribband, tied loosely behind. Hair combed straight from the temples, and leaving a few simple curls on the forehead, is formed in full braids at the back of the head, confined with a coronet comb of pearl, and ornamented with a bunch of auricula or clove-carnation. A *bouquet* composed of the rose and myrtle. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of fine Chinese pearl. Gloves of French kid, and slippers of pink satin, tied round the ankles with silver ribband. Plain silk stockings, a French white.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MOST PREVAILING

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

As our metropolis cannot at this period be properly termed the theatre of fashion, we of course direct our attention to those places of public and private resort, where she still reigns triumphant. Genius and talent are confined to no period or clime,—taste and fancy are their offspring, and fashion their conductor and *chaperon*.

The celebrated watering places exhibit at this moment an assemblage of beauty and elegance; the balls and theatres, public walks and libraries, were never more crowded; and the splendour, luxury, gaiety, and hospitality displayed at the seats of our nobles, and the villas of our females of fashionable *eclat*, are emblematic of that national prosperity which, spite of our Continental foe, is still the pride and boast of Albion.

It is to the opportunity of observation afforded us from the above-mentioned sources, that we are enabled to give a delineation more copious and select than at this season of the year it might otherwise be in our power to procure, and which, we are proud to say, will be sought for in vain amidst the pages of any cotemporary work. Our fair readers will be sensible that at this intermediate season no great degree of novelty presents itself; but still amidst our general information, we shall hope to portray some variety in individual articles; while we at the same time endeavour to direct the taste in its selection and combination of that attire which produces an attractive and elegant *tout ensemble*. Attention to the morning and intermediate costume, we strongly enforced in our last; it will therefore only be necessary here to specify such articles as are most worthy of distinction in this and every other style of fashionable decoration. The Carmelite, or Convent cloak, of coloured sarsnet; the Pedlar's cloak, and Rugen mantle, of Chinese silk, trimmed with Vandyke brocade ribband; the large Angola, or silk shawl, near two yards square, gathered full round the throat, and tied

in a full bow on the shoulder, the ends falling irregularly down the left side, and finished with tassel, are considered the most distinguishing in this style of ornament. The hat *a la Diana*, of black chip, with coloured net embroidered handkerchiefs; the Spanish hat, of black satin-straw, ornamented in front with autumnal flowers; straw, or white chip hats, with Vandyke and scolloped edges; and small Scotch bonnets, of fancy sarsnets, edged with French binding, and trimmed with a full Angola fringe, are selected by females of the first rank and fashion. The curled ostrich feather placed across the crown of the head is much introduced in full dress, and has a most novel and appropriate effect.

Flowers are much worn, and variously disposed; the barberry, the ranunculus, the clove-carnation, and Labrador rose, we observe to rank highest on the list of fashion. Habit shirts of lace or embroidery, with a deep Vandyke falling frill, and the shirt with lace introduced in the melon form, gathered round the throat with a border of the same, are articles perfectly new and attractive. The style of gowns vary little since our last communication. The morning dress is made high in the neck as usual, and formed in a plain cambric robe, a walking length; with belts *a la Diana*, and deep Vandyke ruff, or in jackets and petticoats ornamented with work, lace, or muslin. French coats, or breakfast wraps, continue their station in the morning wardrobe, and this style of costume is considered incomplete and inelegant without a cap; this latter ornament usually consists of the Brunswick mob, French quartered cap, or nun's hood of lace, lined with coloured sarsnet, and edged with a narrow rich Vandyke, the latter is an article comprising much novelty and elegance. Round gowns of muslin, either short or with trains, edged at the feet with narrow Vandykes or cut in large crescent scallops, and edged with a fine pearl net, worn with a military sash of white sarsnet, must ever be ranked amidst a chaste and fashionable attire. Robes of coloured muslin or crape, worn over white satin, trimmed with fancy trimming of chenille, beads, or silver, and a *cestus* to correspond, are considered uncommonly elegant and attractive. Painted, or embroidered borders representing natural flowers, on muslin or tiffany robes, it is thought will be much introduced in full dress during the winter, at present we only notice a few in the very first circles of rank and fashion. Grecian drapery, folded in a picturesque style round the figure, is also observable in the ball room; but at this season of the year to be considered of fashionable distinction, public decoration should be chaste and elegant, rather than showy and splendid.

In the evening parade, the hat may be ornamented with a flower; but we wish that many of our females would distinguish and regulate with greater nicety, and not allow those ornaments to form any part in the morning decoration. The *Provence* hat, Cottage bonnet, or small straw hat and veil, are appropriate to the morning walk, and flowers (that animating and consistent decoration of the evening dress) must ever be considered in the above-mentioned costume a vulgar supernumerary. We have lately seen a dress which, from its simplicity and elegance, attracted universal attention; it consisted of a plain short gown of leno or crape, worn over a white satin slip; at the bottom was laid a broad satin ribband, finished at the extreme edge with a narrow Vandyke lace; a spenser waist with short sleeve, composed entirely of crape and satin ribband formed in plaits; a winged ruff of scolloped lace ornamented the back and shoulders; and a small hat of the Spanish form, with a willow feather, frosted with silver, waving over the crown towards the left side where the hat inclined, composed the head-dress. The trinkets were entirely of brilliants set in the most fashionable form; the shoes were white satin, with silver rosets; the fan of white tiffany, with lilies of the valley in silver; and a *bouquet* consisting of the myrtle, mignionette, and Provence rose, completed this almost celestial attire. Dresses of black, or coloured net, over white satin slips, with rich appliqued borders in coloured chenille or white beads, are the distinguishing decoration of many females of rank on public occasions. White and coloured embroidered net handkerchiefs, are still considered extremely fashionable, both as ornaments for the hair and to tie down the gipsy hat. Tuckers of net, formed in the honey-comb edge, or trimmed with Vandyke or scolloped lace, are introduced with those dresses which are cut low in the bosom. Bindings of embroidery continue a favourite ornament for muslin and cambric dresses, and it is now not only introduced round the bottom and bosom but up the seams of dresses, and we have not witnessed an embellishment more neat and appropriate. The short sleeve, if formed of lace or with a Vandyke ruff, must only be of an easy fullness; if of the same material as the dress, they are disposed in the melon or bishop form, but each very short, finished with hair or pearl armlets.

We have seen nothing in the long sleeve more elegant than those described in our last; nor can there be any covering for the arm more becoming and attractive than the Catalani and surplice twisted sleeve, confined at the wrist with elastic bracelets of gold or hair. Some dashing *elegantes* have lately sported stockings of brown and purple silk, with coloured clocks and open-wove ankles.

But we cannot help remarking that this feature of the human form, when rendered conspicuous by the singularity of its decoration, will attract without pleasing; we naturally turn with disgust from that species of art which obscures and disguises the symmetry of nature; we confess ourselves a votary to neatness and elegance combined; and therefore wish not to see the above mentioned fashion become general amongst females who have been celebrated for unobtrusive loveliness, simplicity, and virtue.

We have little to remark on the articles of trinkets, they have undergone little alteration since our last Number; the wedding hoop-ring, with a single brilliant, ruby, emerald, or amethyst in the centre; the Carmelite cross, the jessamine brooch, with bottles formed of Egyptian amulet-wood embellished with correspondent characters, are the only ornaments in this line which strike us as worthy of observation.

Gloves and shoes are governed by no particular standard, but left to the choice of the wearer; the prevailing colours for the season are, rose, green, purple, salmon, and melbourn brown.

LETTER ON DRESS.

EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE, FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

Henley Grote-House, Surrey.

You preach much, dear Julia, in your epistle now before me, of the quiet pleasures of domestic life, of those still and tranquil enjoyments within the vicinity of our own domains; and give (I must allow) an interesting portrait of your fair friend and her rational and amiable spouse; who, educated in the tenets of the old school, love one another with all their hearts—educate their children, and attend to the religion, morals, and personal comfort of their surrounding tenantry. I respect, dear Julia, the purity and delicacy of your sentiments; but allow me to say, that in this sad world it is dangerous to refine too highly. "He (says Dr. Johnson) who too delicately refines his feelings always endangers his quiet."

Alas! Julia, when in early youth, you and I traversed the vicarage garden, and rambled in girlish confidence through the old ruins of F—— Abbey, our affection and imagination took the lead; our unadulterate hearts, in love with goodness, delighted to paint objects as we wished, rather than as they are, and to wander in paths of visionary happiness. Where, alas! shall we look for a realization of those prospects of felicity, those air-built castles which our vivid fancies delighted to rear? Not in the region of romance, for that is but an *ignis fatuus* that deludes with false hopes and vain expectations. Are not therefore, dear Julia, those beings the most politic and the most happy, who like the inhabitants of this hospitable mansion, fulfil the duties of their station, content to take the world as it goes, and catch pleasure as it flies?—You will doubtless look at the date of my letter with some degree of surprise, and will think us guided by a weathercock's influence, in being thus sudden and unexpectedly, transported from one place to another. The truth is, dear Julia, that the sulky fits, and mysterious conduct of Sir James M'Laurence, together with the spirited harangue of his intolerably vulgar spouse, induced cousin Mary to accept an invitation to accompany her brother, on a shooting party, to this delightful spot. The change, dear friend, is productive of considerable advantage, both on the score of fashionable information, the introduction to polished society, and the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures. This beautiful retreat has been in the family of its present possessor (Lord John P——) upwards of seven centuries, and in the sublimity of its architectural construction, picturesque beauty, and local situation is not exceeded by any in this charming county. You, my dear Julia, would enjoy the very perfection of rural happiness in the gardens, park, and surrounding scenery of this earthly paradise. Our host is a man whose natural *hauteur* of manner is evidently softened by the mild graces, and amiable dispositions of his lovely wife: she is the second choice of his Lordship; and amply repays him for a lack of connubial felicity experienced in his former marriage.

After the mixed assemblies which present themselves at the several watering places we have lately visited (where the adventurer of both sexes are permitted indecorously to mingle with people of distinction and virtue), it is pleasant to find one's self in a society whose unquestionable respectability, elegance of deportment, and urbanity of manners, divest one of restraint, and render unnecessary that reserve so painful to the open and generous breast. This mansion is seldom without visiters of rank and fashion; and we frequently set down sixteen or eighteen to dinner. The fortune of Lord and Lady P—— is ample—their establishment splendid, and their hearts expand at the call of hospitality. Can I then have a more extensive field from whence to gather the choicest flowers of fashion, taste, and elegance.—Our morning and out-door costume (which in visits of this sort require a particular attention) exhibits some little variation since my last address. The Carmelite cloak, though much in esteem, is rivalled by the Rugen mantle, or Swedish wrap, which owes its origin to the exquisite taste, and invention of my dashing cousin. In its construction it is not unlike the cassocks worn by our

divines; it is formed of a Chinese silk, a pale olive colour, and is ornamented all round with a most delicate fancy border of embroidery in coloured silks; a deep silk fringe is placed at the extreme edge, and the sash (which is brought across the left shoulder, is fastened in a tuft on the opposite side of the waist and the ends trimmed with the same. With these grapes we wear hats of black satin-straw, somewhat of the Spanish form, with a damask rose, or carnation, placed in front, or towards the left side near the hair. There are four of us at this hospitable mansion who appear in these novel habits, and I assure you we not only attract the beaus of sporting celebrity, but move the wonder of surrounding villagers. In our breakfast attire we do not exclude the French coat of cambric or muslin, but our peasant jacket and petticoat we consider as a more unique article. It is necessary however that I observe to you, that unless the figure be tall or slender, no advantage can be derived from this habit.

At this season of the year there is no novel standard for full dress, but its alterations and embellishments are at the direction of fancy; the style however is preserved, and a correct taste, and ready invention, can at all times vary the effect with advantage. Lord P—— visits all the families of distinction within twenty miles of his mansion, and we have therefore a succession of dinner visits, and inducements for drives to town. Last week Mary and myself accompanied our elegant hostess to the aniversary ball of the Honourable Mrs. C——. Here was collected all the splendour and fashion of the gay world; never did I see taste, beauty, and grace so universal. My time will not allow a description of the furniture and decoration of this splendid seat; suffice it, that the Grecian and Chinese taste took place of the Egyptian of antecedent celebrity; and lights transmitted from lamps of alabaster, painted in elegant devices, diffused a mild and chastened light, which gave an enchanting interest to the objects which moved beneath their rays.

As our dresses for this gay occasion were necessarily select, I will endeavour to give you an idea of their form and effect. As Mary and myself proposed to join the throng of Terpsichore, we of course wore our robes appropriately short; these were formed of undressed Italian tiffany, made round, and cut in deep scallops at the bottom, round which was a most delicate border of barberries, painted to nature. The under dress was a slip of gossamer satin, edged at the feet with a very narrow Vandyke in silver; the bosom and bottom of the sleeve ornamented with the same. Our hair fell in irregular ringlets round the forehead, divided over the left eye, and a small Arcadian hat of silver frosted satin, ornamented with a wreath of barberries, was placed on one side of our heads. Mary wore a single row of fine brilliants, by way of necklace, from the centre of which was suspended a Carmelite cross, her earrings and bracelets to correspond. On her beautifully turned arm was displayed the armlet of fashionable adoption, and which is composed of the hair of your lover and dearest female friend, as a *souvenir de l'amour par et de l'amelie*. My ornaments were of pearl, and we each wore *bouquets* of the Labradore rose, Cape heath, and jessamine; our shoes were of white satin, embroidered in silver jessamine at the toes; our gloves of French kid, rucked so as to display the round of the arm; and we had Opera fans of white crape, with naval devices in transparencies. Lady P—— very kindly complimented us on the choice of our attire; and assured us that we were considered the best dressed girls in the ball-room. Forgive this egotism, dear Julia, and believe me not the less your faithful and affectionate

ELIZA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Letter of our Sandwich Correspondent, containing thoughts occasioned by reading a recent publication by Diogenes, entitled "The Royal Eclipse, or Delicate Facts," came too late for insertion in our present Number but will appear in our next; and likewise the continuation of the "Antiquarian Olio."

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-Street, Strand.*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the CROWN PRINCESS of DENMARK.

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Published for John Bell, Proprietor of the Weekly Messenger, Southampton Street, Strand, Jan. 1. 1806

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Twenty-third Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

HER Royal Highness the CROWN PRINCESS of DENMARK is daughter of Prince Charles, Stadtholder of Holstein. She has been married to the Prince Regent for some years; several children were the fruit of their union, of whom the Princess Carolina is the only survivor. She is about fifteen years old, but excluded from inheriting the crown by the laws of Denmark, which confine the succession to heirs male. This has several times afforded the people grounds to evince their affection to the Prince, by expressing their heartfelt regret, that the throne of Denmark was not likely to be filled by his immediate descendant; but it was never more cordially manifested than on the 12th of February, 1802.

In the morning of that day the cannon announced the delivery of the Princess. The people anxiously listened for a second, and third discharge,* but their wishes were disappointed, and a certain gloom clouded every face in the city. Notwithstanding which, when night approached, all sacrificed their personal feelings. The city was illuminated, and the hut emulated the palace in testimony of unfeigned loyalty and joy.

When the Princess was sufficiently recovered to go abroad, she visited the theatre. The streets through which the Royal family had to pass, were brilliantly embellished with devices, and otherwise disposed to give eclat to the occasion.

On the Royal personages entering their box, they were, contrary to custom, greeted with the enthusiastic acclamations of the audience; and at their departure from the theatre, the populace, amid thundering huzzas, surrounded the Royal party with such eagerness and impetuosity, that the guards were compelled to recede, and suffer them to follow the carriage.

This circumstance recalls to our minds the reply of Frederick the Fourth to the French Ambassador, when the latter expressed his surprise, that his Majesty should live at his country seat without guards. "I am always safe in the arms of my people," replied the King.

* On the birth of a Prince the guns are fired three times.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A DREAM ON THE OCCUPATIONS OF DEPARTED SOULS.

[*Concluded from Page* 128.]

THESE were the contemplations which at that time occupied my mind, and I revolved them with so much pleasure that I did not miss my guide, who in the mean time had soared aloft, and when I descried him, beckoned to me to follow him. He directed my attention to the anxious occupation of a departed soul, whom he pointed out to me in the town to which we bent our flight. On coming nearer, I observed that that soul appeared half famished. It flitted round a splendid carriage which stood before the house of a merchant, whose name was very familiar to me, but is still more to many of his fellow-citizens, who must assist him in keeping up his splendor by advancing money to him. At first, I was uncertain what could be the object of that restless soul; and the ragged and patched clothes in which it was dressed, made me suspect that it was one of those who, in this world, act in a two-fold capacity, either begging alms of travellers, or robbing them on the highway. But I discovered my error as soon as I came nearer, seeing that it was the economical soul of the merchant's father. I recollected to have known him in my late time. He was the wealthiest citizen in the whole town, and notorious for having with economical hands mended his own shoes, darned his own stockings, and eclipsed all his fellow-citizens in the art of enduring hunger. He could never have imagined that his notorious usury and exemplary parsimony would afford his son an opportunity of lavishing thoughtlessly the wealth which he had gradually amassed by so much care and industry. The disappointment of his parental expectations proved therefore to his soul, since her separation from her body, a source of extreme torture. Every day afforded to his degenerated son a new opportunity for dissipation, and to himself an additional source of the most agonizing sorrow.

The merchant had just received from the coachmaker a carriage, which had cost him exactly the sum that his father once had gained by prudently denying on oath, for the benefit of his progeny, a debt for which he had given his bond under his own signature. Could therefore any thing have mortified his soul more painfully than this act of extravagance? He tried more than an hundred times to push the coachman from the coach-box; but all his exertions proved fruitless, the driver being too corporeal, and himself too ethereal. He seized the reins of the horses; they became restive; but this was all that he was able to effect.

He quitted, therefore, the fatal carriage, uttering the most dreadful imprecations, and directed his flight towards his son's apartments. Curiosity tempted me to follow him, and I was astonished to observe the unspeakable agony with which he was seized. Could any thing have been more dreadful to him than the sight of the profusion of costly china, tapestry, and mirrors, which alone must have required an expenditure of many thousand dollars. Thrice did he stamp upon the sinful sofa covered with rich brocade. "Eighty-five dollars!" exclaimed he, groaning. Rich hangings trimmed with gold fringe, which he now descried, threw him into a still greater agony. He attempted to scratch off the gold; but to no purpose. He beheld every moment new objects of splendor, which also proved to him new sources of torture. He now descried a ledger upon a writing-desk. This object seemed to afford him some satisfaction. He read, and his fury abated. But this calm was only of a momentary duration; his son entering the apartment at the same instant, holding in his hand a parchment, whereon I could clearly discern the words *Lord of D*. He went to the money-chest, in order to substantiate his claims to the new title. What a dreadful sight for the unfortunate father! He even dropped the ledger. He flew to the chest, seated himself upon it, made every effort in his power to prevent its being unlocked, and attempted to seize the parchment, but in vain. The young merchant opened the chest with manifest satisfaction, taking out a money bag, which was, at least as weighty as seventeen degrees of noble ancestors, and cheerfully quitted the apartment. I shall never forget the despair which convulsed the soul of his unfortunate parent, who remained prostrate on the money-chest, embracing it with eagerness, and exclaiming again and again, in mourning accents: "O Levy, O Isaac!" I was deeply affected by his agony, and attempted to comfort him. Being desirous of ascertaining the exact cause of his despair, I went up to him, and

taking him kindly by the hand, said, "Would you be so kind as to give me——" "What!" exclaimed he, "give you? I a poor, unfortunate man! A tall, strong fellow, as you are, can work! Go to the parish!" Vexed at this surly reply, I quitted him abruptly.

Being informed, on coming into the street, that the soul of Cicero, attended by some Greek and Roman philosophers, had been seen in the garden of a neighbouring country seat, I was tempted to follow the immense crowds who were flocking thither to gratify their curiosity. The sight of the celebrated Roman afforded me uncommon pleasure, and his dignified countenance inspired me with all the awe which such a patriotic soul ought to excite. I discovered, however, in his features, the traces of sorrow and dejection, the cause of which I was incapable of finding out. Being curious to ascertain it, I applied to a shade, who followed Cicero, and appeared to be one of his emancipated slaves. "He has reason for being cast down and abashed," replied his attendant, "since he, in your country, has been committed to the mercy of a tribe, who, under the pretext of honouring his memory, render him ridiculous, and transform him from a Roman consul into a Latin schoolmaster. What is still more afflicting for him is, that on complaining of this ill-treatment to the gods of his country, he received for answer, that was the punishment to which Pluto had condemned him, because he had been accused of having frequently betrayed marks of vanity and pride, which could not be corrected better than by committing his works to the mercy of commentators. I was terrified at this rigorous judgment of Pluto, the reality of which I should have strongly doubted had I not been convinced of it by the following incident.

We descried, at a distance of about an hundred steps, a great number of souls, covered with dust, and absorbed in profound meditation. Their steps were solemn, and their gait monarchic. They seemed to disagree very much with each other, and the nearer they came, the more plainly could I hear their dispute, which grew so violent that their leader was obliged to turn round, and clenching his fist, to command silence, by exclaiming in an authoritative accent, *Me Dius fidius!* This cavalcade seemed to surprise the soul of Cicero: he suspected they had an important commission for him, and believed, as I was afterwards told, that they were ambassadors of a foreign nation, or barbarians, as he called them, who had been compelled by famine to apply to the Roman senate and people for a supply of bread from Sicily or Egypt. He received them with marks of compassion; but how was he astonished when the leader made a profound antique bow, which, according to Gronovius, was customary among the young men of fashion at Rome at the time of Ennius. Cicero sustained this assault with great fortitude, and seemed to be impatiently waiting for the communication of their commission. His curiosity was at length gratified, when the spokesman, amid many contortions of the face, put himself into the usual rhetorical posture, and after repeated bows, presented to him an enormous book, borne on the shoulders of four of his colleagues, and having on the back the inscription, OPERA OMNIA.

Cicero was somewhat terrified at the sight of this strange machine, and listened with evident tokens of surprise, when the spokesman addressed him as follows: "*Omnino, si quid est in me ingenii, quod sentio, quam sit exiguum——exiguum——quod sentio, quam sit exiguum*" This incontestable truth had probably exhausted the strength of our Demosthenes, or the sight of Cicero, of whom he had preconceived an idea entirely different from what he now beheld, had produced such a violent perturbation in his mind, that he could not proceed. He stopped a long while, and afforded Cicero time to collect himself from his astonishment, and who, not having understood a single word of the address, asked his Atticus, what language this was? Our orator recovered at last from his confusion, after having consulted the copy of his speech, which he carried in the crown of his hat. He assured the venerable Roman, in the most elegant Ciceronian style, that himself and his attendants were enraptured with joy, and that he would mark with a white stone the fortunate day, when he had the honour of becoming personally acquainted with a literary luminary, who in his time had spoken the best Latin, and whose learning had afforded to himself and his companions the means of procuring the necessaries of life. He was particularly diffuse in giving himself credit for having taken compassion on the works of Cicero, and for having published them in that convenient form, asserting, moreover, that he had enhanced their value by the addition of the most valuable and learned annotations, and rendered them useful by a copious index, and by this means had immortalized both the name of the author and the editor. He concluded by lamenting the hardened blindness of his German countrymen, who demanded more of a man of learning, than merely a knowledge of the Latin language, and even began to profane the sacred antiquities of Latium, by propounding them in a language which in Germany even the populace could understand. Here he concluded his speech with a joyous *dixi*, and Cicero, who probably was tired of listening any longer to his unintelligible jargon, returned no further answer but, *Cura, ut valeas!* and withdrew abruptly.

I retired with my guide beyond the precincts of the town, absorbed in reflections on the impertinence and presumption of the people whom we had just quitted, and probably should have given a longer audience to my thoughts, had not my meditations been suddenly interrupted by a violent blow which I received on my head, and which was struck with so much force, that I grew quite dizzy, and my hat dropped on the ground. I turned round in a violent passion to see who it was that had dared to treat me in so rude a manner. "You are very impudent," exclaimed I in a violent tone, "for treating in such a rude manner people whom you do not know, and who have not given the least offence to you." "And you are a great fool," replied he with a loud laugh, "for being offended at a piece of humour. Do you not perceive that I am a satirist?"

This disagreeable accident made me extremely uneasy, as I apprehended some witty blade might take it into his head to satyrise me black and blue; therefore I proposed to my conductor to retire to a shadowy spot, which lay before us, and where I hoped to be, if not more solitary, at least more secure.

I was, however, disappointed, as I descried on my arrival a large company consisting chiefly of ladies. As they had lived in my native town, I knew every one of them, and soon found that they had not made any alteration in their manner of living they played, drank tea, some of them were totally silent, but the majority laughed so loudly, that I was impatient to observe them closely. I enquired what was the reason of it? but they were so malicious as to refuse giving me the least explanation. One of them, however, to whom I had rendered a most essential service by a most elegant and witty sonnet which I had made upon her pug-dog, was so grateful as to relieve me from my painful perplexity. "I will tell you," said she, "why we are so merry. We had sat many hours in the most tedious silence, because we had been tired of criticising the dress, the gait, and the features of all the souls who passed by: nor had we any thing more to say about our absent acquaintances. In this state we happened to descry you from afar in a situation important enough to set us all a laughing." Here she broke off abruptly, at the same time holding both her sides with her hands, and bursting out in concert with the whole company into such an excessive laughter, that I was confounded with shame. "Do you not perceive it yet?" resumed she, after having collected herself a little. "For heaven's sake, only look at your hat! it is entirely covered with dust." "If this be the only thing which renders me a subject of so much mirth," replied I, "I can easily remove it." I informed them that a wit whom I had met had joked it off my head. I then cleaned my hat, and thereby deprived them so entirely of all matter for merriment, that they relapsed into melancholy silence.

Not being much inclined to keep them company in gaping, I stole away from them, and in another company of ladies met with the soul of a French marquis, who in his lifetime had frequently amused the same company, that were pleased to call his humourous sallies elegant, natural, witty, and charming; but I now found him, contrary to the nature of other departed souls, totally changed. He was mute, and barren of invention, and not a single person in the company seemed to entertain the same opinion they had of him upon earth. I told him I was surprised at this unexpected alteration. He shrugged up his shoulders, assuring me that he was the most unhappy of all mortals, adding that death had come upon him so suddenly, that he had no time to take his watch-chain and snuff-box with him, "two articles," exclaimed he mournfully, "in which all my wit and liveliness consisted! when I wish to sport an humourous sally I miss my watch-chain, and am not capable of producing a witty thought. I am not even capable of giving my opinion of literary and political matters, or of a poem, because I cannot take a pinch of snuff." I sincerely lamented the fate of the unfortunate marquis; but not having it in my power to assist him in regaining his wit, I invented a plausible pretext, which compelled me to leave him, and retired.

My conductor was just going to relate to me the history of the departed soul of a Merry-Andrew, who had lost his party-coloured jacket, and with it all his laughter-moving faculties, when we were interrupted by a new adventure. The departed soul of a lady, whom I had not perceived because my back was turned towards her, had stolen upon me from behind, and suddenly flung one arm round my neck, while she with her other hand pressed mine so tenderly, that I could guess the meaning of this voluptuous eloquence more plainly than if she had made an oral declaration. I could easily guess that she was a roving fair one, and the gloom of the solitary place where we were, confirmed me in this suspicion. She seemed to be as violently enamoured of me as a person of that description is capable of. I perceived plainly that she became every moment more inflamed, and more impudent in her familiarity, which rendered me curious to see her face. Succeeding, after some struggles, in disengaging myself from her arm, I turned round. Heavens, what a sight! I started back. "Is it you?" said she contemptuously, and withdrew abruptly. My readers may easily guess that it was the departed soul of my wife; she had mistaken me for another person, which was the

sole cause of her ardent caresses; but as soon as she recognized me, she was vexed and fled; and, I confess, I was glad of it.

Whilst I was revolving in my mind this singular adventure, I had the misfortune to be descried by the departed soul of my barber. It was impossible for me to avoid him. I was compelled to listen to his political rant. His joy at meeting me was unspeakable; he put more than an hundred questions to me, without giving me time to reply to one. "I hope you have been well since I had the honour of seeing you last?" said he, "Your relations were in good health when you left them? And your niece?—you understand me? I really mean no harm; she deserves it. I, the old captain still alive? he has made me laugh a thousand times; he was uncommonly entertaining when in good humour; he had at his finger's end all the events of the Pomeranian war. I do not flatter! matters would undoubtedly have taken a different turn had he not been dismissed the service. But, let me tell you, Europe is in a most critical state. It was not with my consent that Prince Charles crossed the Rhine, a great deal might be said on that head. As for the Turk, that sanguinary dog has no reason to boast. But what was I going to tell you? I could plainly foresee it! My late grandmother—I know not whether you recollect the good woman? she was a little deformed woman. I fear some roguery was at the bottom when she made her will; but it cannot be altered now. But what was I going to say? I have entirely forgot it! Aha! now I recollect! the Turk?—" "Yes, yes, the Turk," replied I angrily, "I know him well enough; but this is no proper place for talking of this subject. I have no time to stop any longer." So saying I retired abruptly.

I had not proceeded far when I heard some person behind me laugh aloud. Turning round, I descried a soul appearing as famished as an alchymist, and as malicious as a public informer; he squeezed my hand very familiarly, and said: "You are perfectly right in getting rid of that foolish talker. I have overheard your whole conversation, and was astonished at your patience; it is to be lamented that there are so many people who trouble themselves about matters of which they have no conception; it would not be of any consequence, and at most excite pity, if none but barbers meddled with politics, but there are men of greater consequence who act as foolishly as your barber; instead of watching over the welfare of the state, as they are in duty bound, they sit together and talk over the newspapers. I have been employed in politics, as you may perceive, and had many opportunities of seeing how difficult a task it is to rule a country. In one word, I was butler to the Lord Chancellor. The finances were the favourite subject of my meditations, and if my advice had been followed, the state would have annually gained several millions. But you know men of talents always have enemies. The Chancellor of the Exchequer perceived that I was likely to eclipse him, and this was sufficient to induce him to ruin me. My country is to be pitied for having been deprived of my services. I meditated day and night how the finances of our country might be improved. I have proposed several excellent projects to the minister, but they were always rejected; an evident proof of the deplorable state to which we are reduced. I made a plan for the abolition of the clergy, proposing that the aldermen should be compelled to preach *gratis* in their room, and am sure that a considerable sum might thus have been saved in one year; but our government would not listen to this patriotic proposal. I tried another method of rendering myself useful to the state, presenting a memorial in which I had plainly proved that the treasury would every month gain at least three thousand pounds, if every wife exercising petticoat government over her husband were compelled to take out a monthly licence at the low rate of one shilling. Could any proposal have been more rational and just? but the only effect which this plan produced was, that all married women conspired against my life, and threatened to tear me to pieces. What do you think of these projects? tell me frankly whether they were not excellent."

I declined at first to give my opinion, but confessed at last that I could not approve of his proposal to licence wives to exercise a dominion over their husbands, as this would produce the greatest confusion in many families. As for his plan to abolish the clergy, I candidly confessed that it was so extremely absurd, that only a butler could have devised it; adding that the clergy at all times had the misfortune of displeasing those who were most destitute of common sense, and that the populace——— "What populace?" exclaimed the projector in a furious accent. "Do you know who I am? Don't you know that I am a government man? You are a traitor to your country, a rebel, a blasphemer! I will convince you——" So saying, he laid hold of me, and beat me so unmercifully, that I should have become most painfully sensible of his patriotic zeal, had not my conductor pacified him by a handful of money. He quitted me instantly, and withdrew.

ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

[*Continued from Page* 141.]

THE two following articles are taken from an account of Guiana, in South America, lately published in Paris, by M. Malouet:

ANTS

"In the middle of an immense Savannah, or swamp, perfectly level as far as the eye could carry, I observed a little hill, which appeared to be formed by men. My companion told me it was an ant-hill. What! said I, is this gigantic construction made by an insect? He proposed to conduct me, not to the hill, where we might have been devoured, but near the road of the labourers. We soon discovered several columns of ants going to, and coming from the forest, and bringing back pieces of leaves, roots, and seeds or grains. Those ants were of the largest size, but I did not venture to observe them too nearly. Their habitation, which I examined at about forty paces off, appeared to be about fifteen or twenty feet high, and about thirty or forty in diameter at the base. Its shape was that of a pyramid cut off at a third of its proper height. I was informed that when a planter had the misfortune to discover one of these formidable fortresses in clearing his newly-acquired lands, he was obliged to abandon his establishment, unless he was powerful enough to carry on a regular siege. My informer said this had happened to himself; he wished to extend his plantations, and discovered such a hut as was then before us. He caused a deep circular ditch to be dug, and filled with pieces of dry wood, and after having set fire to the whole circumference, he attacked the ant-hill with cannon. The demolition of the fabric dispersed the army of ants, which having no means of retreat, perished in the flames which issued from the ditch.

"What can be the cause of this immense reunion of ants in the same place, and engaged in the same direction of labour, of collecting provisions, and of cohabitation, whilst they have at their disposal vast extents of lands, and plentiful food? It appears probable, that in these deserts they find a number of enemies among the birds, the reptiles, and even the quadrupeds, such as the ant-bear, against whom their numbers, if dispersed, can do nothing.

"They have conceived the plan of a confederation so powerful and so harmonic, that even the curious, who appear at the limits of their empire, are not tempted to encroach. It may truly be said that this population is raised *in mass* against every assailant; for the most robust man or animal who might approach the ant-hill, would in an instant be covered and devoured by myriads of ants *

"Since this, I saw, in Cayenne, another species of ants no less wonderful, and more useful as it remains in peace and alliance with man, and it pursues only flies, lizards, caterpillars, scorpions, rats and mice. I have seen them arrive from the country in columns, enter the town by the gate, run over the houses, where they were carelessly allowed to enter, and return after their execution, in the same order, and out of the same gate. I leave to naturalists the care of classing and describing the species; it is the moral part of animals which interests me."

SERPENTS.

"In the Savannahs of Iracubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it be not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages; for I chose to traverse the country in various directions, and to skirt the great forests. One of the negroes, who formed the vanguard, returned full gallop, and called to me, "Here, Sir, come see serpents in pile"—He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the Savannah, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, this is certainly one of those assemblages of serpents, which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest; I have heard talk of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near. We continued our way slowly; I fixed my eyes on the pyramid, which appeared immovable. When we were within ten or twelve paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however, none of us were inclined.

"On a sudden the pyramidal mass became agitated; horrible hissings issued from it, and thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their envenomed darts, and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to

* In the Philosophical Transactions may be found a circumstantial account of this species of ants, with several plates of their habitations, by Mr. Smeathman.

draw back; but when I saw that this formidable phalanx remained at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode round it, in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy from every side. I then sought, as I had done with regard to the ant-hills, what could be the design of this monstrous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded, like the ants, some colossean enemy, which might be the great serpent,† or the *cayman*, and that they reunite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to attack or resist him *in mass*.

"On this occasion, I shall hazard an opinion which I found on several other observations; it is, that the animals in the new world are more advanced than the men in developing their instinct, and in the social combinations of which they are susceptible; the silence and the solitude of the woods, leaving the greatest liberty to all their motions, the individuals of the same species easily meet; and those species which are the best organized feel, without doubt, that impulsion of a common interest which announces and provokes to the same end, the concurrence of all their means; but after having acknowledged in animals different degrees of intelligence, such as memory, deliberation, will, we are reduced to mere conjecture as to their means of communication. It is certain, that those which possess the organs of voice, have their cries of alarm, of rallying, of love, and of anger; and may they not also have those requisite to combine their chaces, to distribute the posts of attack and defence, the different labours for their common constructions, as well as for supplying their common habitations with necessaries? Can we conceive that beavers cut down great trees, drag them to the river, form and plant piles, beat mortar, build their lodge without speaking to, and understanding each other? Wherever there are different parts, and a common or general direction, there is police and government. We are not yet acquainted with the legislative power of bees and wasps, although we are so with their executive power; and who knows but what their humming and buzzing, monotonous to our gross organs, have not the variety of accent necessary for the promulgation and the execution of their laws? As to those species which are, or appear to be dumb, like ants, it was enough for me to have seen their vast capital to be convinced that their population (which must be twice as considerable as that of Pekin*) understands itself, and is governed infinitely better than the empire of China.

"It is difficult that the spectacle of so many wonders should not inspire us with a religious sentiment for their Divine Author, who has willed that, in the midst of all animated beings, there should be one superior to all the others, and marked with a celestial seal, that of conscience."

† "Some of these serpents are from thirty to forty feet in length, and four or five in circumference. I brought the stuffed skin of one of the species back to France, and gave it to the Museum—it was twenty-one feet long, and thirteen inches in diameter.

"The *cayman* is of the oviparous species of crocodiles, the egg from which it proceeds is no larger than that of a goose, the animal grows to the same enormous length as the above mentioned serpents."

* According to Sir George Staunton, Pekin contained, in 1793, three millions of inhabitants.

ON THE IMAGINATION.

"IMAGINATION is the power which every man feels of being able to represent sensible things to his mind. This faculty depends on memory. Perceptions enter by the senses; the memory retains them, and the imagination combines them." VOLTAIRE.

Animals may be endowed with memory; man alone possesses imagination. Vain of a reason which deceives us and leads us astray, we pretend that the faculty places us above animals, and approximates us to the Deity; but I am almost tempted to ascribe these attributes to imagination. Instinct, more sure than reason, guides beasts after an infallible manner, and preserves them from error; and reason, which inspires us with so much pride, very often makes us commit gross faults. Less reason and more instinct might perhaps be to our advantage. Upon what foundation would our ostentation rest, if, as some persons pretend, reason is no more than instinct perfected; and if, in the state of nature, man had only the instinct of animals?

Thus, the barrier between us and animals, which they can never surmount, is the imagination; that brilliant faculty which at will disposes of events, of times, of places, of space, and which by a kind of creative power forms other

worlds, peoples them, and causes us to consider all objects as it were through a prism which embellishes them.

When imagination creates, it is called *genius*. Genius evidently consists in strength of imagination and extent of mind.

There are those who pretend that a man born blind must necessarily be without imagination; however, the remembrance which he retains of the other sensations which he receives, being the more lively, the pleasures of imagination are perhaps not entirely lost to him; and if he wanders not in ideal landscapes, he may transport himself into the land of harmony, and of perfumes, and enjoy his fancies. He who loses his sight, but not the remembrance of the places he has seen, and the persons he has known, can still rove in delightful countries, in cool groves, along shady valleys: but this dream is too soon dissipated; it terminates in the sad certainty that he no longer possesses what constitutes the charm of life—that his eyes never more will behold a woman, a wife, beloved children, a friend, the sun rising, and all the grand spectacle of nature, with which we are never satiated!

It has been remarked, that from the manner in which we receive perceptions, depends likewise that of our meaning [illegible], to mind. This observation is founded on experience: nevertheless, at the long run, the disagreeable impression effaces itself; and as it is connected with others of a pleasant nature, it augments their value and loses its bitterness.

Many persons have such an active and powerful imagination, that it poisons reality, and their enjoyment ceases at the moment it ought to commence. That of Rousseau is a fine example: it transported him so far into the land of fancy, that all the objects, which might otherwise have contented him, were afterwards of no value.—His rich and fertile imagination, anticipating the future, painted the morrow, or the day selected by him to enjoy some particular pleasure, and painted it to his fancy in so seducing a manner, that when the day came it had no charm. He himself asserted, that the land of chimeras was the best.

This great writer was fortunate in possessing a faculty which alleviated his misfortunes, and plunged him in pleasing reveries.

Much good, as well as much evil, may be said about imagination. It effectively assumes the different forms which it borrows from the different qualities of the soul. It is prejudicial to a suspicious and susceptible mind, which it terrifies with innumerable phantoms, at the same time nourishing and increasing its morosity. To such a mind it is a fatal gift.

Certain passions, different circumstances, a wrong bias of the mind, give a peculiar turn to the imagination. Pascal, Nicole, Rousseau, are sad examples. The first fancied he was always on the edge of a precipice; the second, perpetually dreading the fall of a tile, generally remained shut up in his room, and when obliged to go out, instead of walking, ran, to avoid the imaginary danger; and the third, more unfortunate than the other two, discovered in every face the mask of an enemy, and the expression of hatred. The deranged fancy of the two first appears puerile: the unjust persecutions which the last suffered, ought to justify him, and raise our pity.

A man of a brilliant and active imagination passes many happy hours. His time flies swiftly; he complains only of its rapidity. From an apartment in an obscure house, in a dirty street in the midst of the city, he hears alternately the singing of birds, the murmurs of the brook, the noise of the torrent, the whistling of the winds, the claps of thunder, the song of the shepherd, the bleating of the flocks; he beholds the enamel of the fields, flowery groves, verdant hills and fruitful dales; he follows the windings of the valley, the prolongation of the shadows, and the degradation of objects when the sun is on his decline. A man never writes better on the spectacle of nature, than when he is deprived of it: the delightful impressions he received crowd on his imagination, which combines them and renders them still more delightful.*

What pleasure does not imagination give to the man who lives in the midst of his beloved family? Other men are in his eyes divested of all their imperfections; they are all loving and sensible, good and virtuous; their language and their intentions are in harmony, their actions accord with their words, and the earth is an *Eden*, inhabited by brothers, who seek every opportunity of being reciprocally serviceable. The mother traces out a track for her daughter of duties to fulfil, of virtues to practise, and of good to be done. The father marks each day with some honourable act; and they all reap a rich harvest from their benevolent actions.

Let us penetrate into that obscure dungeon wherein a good man, the victim of injustice, languishes. He has no other companion than his imagination. As his character is mild and peaceable, his soul is not soured by misfortune. From the serenity of his looks, and the smile which appears on his lips, I perceive his mind has bounded far beyond the limits of his loathsome prison—he is free and walks without fet-

* It is said, that Thompson wrote his Summer in bed, at noon day, in the month of July, in London.

ters or chains. he talks to his iniquitous judges, he makes the voice of truth heard, he confounds his accusers, and returns triumphantly to his home to wipe away the tears of tenderness and friendship. A loud noise resounds through these vaults, the bolts are drawn back, the door creaks on its rusty hinges; the illusion is dissipated! A harsh and brutal jailer brings the daily loaf; the unhappy prisoner takes it and sighs. Silence returns; he anew gives way to the delusions of imagination, which calm his sorrows and lend wings to time. To that consolatory power he owes his courage, his hopes, and that kind of ideal happiness which makes some amends for the sad reality.

As I was returning home last night after dark, I slackened my pace, and at last stopped, to listen to delicious music, it was the tune which I shall always love, of which the words express that we cannot be in a better situation than in the bosom of our family. I immediately think of my own, my imagination in a moment overleaps the fifty miles which part us; I fancy my relations have assembled a band of musicians to celebrate my arrival. I remain immovable; I hear without listening, without seeing any thing, or rather without looking. I am afraid by taking another step, of removing from the concert. V. with his violin, C causing the strings of his harp to vibrate under his fingers, and B. who suspends all respiration with the ravishing tones of her voice, would not have enchanted me more. I behold at my side my mother tenderly affected; my good old father likewise moved. The concert ends abruptly. A little Savoyard ragamuffin who appeared to rise out of the earth, cried with a shrill voice. "The magic lantern!" And that medley of instruments was an organized hurdy-gurdy.

Thus our imagination becomes as it were, the magical comfort of our lives; unhappy those in whom it is paralysed, I pity them, I do not envy their frigid and gloomy reason; their enjoyments bear no comparison with mine.

TRUE HISTORY OF A RUSSIAN YOUNG LADY.

"The canker galls the infants of the spring,
"Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
"And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
"Contagious blastments are most imminent."
Hamlet, act 1. s. 3.

MARY FEDEROUNA, was the only daughter of a Russian nobleman, of high rank and great fortune. Just at the time when the charms of youth were beginning to show themselves in her person, she had the misfortune to lose an excellent mother. Her father immediately retired with her to one of his distant estates, situated in the midst of the deserts of Russia. Thus she was suddenly obliged to quit the pleasures of the capital; the amiable societies which her mother had formed; and what was most regretted, that of the young Count Markof, who had offered her his respectful homage, and whom she had thought not unworthy of her affections.

It was even said that the young nobleman was the chief cause of the Baron's abrupt resolution to retire into the country. The Count, as much distinguished by his knowledge, his talents, and his amiability, as by his birth, had risen rapidly at court, and was possessed of such places, and such credit, as the Baron, notwithstanding his age and long services had never been able to obtain, although he fancied they were his due. Jealousy is implacable, above all when it believes justice to be on its side. So that his daughter was not only forced to abandon all hopes of uniting herself to the man whom she thought most worthy of her, but even the consolation of talking about him, or pronouncing his name, was forbidden in her new and sorrowful dwelling. The Baron loved his daughter, but it was after his own way, and he never had an idea that the love of a young woman, ought to cause the least alteration in his arrangements or his prejudices.

Mary lived in continual anguish; obliged to hear every day expressions of aversion and contempt for Markof and his family, she passed her solitary moments in making him amends for such injuries, by cherishing the most tender thoughts, and by the tears with which she moistened her silent couch. The freshness of her complexion faded; instead of her former sprightliness and the amiable carelessness of youth, a melancholy smile was sometimes seen. In vain she united to a beautiful person, and natural wit, the treasures of an excellent education, and even the noble sentiments with which she had been inspired by her virtuous mother. She had no communication with any persons except her father, the servants, and a few peasants, who, in those countries are coarse and vile slaves.

In the mean time the love of Markof, far from being enfeebled by the remoteness of its object, acquired by its very means a new force. He quitted Moscow; and although Mary at their last interview had given him to understand, with

tears in her eyes, that they ought to resolve on an eternal separation; he came *incognito* in the environs of the Baron's castle, and having bribed one of the servants, he informed his beloved of his secret arrival. At the first moment Mary was exceedingly concerned. She forgot that her father and her governess were in the castle; she wrapt herself up in her cloak, and notwithstanding the intense cold of the season she went out, and directed her steps towards the place where she expected to meet her friend. All at once the idea of her father struck her, and froze all her members, she fell senseless on the road. She was found and brought home without any one's guessing the reason of her fainting; but next morning she wrote to Markof by the person he had himself employed The certainty that they should never see the accomplishment of their vows, the order she was going to send him to cease all pursuit, inflamed her imagination. The heart guided the pen, the expression of her love appeared to burn on the paper; but, little able to write with any order, in that letter, which was hardly legible, and wherein she recounted her impotent efforts to meet him, she added in a scrawl which could scarce be decyphered, her commands that he should leave the place without delay; she told him that the whole province was subject to her father, and the hatred he manifested for him was more outrageous since he resided in the country; and, lastly, that it would endanger his life as well as that of his love, if he remained any longer. She concluded with saying, in a postscript on the other side of the page, that a secret foresight warned her that the moment of their interview would be very soon followed by cruel misfortunes.

As soon as she had sent away her letter, she repented having written it. She reproached herself with having destroyed all Markof's hopes. She had never longed so much to see him, as just after she had forbidden his coming. Her agitation was extreme; whilst moving about her apartment, she loudly exclaimed, "Can he love me, and obey? Will he go without making at least some sign to me; without waving his handkerchief?" Then she approached the window, and casting her eyes round the country which the last rays of the sun continued to enlighten, she sighed, and retiring precipitately: "Imprudent! what dare I desire? what dare I wait for? My ruin and his—Ah! may he not come!"

At that instant she hears a timid voice from without, calling her by name. She listens, runs to the window, opens it, and in the dress of a peasant she discovers Markof.

He had read Mary's letter with transport, he had covered it with ardent kisses; but in his delirium he had entirely neglected to observe the postscript, in which he was informed of the dangers of the least attempt. He had placed himself under the windows of the chamber inhabited by his mistress. "My dear Federouna!" said he, in a supplicating voice; "my dearest Mary!" and by the aid of some branches of trees, nailed against the wall he clambered up to the window and entered the room. The young Baroness was so terrified that she could neither speak nor act. He assured her he would depart directly, that he only wished to fold her once in his arms and to touch her mouth with his lips. He supported her, and placed her on a chair.

In this vast castle, the apartment of Mary was very distant from that of the Baron. That of the governess was nearer, but the melancholy of Mary had long kept that governess at a distance, and she was accustomed to the solitude in which Mary chose to remain for hours. Nothing was attended to; the moments flew, till at last the Baron surprised to find that his daughter did not as usual come to wish him a good night, came to know the reason.

The two lovers heard him; they trembled. Mary, in terror, opened an empty chest which happened to be in a corner of the room; although rather strait, Markof jumped in, laid close, and Mary shut it The Baron entering his daughter's room, sat down, enquired tenderly after her health, her melancholy state, and having for some time conversed with her, he retired without any suspicion.

As soon as he was gone, Mary ran to the fatal trunk, she opened it—She thought Markof slept. He was indeed asleep, but never to wake!

He was smothered. He might, without doubt, as soon as he found the danger of his situation, have made some motion which would have delivered him; but the dread of exposing to the Baron's resentment a woman whom he loved more than life, had resigned him to death.

We can form no adequate idea of the terrible condition of Mary at such a sight. She at first thought the Count affected to sleep; she even reproached him for so doing; after which lifting him up with some effort, the body fell again. She uttered piercing cries. Alas, had it pleased God the Baron had heard those cries! Mary's situation was dreadful, and the idea of her father's anger, even of the excesses which his fury might make him commit on the body of his enemy, filled her soul with terror. In those delirious moments, she pressed her dead lover's head to her bosom; in calmer instants, she tried all the means she could think of to restore him to life. The whole night was passed in this manner; the break of day added to her anguish; she thought on the scenes which that day would enlighten.

In Russia every considerable house keeps a man, whose business is to watch all night. He is commonly one of the meanest slaves; in the day-time he is employed in the vilest offices, and his lodging is little better than a dog-kennel. Mary, in her distress, applied to this wretch. He enters her chamber, prostrates himself, and begs her protection. She raises him, promises it, and likewise promises him a sum of money, if he will do her a piece of service, and faithfully keep the secret. She then discovers her misery, and intreats him to take the body of her lover and bury it in the wood.

The man sullenly listened to her; he immediately perceived the importance of the service which was required, and from that moment affected the insolence of a clown who finds himself necessary. Mary gave him some money, which he received with indifference, and gave her to understand that the Baron would give him more to betray her. This rascal, who a few minutes before dared not lift his eyes to the daughter of his master, and who was accustomed to look on them both as divinities on whom his fate, his life depended, who thought himself happy to sleep in the corner of a stable, and to escape the chastisement which the meanest servant might daily inflict on him for his negligence; this monster dared to wish to possess the person of Mary. He explained himself sufficiently, and began to behave himself with impudent audacity. The young Baroness, although overwhelmed with grief, found strength to repel him, and with becoming dignity ordered him to get out.

But the villain knew his own advantages too well to obey; he was in possession of her secret and threatened to go to the Baron. Mary cast herself at his feet; promised him his freedom, offered her fortune, all her efforts were in vain; he still persisted in his execrable design. Then Mary pretended she would consent to his desires; she conjured him only to do what she required, and swore she would wait for him in her chamber.

The slave did as she wished. Nobody was yet stirring in the castle. As soon as she saw him beyond the walls, she went and knocked at the door of her governess, commanding her to go to the Baron, and to intreat him to come that instant to his daughter, whose life was concerned. She then returned to her apartment and fastened herself in. Her father arrives, finds the door shut, speaks to his daughter, and asks her the reason of this proceeding. She raises her faint voice as much as she is able after what she has suffered, and without opening the door, she tells her father the whole story; she reproaches him with having contemned her love, and the irresistible passion she had felt; then, in a more affectionate tone, she swears she has forgiven him all, but that she could no longer live after such horrors.

The terrified father calls his servants, they break open the door; but it was too late; she had stabbed herself, and was no longer living. The Baron was then sensible how dearly his inveterate cruelty cost him, and the vile slave received the just punishment of his villany; he was on the same day empaled alive.

THE ROYAL ECLIPSE; OR, DELICATE FACTS." By DIOGENES.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY READING THE ABOVE PUBLICATION.

When a publication of any description is sent into the world, it is the privilege of each individual to examine its contents, and state his opinion of the degree of merit or demerit that ought to be attached to it; and in proportion as he avails himself of this privilege with a view to promote the true interests of society, the task he performs becomes interesting, useful, and acceptable.

In a community celebrated for refined taste, for polished manners, for the endearing felicities of domestic intercourse, and for all the engaging accomplishments and fascinating elegancies of social life, any attempt, consistent with truth and propriety, that can be made to rescue characters of acknowledged eminence from the destructive effects of calumny and detraction, must be highly gratifying to every person who possesses a mind influenced by those solid principles of genuine virtue, which alone give honour to rationality, and dignity to humanity.

The leading feature which is observable in every publication, is always the most illustrative of its true character and real tendency and design. When therefore we find ourselves disposed to compare a few publications of a peculiar description, and of a recent date, with each other, we cannot but observe something so much like a systematic design to destroy, in the estimation of the people, that due respect for those who move in the very first circles of life, that we cannot reflect on the tendency of those publications without experiencing sensations of terror arising from a consideration of the consequences to which such diabolical liberties, if countenanced and encouraged, must eventually lead. It is our interest to respect virtue above all things; and it

is equally our interest to respect virtuous characters for virtue's sake. It is also highly expedient to respect rank, as a link essentially necessary in the chain of social and political life, without which mankind cannot exist with comfort or security. Rank is a prize which stimulates many a one to the achievement of deeds of heroism, which perhaps nothing but rank would have roused him to perform. At the prospect of honour thousands disregard dangers, and brave the terrors of death with a fortitude that nothing can appal or surpass; of this manly and laudable spirit of rational enterprise, which may be rendered subservient to the noblest purposes of life, nothing can deprive the possessors but a certainty and conviction that the honours they are zealously emulous to deserve and obtain, will never be conferred.

Consistent with the respect in which rank ought ever to be held for its salutary influence on the public mind, a reflecting person cannot but consider every attempt that is made to lessen or destroy such influence, either in public or private life, as derogatory to the true and essential interests and permanent felicity of every enlightened and civilized establishment. Nor is our respect for rank to be confined to characters of our own sex. The female character has equal claim to all the deference and respect to which the rank she may move in entitles her. And he, who by calumny, slander, or defamation of any description, attempts to lessen or destroy that respect which is properly due to any individual, is an enemy to the community to which he belongs. Truth is not defamation. It is the manner in which, and the intention and design with which, or for which truth is circulated, described, and impressed upon the attention of others, that attaches defamation to the publication of it. Crime may be correctly stated without being liable to the imputation of defamation. When it is so stated, it evidently carries with it nothing of that spirit which is calculated to inflame the public mind, to excite resentment, disaffection, disrespect and contempt; a practice which in the present age is not only extremely fashionable, but apparently highly gratifying to the peculiar taste of the day. These refinements of morality can never be introduced as appendages to happiness. Inflammatory publications are no criterions of the sound state of the public body. When those publications are circulated for the purpose of degrading female characters, and when we perceive them to be countenanced or even connived at by men, we are almost induced to ask if the latter can possibly be rational beings! To the weight of truth, whatever that weight may be, the generous mind adds not a single grain of suppositionary demerit. Beautiful in itself, virtue loves not to add to the deformity of others. For objects and for subjects on which to exercise a malignant disposition, he who is disposed to defame can never be at a loss. From the exercise of a disposition diabolical in its nature, and beyond all calculation dangerous in its tendency, nothing but disaffection, discord and rebellion can well be expected to take place. Detraction is the produce of a soil that is never barren; and in proportion as we weaken, either by this or any other vice, the moral and political influence and salutary operation of public respect, we open the door to public calamity. Every avenue that leads to disrespect leads to disaffection; and if pursued will terminate in hatred. When the conduct of mankind is influenced by opinion instead of principle, the greatest villain is likely to obtain the greatest confidence and the greatest patronage. It is a melancholy trait in the character of man that he is much less ready and zealous in defending and protecting a character that report may have loaded with suspicion, than he is to receive and admit suspicion as a proof of guilt. Nor can his pride stoop to the acknowledgment of what is good in others so readily as his meanness can descend to the belief and promulgation of what is not so. This is a defect arising less from mental debility than from mental indolence, gross corruption or conscious depravity. All nature is defective in some point; and all the operations of nature collectively taken are intended to co-operate for the purpose of supplying such defect, providing a remedy for it, or counteracting its influence. Man is a defective being, and when his defects are multiplied or exaggerated for the purpose of generating mischief, the circumstance becomes too seriously and too conspicuously dangerous to be treated with indifference or impunity. The design of a publication constitutes the character of its author. Either he is a friend to the community before whom he makes his appearance, or he is an enemy. If he is a friend, evident traits of that friendship will be readily recognised and generally acknowledged. If he is an enemy, his cunning, his sophistry, his asperity, or his malevolence will form some of the characteristic features of his work.

Of the defects of men, none are more extensively, none are more universally mischievous than those which are calculated to create a supposition of the certain existence of crime or deformity, where no such supposition existed before; or to heighten the degree and the effect of it where it unfortunately might have existed, although unattended with extensive publicity. To a mind actuated by the principles of goodness, a more painful duty cannot be performed than that of publishing the misconduct of another; and it

then only becomes a duty when it is undertaken for the purpose of preventing a repetition of crime, or an extension or continuation of injury. In both these cases, painful as the duty is, it is neither more nor less than a duty arising from the nature, influence, and operation of the true principles of genuine love and good-will to all mankind. By the influence of these principles it is that I would wish to examine the performance of Diogenes; but in conformity to the influence of these principles it is that I am deprived of giving him any merit for the productions of his pen. Whether the "Royal Eclipse" is a fabrication from newspapers, or whether it is an original production, cannot affect the propriety or impropriety of its publication. If it be asked what good can be expected to arise to the community from a publication of this description? I should reply, none whatever. It is neither calculated to promote the interests of virtue, nor to prevent the practice of vice. It carries with it all the malignity of unqualified censure, and all the malicious impudence of unblushing exposure. Where the succession to the crown is not likely to be affected, where national harmony and security is not likely to be disturbed, the interference of the public can be neither necessary, useful, nor political. It can have no tendency to do good, but it may have a very powerful one in producing mischief. The private domestic transactions of persons in the very highest rank in life, should be held as sacred as the private domestic transactions of persons moving in any of the inferior stations in society. Where is the family who would willingly have all the whims and caprices to which at times, and under peculiar circumstances, it may occasionally or accidentally be subject, exposed to the eye or the ear of the public? Where is the family who will not, for its own peace and security, come forward to repress a writer that should thus insolently trespass on a privilege that is interwoven with the very principles of domestic liberty. The liberty of the press I would by no means infringe on; but the liberty of publishing malicious and unnecessary representations, even of real facts, that do not concern the public as a community, I would endeavour to crush with all the firmness of cool, deliberate and persevering disapprobation. Never can the hands of the common hangman be better or more usefully employed than on occasions like these. To sacrifice the fuel of malevolence at the footstool of disgrace, must be highly gratifying to all the votaries of virtue.

It certainly might reasonably have been expected that the discussion of a subject like that of the "Delicate Inquiry," if entered into at all, would, at least, have been entered into with the feelings of a delicate and sympathizing mind; a mind awake to the diabolical influence of calumny on the one hand, and to the refined sensibilities arising from a possibility of existing innocence on the other; of a mind influenced by the commiserative operations of sympathy, under a presumptive probability of frailty; and of dignified respect and admiration under the possible inference of malicious and unfounded accusations. A respect due to the public ought to have had, and certainly would have had, some weight with a writer who was not more under the direction of passions not altogether commendable, than under the direction of affections calculated to produce regret and reformation rather than contempt and disgust.

One exalted character Diogenes has unequivocally attempted to destroy in the estimation of the public, without any real or apparent benefit arising to the community from the attempt. He has at the same time intruded on our notice another exalted character, with a wantonness altogether irreconcileable to every known principle of justice, candour, and consistency — Nothing betrays the influence of malignity in a writer more forcibly than a decided propensity to eradicate the very appearance of all existence of virtue and of excellence in those against whom the overflowing torrent of abuse is directed. He who loves truth and sincerity for virtue's sake, loves candour and impartiality for truth's sake. He who writes for the public good, writes for ages to come. He writes as he feels; and if he feels as a rational being ought to feel, the feelings that he describes will be recognised with pleasure and acknowledged with gratitude. By such a one the prevalence of report will never be considered as a substitute for reality of guilt. The value of character will never be diminished by the determinations of political expediency, wherein ration harmony and rational confidence are, and ever ought to be, peculiar objects of considerative attention. On either side prevalence of opinion is no criterion of guilt or of innocence; much less is a spirit of vehement condemnation a proof of exemption from error of decision. The public accusations of an upright writer are founded only on facts that are indisputable. He trusts not to the accuracy of report; he listens not to the levity of humour; his ear is deaf to the voice of slander; and his heart, in a case like the one under consideration, is open to conviction only on the evidence of his senses. In publishing the crime of another he will not subject himself to the possibility of a mistake. Nothing less than positive conviction, and that conviction the result of the evidence of his own senses, will induce him to take from another that which he can never repay him, or return him an adequate compensation for. Character

is a jewel of intrinsic value. This value none can diminish or destroy but its owner. Its extrinsic value may be diminished and ruined by the conduct of thousands. If it is undeservedly diminished, the world at large becomes the sufferer. Oftentimes the energies of virtue operate in proportion to the public estimation of character to the benefit and advantage of mankind; and if those energies operate to the advantage of the community in proportion as characters become conspicuously estimable, much of that influence must necessarily be lost when those energies are enfolded in the strong web of public calumny, from which they can never be wholly rescued after they have been once enviously and maliciously, although unjustly, entangled. This is a consideration of so serious and of so lamentable a nature, that I have often supposed it to be almost impossible that any person exercising the privilege of a rational being, and possessing the smallest possible degree of sympathy or fellow-feeling for another, could be so despicably depraved as to attempt to ruin, or even to call in question the respectability of any character, for any purpose whatever, where the proof of its deformity was not altogether clear, satisfactory and unequivocal. The murderer is far less cruel than a person of this description; and he is far less an enemy to the happiness of his own species. He stabs, but the pang of regret excited by the effect of his barbarity in the victim of his hatred is healed for ever. The other also stabs, but it is with a view to establish a cause of reflection, uneasiness, discord, and disgrace in ages to come. The one is soon forgotten, because its effects have, with respect to this world, only a temporary duration, and a temporary operation: the other is remembered for ever; because the attachment of vice to rank, is what too many in all ages of the world refer to with a kind of savage delight and brutal avidity, incompatible with every feeling that can possibly arise from any rational or religious principle. Nothing less than a determined and continued activity of virtue can effectually check or counteract the progress and establishment of this powerfully destructive vice. To weaken the influence and the effect of every exertion and of every undertaking and design that is truly commendable, is the undeniable motive of every species of defamation. Persons peculiarly respected for their domestic, their social, and their public virtues, who have obtained something more than a common share of popularity, are always to be found among the number selected as objects of public reprobation. It is the object of calumny to generate mischief. It was by this destructive engine that the families of the nobility of France were swept away to make room for those whose virtues were not more conspicuous than those of their predecessors. Rank and elevation were the objects against which the very first efforts of the spirit of rebellion in that country were directed. Libels were daily issued from the press in Paris, for the express purpose of destroying public confidence and generating national disaffection. The royal family were more particularly the objects against which the venom of inveterate and malevolent calumny was directed. The operation was gradual in its progress, but fatally successful in its effect. It eradicated affection and respect; and it produced suspicion and hatred. It effected a change of opinion inimical to virtue and religion; and by this change the kindling sparks of disaffection, disloyalty, and infidelity, were blown into a flame, which devoured and consumed every thing that was before esteemed sacred and respectable. Against this flame the ties of consanguinity and friendship were equally insecure. The toleration of calumny is the certain forerunner of inevitable destruction. Those who connive at this vice, sleep in danger; but those who encourage it, are roused from their error only by the ruin that awaits them. Of all calumny, political calumny or calumny circulated for the purpose of effecting some political views, or of resenting some political measures, is always the most extensively ruinous. Its prevailing object is to dispossess virtue of excellence, goodness of value, honesty of confidence, affability of popularity, dignity of respect, generosity of merit, rank of veneration, and religion of utility. It contributes to annihilate all love of goodness, all deference to greatness, and all subordination to law. It marks no distinction between talents and virtues; it preserves no medium between ability and fidelity; it maintains no precise separation between the consolations arising from confidence and the apprehensions resulting from suspicion. To sincerity it pays not the homage of approbation; to deceit it evinces not a disposition to be displeased. Like the whirlwind, in its progress, it involves us in dangers that no mortals can relieve us from. In every direction the effect is felt, but from no quarter can its consequences be avoided. The state is as insecure as the individual. The court as the cottage. Royalty is invested with no talisman by which its direction can be changed, its velocity impeded, or its ruinous consequences prevented. The toleration of calumny is the toleration of universal mischief. To this toleration must be attributed the insecurity of kingdoms, of nations, and of empires. Nothing can withstand that tempest which is suffered to beat down virtue by the admitted and predominant operation of this malignant and destructive vice, which in its birth wears the appearance of weakness and inconsequentiality; it begins its course

by indirect attempts to weaken the influence of the religious principle on the mind, and by a progressive perseverance, disseminates a spirit of indifference, which too generally terminates in a spirit of professed infidelity. It was thus that the religion of France was swept away to make room for crimes of every description. Licenciousness reared her triumphant head, and menaced death and destruction to all who possessed the fortitude to resist the gigantic strides by which she trampled on the rights, the liberties, and the privileges of those who honoured her not with the homage of attention. The moment is arrived when the people of this country should reflect with a degree of no common seriousness on the operation of calumny on the government of France, and apply the inference to themselves. No sooner had the royal family of that country been degraded by this vice, than the footsteps of devastation and carnage were to be traced from the throne to the cottage. Neither youth nor age, neither sex nor station, neither wealth nor poverty, neither parents nor children, neither innocence nor excellence, were objects of consideration. Political enthusiasm was the only watchword for political distinction. Warned by so dreadful an example, let us with one heart and one mind drive away every appearance of calumny from among us, as the north wind driveth away rain, or an angry countenance a backbiting tongue.

W. P.

SPEECH DELIVERED IN A LITERARY SOCIETY.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING procured a copy of the following speech, which was delivered some years ago in a provincial Literary Society, on the first admittance of a gentleman who was to fill the station of a deceased member, I have taken the liberty of sending it to you, hoping you will not think it unworthy of a place in your entertaining miscellany. I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,
And constant reader,
TIMOTHY JOGTROT.

Gentlemen,—I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the honour I feel at being admitted in this areopagus of literature, where the members speak little, and write less, but think much. How greatly does it surpass the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, the productions of which yearly fill enormous volumes! In this learned society you do not discuss subjects which might lead to dissention, but your minds are wrapped in sober reflection. In former times, the inhabitants of the country endeavoured to imitate the actions of Londoners; but now I have been assured that the case is reversed, and that in many public meetings no other noise is heard for several hours but the rattling of knives and forks, and the ringing of glasses. How glorious is it for you, gentlemen, to see those proud citizens who would have disdained your society, now take you for their models. But now that I am on this theme, how shall I ever be able to equal the exalted character I have been chosen to replace. (Here the speaker stopped for a moment, to receive the applause so justly his due). Ah! if I cannot equal him, I will at least endeavour to tread in his footsteps, and to further this, I will give you a sketch of his life and exemplary qualities.

Do not expect to hear a relation of battles; he disdained the glory of arms. Do not search in his history for the haughty cares of a magistrate, who wishes to change the laws of his country, and cause a revolution. No; he trampled under foot the grandeurs of the earth; and when his admirers wished to make him a justice of the peace, he rejected the offer, not with that feigned modesty which Cæsar affected when Anthony offered him the crown, but with a frankness that was truly philosophical. "I understand nothing of these things," said he. What genuine sense is comprised in these few words? Is not all that the Grecian and Roman philosophers have said on the subject of troubles being inseparably allied with dignities, contained in this simple and laconic answer? I am persuaded that people of real taste will prefer it to all that has been said by our most celebrated poets.

Do not impose on me the task of giving you an analysis of his works, for his modesty has prevented it. He was far from sharing in the conceit of so many writers, whose motive for publishing the fruits of their labours is rather to be admired than to instruct the world. No one has ever doubted, gentlemen, that if he had taken up the pen, he would have surpassed Shakespeare, Milton, Hume, and all our most celebrated authors. He used to declare it, with that ingenuousness with which you were so well acquainted. "Yes," added he, "fame would then single me out; I am a mortal, I am weak, and some emotions of pride might alter the serenity of

my soul." "But," observed a friend, "you need not put your name to your works." "I should always be discovered;" replied he, "and the voice of praise would trouble the peace, which reigns in my retreat." He preserved this system so obstinately, that when he was admitted one of you, you were forced to dispense with the customary speech on these occasions; an exception which, I believe, has been made for him alone, and which exemplifies your modesty as much as his; because, in this speech, he could not have swerved from the established rule of praising you, and himself. He was magnanimous, for he disdained honours. He was possessed of talents, for he carefully concealed them. He was a deep thinker, for he never revealed the subject of his meditations. His mother relates, that three nights previous to his birth, she had three dreams, in which she saw three laurel wreaths placed on her child's head by three muses, who alternately suckled him. I know that many learned men will refuse to credit this, for a very good reason; because their mothers have not had a similar warning. But Heaven sometimes grants that to great minds, which it will not to the vulgar.

At an early age he was sent to school. Here the history of his life becomes rather obscure, and offers a problem which I will solve. Some pretend that he shone conspicuous in the classes; others, that he always held the lowest places. If the first tradition be true, his extraordinary talents already began to expand; but if we must adopt the second, he disdained scholastic fame, or nature wished to ripen the fruit before it was possible to descry the germ. However, I know he made a particular study of the syntax, but despised mathematics, astronomy, natural and moral history, and all those trifling sciences which neither improve the mind nor the heart. On leaving school, his mother desired him to choose a profession; but he disliked them all. "What then, will you do?" said she. "I will think," was this young philosopher's reply. "Well, then think," rejoined this illustrious woman, this model for mothers. In effect, he employed all his life in reflection. He read but little, because there are so few good books; and even when he perused the best authors, he generally fell asleep, because he felt his own superiority over those whose works delight the world. Charades and logogryphs were his most favourite study. "How often, gentlemen, have you beheld him, like a new Œdipus, endeavouring to find out the word of a logogryph, with an eagerness that cannot be described; if he could not succeed, he would beat his forehead, tear his hair, and show all the signs of a man in despair! this is the only time in his whole life when his phlegm and his courage were not in unison with his general behaviour. But when he had hit on the word, how his face was illuminated with joy! No, that of a monarch who had just been crowned, never expressed any thing half so sublime or majestic. I owe to his fame to declare here, that he once sacrificed it entirely to me. I was seeking the word of an enigma, he found it out, and came and whispered it in my ear, permitted me to take the whole credit of it, and never revealed this secret to the day of his death; unlike those indiscreet authors, who only lend their pens to their friends to claim two days afterwards the works they had given them.

In short, gentlemen, he condescended to familiarize himself with the lowest ranks of people, and could so easily assume the language of the most illiterate peasant, that one would have imagined it was natural to him. His company was agreeable, and the appetite with which he ate, excited it in others. Recall to your remembrance, gentlemen, the superb feast he gave you on the day of his reception; that soup, those exquisite pies, those ———. But I perceive, gentlemen, that I increase the grief you feel at his loss, and I will leave off speaking to weep with you for the death of this wonderful man, who gave excellent dinners, and did not require them to be returned. Grief stifles my voice, and I have scarcely strength to read the sentence with which I intend to conclude. I proposed to make this great character my model, and I feel that I have transgressed against the law he had laid down by composing this; but it is the only time I will wander from his traces, and during the remainder of my life, I pledge myself to you, as well as to the public, to be his faithful imitator. Allow me to add two more words, gentlemen, before I sit down. There have only been found among the papers of this great man two verses of a madrigal; the first was composed ten years ago, the second four. Merciless death has prevented him from writing the two last, and crowning his work. The following are the two verses in question:

"Cupid is a wanton child,
"Whose eyes and playful language,"

Which of us, gentlemen, would dare to put a finishing hand to this posthumous master-piece? Ah! let us rather carefully preserve it in its native beauty in our society, and not imitate those bold commentators who have dared to fill up the unfinished lines which Virgil had left in the six last books of his Eneid.

E. R.

ON FLATTERY.

FLATTERY is praise carried to excess. To tell a woman she is handsome, is to praise her; to tell her one is not so handsome as she is, is to flatter her.

This species of flattery is little obnoxious or inconvenient. What signifies whether we exaggerate the beauty, talent, wit, merit or virtue of any being, if that being be really distinguished by talent or merit, and really handsome, witty, or virtuous. All we have to fear, is that the judgment which we pass on that person is much beneath his own opinion. It is very rare to find any one who does not value himself more than he is worth.

But flattery is often liable to real inconveniences; this is when it raises defects into laudable qualities, and vices into virtues. It then becomes falsehood. Flattery, in this case, is the more dangerous, as it is always sure of success, because it smothers the cry of conscience, and rids us of importunate reflections, such as we cannot investigate without blushing.

The powerful are doomed to be flattered. How can it be otherwise? They look upon themselves as privileged beings, and would be dissatisfied at not being considered as such. Besides this, their condition unfortunately obliges them to keep at a certain distance from other men; they vainly bestow their confidence; they never inspire any.

Flatterer and courtier are two synonymous words in every language. La Fontaine pretends we can never praise too much—"The gods, our mistress, and our king"

The first may pass; there is little danger in the second; the last may lead to serious consequences. It might perhaps have been better expressed: there are three kinds of people who never think they are praised too much—"Kings, women, and authors."

A slight knowledge of mankind is sufficient to learn that the most certain way of obtaining their confidence and favour, is to praise them boldly to their face; and as it might be dangerous to be ingenuous, and that moreover nothing is to be gained by frankness, every one prefers becoming a flatterer.

The flatterer rarely raises his voice. His smile is gracious, his looks gentle and caressing; he is humble in his address, insinuating in his language, supple and polite in his manners. Every thing astonishes, pleases, and charms him in the person whose good graces he wishes to conciliate. He weeps or laughs with him, adopts his friendships and his dislikes, approves all he does or says, and identifies himself so much with him, as to make his presence a want, and his company a necessity.

There are flatterers by character, these are the smallest in number. Other flatterers are so from interest; these are numerous. The former address themselves indiscriminately even to those from whom they expect nothing; the latter attach themselves solely to those from whom they hope for riches or honours. The first see in a person only a subject to flatter; the second attend only to the power and credit of the person flattered. One speaks without premeditation, the other says nothing but what he has previously studied. One rarely visits antechambers; the other passes one third of his life in them.

It is said that flattery is a poison; true, but a poison so sweet that no one mistrusts it, and no one repulses the person who knows how to prepare and to offer it.

Flattery is less formidable to a fool, than to a wise man, because it is scarcely possible to flatter a fool more than he flatters himself.

The arts are necessarily flatterers. A picture or a statue would remain in the hands of the painter or sculptor, if they did not give a handsome likeness of the original. An architect who might be engaged to build a house, would find all his plans rejected were he not to sacrifice simplicity, to the obligation of exhibiting in the most trifling details the riches and magnificence of the proprietor.

A book frequently owes its success merely to the name of the person to whom it is dedicated. A celebrated engraver published a print representing *Charles I.* on horseback. *Cromwell* reigned, the print had no sale: the artist substituted the Protector's head for that of the King, and the print met with prodigious success.

ESSAY ON QUACKERY.

"In law or physic, quack in what you will,
"Cant and grimace conceal the want of skill."

For some time past I have been at a loss how to etymologize the word Quackery; or, in other words, as the schoolmaster asks his pupil, to know *unde derivatur?* Some of our English Dictionaries derive it from a French word; Robert Ainsworth Latinizes it by the words,—*Empiricus, histrio, medicus circumforaneus, iatralaptice.* These are such immaleable and irrefrangible words as to be sufficient to unhinge the jaws, and distort the countenance in the pronunciation of them. With due deference to these respectable authorities, I beg leave, for once, to differ from them; not with so outrageous a confidence as to assume a claim to superior knowledge but because my new derivation best suits my purpose. Among the innumerable variety of Quacks and Empirics with which this town swarms, I have observed, that by whatever denomination or profession, orthodox or heterodox, spiritual or unspiritual distinguished, by whatever artifice protected, or mask concealed, they coalesce unanimously in one system, of which the word *quatio* to shake, is a just symbol. The system of quackery being the shaking the money of fools into the pockets of knaves. Permit me, therefore, from *quatio* to derive quackery.

But to be serious. To point out the multifarious paths of quackery, open their windings, develope their avenues, and explore their recesses, might be a laudable and useful employment, could we hope to investigate it fairly and complete it effectually. The insuperable difficulty is, that the great body of mankind, I mean the weak, the illiterate, and the undiscerning in every age incessantly bustle in search of variety, without any determinate path or plan; hence constantly wheeling in the mazes of incertitude, the prevailing humour, or passion of the moment, leads them into error or into truth. The highest authority assures us, that the Athenians, with those who resorted to Athens, that once venerable seat of polished science, suffered the inquisitiveness of curiosity to supersede the ardor of pursuit after laudable and substantial truths. The Athenians, says St. Luke, and strangers that were there, spent their time in nothing else but either to hear or to tell some new thing; and were we to examine the people of England, the same impertinent temper leads the multitude into endless varieties of unaccountable methods for the attainment of their respective ends. A man needs but deviate from the established opinions, and the practices of other men, and push forward his measures with a furious activity, supported by a pompous and senseless loquacity, to place himself at the head of a seditious faction, a dangerous junto, or a conventicle; appearances preserved in language and exterior, sustain the character, promote the views, and accomplish the ends. Thus, by looking seriously into the manners of men, and the springs of human intentions, we may sometimes unravel the bewildering labyrinths and unfold the pernicious errors in which novelty, vanity, grimace, and superstition involve the community. Men of unsettled, erroneous or wicked principles, and who possess natural or acquired abilities, invariably do mischief to society by defections from truth and rectitude, and their mischief is so highly malignant that it is frequently irreparable; for let these men quack in what they will, they seldom miss the goal proposed, which entails injury or ruin upon others. The puff of any sound predominates. A statesman wrestles into the ministry by vociferating the avarice and peculation of ministry; the alderman of a borough into the dignity of mayor, by indicating the faults and mistakes of his predecessors; and my lord's rat-catcher assures us he has the only recipe in the world which destroys vermin. It is related of the famous Dr. Green, that when asked by an acquaintance, a physician of eminence, how he acquired the attention of the multitude, and preserved so universal an ascendancy over them? The Doctor candidly replied:—"In the first place, Sir, my procedure is in itself a novelty, and this alone procures me a crowd; then occasionally I throw out with vehemence and volubility, a number of technical terms, seasoned and ricasseed with scraps of Latin and Greek, and this convinces them that I am a great scholar. All this however would not do, were not my Andrew a merry, pleasant fellow, with whom, by adopting our conversation to the style and humour of John Bull, we can keep him together many hours in a very good humour, and at last send him away highly diverted and improved. Thus it comes that a pennyworth of julep from my hands at the price of a shilling, is of more estimation in the ideas of my customers than the best dose of physic from the shop of a regular educated apothecary."

The common saying, that the world is led by appearances, will be a general truth so long as there is incapacity, indiscernment, and capricious-

ness in the world; but to reflect upon the confusion and destruction which always results from this preservation of appearance, is painful indeed; when external circumstances represent a faithless picture of the mind, we hazard very much in every dealing and concern. The insincerity of the world indeed, in some cases, oblige us to conceal our ultimate intentions from men; but this is a mask which honour and honesty bid us wear no longer than we acquire the security of an inflexible vigilance. Dr. Tillotson's advice, at the long run, excels all substitute,—"The best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be."

Had Dr. Johnson studied the doctrine of Lord Chesterfield, most probably the world would have lost some part of his best writings, which were his real excellencies; and had he been the most agreeable of men in his manner and address, he would have known no more of mankind and of books than he did. Would every person pursue the natural bias of his own genius, to its utmost extent, in useful and commendable acquisitions, every occupation and profession, every art and science, would gradually arrive at perfection; the glorious and systematical fabric of human attainments would become so exalted and stupendous as to fill with amazement and wonder even its own directors.

If a man is born lame or deformed, we do not ridicule him for attempts to conquer a language or a science; but should he labour to become an expert actor, or dancing master, he fairly claims the laugh of derision and insult.

Far from me be institutions which might be deemed prejudicial to politeness; when the man of taste, refinement, and address, unites in the man of sound extensive knowledge, together they form a most elegantly polished and accomplished character. My meaning is simply, that when a man is neither formed by nature, nor led by inclination, to shine in a drawing room, or an assembly, let him content himself by prudently relinquishing the pursuit; and sit down to the acquisition of such things as accord with his comprehension, lie in the reach of his understanding, and for which nature intended him. *Be what we are*, is the best maxim; inattention to which may lead us miserably to experience the folly of *being what we are not*. Once stripped of borrowed plumes we justly excite contempt, are the objects of insignificance, and fall to rise no more.

THE ANTIQUARIAN OLIO.

[*Continued from Page* 98]

PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

From the present appearance of some of the buildings, and the known age of others, it would seem that originally the palace of Westminster formed two sides of a square, and was all comprehended within Old Palace yard, of which it constituted the east and south sides. Its east side consisted of the Court of Requests, the Painted Chamber, the old House of Lords, the Prince's Chamber, and several other nameless old rooms adjoining them; those on the south cannot now be ascertained, as none of them are at present existing. Stow says the antiquity is uncertain, but that Edward the Confessor resided and died here.

King Stephen is said to have built the chapel of St. Stephen, where the House of Commons now sit, probably intending it as a chapel for the palace, in the room of one which existed before. That the structure of St. Stephen's Chapel had obtained at least the highest and most decided approbation, in an age distinguished for architectural refinements and magnificence, is apparent from the will of King Henry VI. which particularly and emphatically directs that the stalls and rood-loft of the choir of Eton College, shall "be made in manner and form like the stalls and roode loft in the Chappell of St Stephen, at Westminster." From Stow's Remarks on London, St Stephen's Chapel was built by King Stephen about 1141.

From Sandford's Genealogy, we are informed that Edward IV. died at his palace of Westminster, April 9, 1483, and after his body had been inclosed in his coffin it was brought into St. Stephen's Chapel, where three masses were sung. It remained there eight days, and was then conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and finally to Windsor.

After the various changes the old palace of Westminster had undergone from accident by fires and the ruinous state it remained in for years, it is reported to have been afterwards inhabited by Queen Elizabeth; and the inner room, in which the Court of Exchequer frequently sit, has been traditionally affirmed to have been her bed-chamber. The outer room at the top of the steps from Westminster-hall, where on other

occasions the same court now continues to sit, has also been said to have been used by her as a concert, or breakfast room.

At the upper end of Westminster-Hall is a marble stone (perhaps table or bench) of nineteen feet in length and three feet in breadth, and a marble chair, where the kings of England formerly sat at their coronation dinners, and at other solemn times the Lord Chancellor, but now not to be seen, being built over by the Courts of King's Bench and Chancery. Search has lately been made close to the southern wall, but without success It is highly probable that the chair and table were placed at a distance from the wall, to allow of a space for the attendants on the royal person; so that had the examinations been at about the distance of fifteen feet from the wall these relics might have been discovered. Is not the title of "Court of King's Bench" probably derived from this identical marble bench? It is well known that our early kings sat in parliament in Westminster-Hall.

Leaving the ancient palace of Westminster, we shall again return to our remarks on the alterations and improvements in the streets, lanes, &c. in the vicinity of the Hall. The city of Westminster was so difficult of access previously to the erection of the present commodious bridge, and the streets were so narrow and dirty, and lined with so many wretched dwellings, as to cause the parliament to pass an act, in the reign of George II. for the purchase of all such tenements and places as stood in the way of improvement. For instance, they bought the ancient market place called the Round Wool-staple, which stood at the east end of the spot now called Bridge-street, on which the western abutment of the bridge was built, for which it appears they gave the sum of eight hundred and forty pounds. Some remains of the place where this staple was kept, and particularly an old stone gate fronting the Thames, were in being till the year 1741, when they were pulled down; and until this date the place retained its original name. Formerly the only coach road to the Houses of Parliament was through King-street and Union-street, which were in so miserable a state that faggots were thrown into the ruts on the days on which the king went to parliament, to render the passage of the state-coach more easy.

The Clock tower, which stood on the north side of New Palace-yard, was taken down in 1715, and the noble bell which it contained, called *Great Tom* of Westminster, was purchased for St. Paul's cathedral; but on its way through Temple-bar it rolled off the carriage, whereby it was cracked, and rendered useless until it was recast. On the rim of the newly-cast bell an inscription intimates that it was brought from the *ruins* of Westminster.

The present St. Margaret's-street is formed out of St. Margaret's lane, and a portion of the ground on which part of the palace originally stood So extremely narrow was the old lane, that pales were obliged to be placed four feet high, between the foot-path and coach-road, to preserve the passengers from injury, and from being covered with the mud which was splashed on all sides in abundance. At the end of this lane, in Old Palace yard, stood the ancient brick buildings called *Heaven* and *Purgatory*; within the premises of Purgatory was preserved the *Ducking-stool*, which was employed by the burgesses of Westminster for the punishment of *scolds*. The lady was strapped within a chair fastened by an iron pin, or pivot, at one end of a long pole, suspended on its middle by a lofty trestle, which having been previously placed on the shore of the river, allowed the body of the culprit to be plunged

"Hissing hot into the Thames."

When the fervor of her passion was supposed to have subsided by a few admonitory duckings, the lever was balanced by pulling a cord at the other end, and the dripping Xantippe was exposed to the ridicule of her neighbours.

CONTINUATION OF VOLTAIRE'S ZADIG.

In the Eleventh Number of our Magazine we inserted a chapter which had never been translated, from Voltaire's "Zadig, or Destiny," being the fourteenth chapter, entitled *The Dance*. The following chapter has likewise hitherto remained untranslated, it completes the work.—The story continues as follows:—

Zadig made use of part of it to send expresses to Babylon, who were to acquaint him with the fate of Astarte. He gave this order in a trembling voice, his blood re-flowed to his heart, his eyes waxed dim, his soul was ready to quit his body. The courier departed, Zadig saw him embark; he returned to the palace, seeing nobody, thinking he was in his own apartment, and pronouncing the word LOVE.—"Ah! love," said the king, "that is precisely the matter in question, you have guessed what troubles me. What a great man you are! I hope you will teach me how to find a woman proof against every tempta-

tion, as you have taught me to procure a disinterested treasurer." Zadig, who had recovered his senses, promised to serve him in love as he had done in finances, although it appeared still more difficult.

"My body and my heart—" said the king to Zadig. At these words the Babylonian could not help interrupting his majesty. "How kindly I take it," said he, "that you did not say my mind and my heart, for we hear nothing else in the conversations in Babylon; we see nothing but books which treat of mind and heart, by people who have neither; but, Sire, have the goodness to proceed. Nabussan continued thus: "My body and heart are destined to love,—the first of these two powers has reason to be satisfied. I have here a hundred women at my service, all beautiful, complaisant, anticipating, even voluptuous, or at least feigning to be so with me. My heart is not nearly so happy, I have had more than sufficient proofs that many caresses have been bestowed on the king of Serendib, and that Nabussan was very little minded. Not that I believe my women are unfaithful, but I wish to find a soul devoted to me; for such a treasure I would willingly give the hundred beauties whose charms I possess. See whether among these hundred Sultanas you can find one who really loves me"

Zadig answered as he had done about the financiers—"Sire, let me have my own way; but, in the first place, permit me to dispose of treasures to the amount of those which were displayed in the corridor of temptation; I will give a good account of them, and you shall lose nothing." The king left him absolute master He selected thirty-three little Humpbacks, the filthiest and most disgusting he could find; thirty three of the most beautiful young Pages; and thirty-three of the most robust and eloquent Bonzes. They were all permitted to enter into the private cells of the Sultanas. Every one of the little Humpbacks had five thousand pieces of gold to give; and on the very first day all the Humpbacks were happy. The Pages, who had nothing to bestow but themselves, only triumphed at the end of two or three days. The Bonzes were put to a little more trouble, but at last thirty three devout ladies surrendered themselves. The king, who had beheld all these proofs without being seen, was astonished; of his hundred wives ninety-nine yielded before his face.

There remained one quite young and innocent, and whom the king had never approached. Three different Humpbacks were detached to her, who offered her as far as twenty-five thousand pieces of gold; she was incorruptible, and could not help laughing at the idea those Humpbacks must have had, of believing that money would render them better made. The two handsomest Pages were sent to her; she said she found the king handsome. Then the most eloquent of the Bonzes was let loose on her, and after that the most intrepid; she looked on the first as a bo sting babbler, and she would not even condescend to suspect the merit of the second.

"The heart does all," said she; "I shall never yield to the gold of a Humpback, the graces of a young man, or the seductions of a Bonze. I shall love only Nabussan, son of Nussanab, and I will wait till he deigns to love me."

The king was transported with joy, wonder, and tenderness. He took back all the money which had caused the Humpbacks to succeed, and made a present of the whole to the beautiful Falide, that was the name of the young lady. He gave her his heart, she richly deserved it; never was there a more brilliant flower of youth, never were the charms of beauty so enchanting. The truth of history permits us not to conceal that she made but an indifferent courtesy; but she danced like a Fairy, sung like a Siren, and talked like the Graces; she was full of talents and virtues.

Nabussan beloved and adored her; but her eyes were blue, which became the source of the greatest misfortunes. There was an ancient law which forbade kings to love any of those women whom the Greeks have since called *hoopies* The chief of the Bonzes had established that law above five thousand years ago; it was in order to appropriate unto himself the favourite mistress of the first king of Serendib, that this chief Bonze had made the anathema on blue eyes pass as a fundamental constitution of the state. All the orders of the kingdom came to make remonstrances to Nabussan. It was publicly said that the last days of the empire were come, that the abomination was at its height, that all nature was threatened with some sinister event; that, in a word, Nabussan, son of Nussanab, loved two large blue eyes. The Humpbacks, the Financiers, the Bonzes, and the Brunettes, filled the kingdom with their complaints.

The savage people who inhabit the northern parts of Serendib took advantage of this general discontent, and made an irruption into the states of the good Nabussan He demanded subsidies from his subjects. The Bonzes, who possessed half the revenues of the state, were contented with raising their hands to heaven, and refused to put them in their coffers to assist the king. They sung prayers to beautiful music, and left the state a prey to the barbarians.

"O my dear Zadig, wilt thou deliver me from this terrible perplexity?" dolefully cried Nabussan. "Most willingly," answered Zadig; "you shall have as much money from the Bonzes as

you may require. Leave those lands on which their castles are situated to their fate, and only defend your own." Nabussan did so. The Bonzes came and cast themselves at the king's feet, and implored his assistance. The king answered them by a charming piece of music, of which the words were prayers to heaven for the preservation of their lands. The Bonzes at last parted with their money, and the king happily put an end to the war.

Thus Zadig by his sage and fortunate counsels, and by the greatest services, had drawn on himself the irreconcileable enmity of the most powerful men in the empire. The Bonzes and the Brunettes swore to ruin him; the Financiers and the Humpbacks did not spare him, they rendered him suspected by the good Nabussan. Services which have been performed often remain on the anti-chamber, and suspicions enter into the cabinet, according to the saying of Zoroaster; every day brought fresh accusations; the first is repelled, the second only grazes, the third wounds, and the fourth kills.

Zadig intimidated, who had successfully concluded the affairs of Serse, and remitted his money, resolved to leave the island, and to go himself in search of Astarte; "for," said he, "if I remain in Serendib, the Bonzes will have me impaled; but whither shall I go? In Egypt I shall be a slave, in Arabia I shall probably be burnt, in Babylon strangled. However, I must know what is become of Astarte; I will set out and see for what my sad destiny has reserved me."

A TOUR IN ZEALAND IN THE YEAR 1802.

BY A NATIVE OF DENMARK.

[*Concluded from Page* 139.]

The next morning we left Elsinore, taking the road which runs along the coast. On either side we beheld fishing towns, gentlemen's seats, farms, woods, grouping indiscriminately, and presenting a most beautiful contrast to the naked shores of Schonen. Having set out early, we enjoyed the pleasure of our walk with every additional satisfaction a fine morning could give it. By noon we reached Hirschholm, an insignificant hamlet, which derives its name from the adjacent palace, built by Christian VI on the spot where his valiant Queen, by personal prowess, overcame a stag. The situation of this decaying palace is so low, that the roof is on a level with the high road. It affords a striking example of the singularity of that monarch, who impatiently sought the gratification of every trifling whim, or capricious humour. When I reflect on the reign, I cannot avoid smiling at the manner in which German travellers speak of his public works. By comparing the present state of Denmark with the days of Christian VI. who erected the Palace of Christiansborg without burdening his people with the expence, they studiously infer the inequality of our means, and loudly tell the world our state is on the decline. Nothing, however, but German sagacity could devise so empty a conjecture; and to their solicitude our country is indebted for many an assertion equally vague and unfounded.

When the question of Spanish succession agitated the various cabinets of Europe, in the lifetime of his father, Frederick the Fourth, 12000 Danish troops were taken into the pay of England and Holland, and 8000 into that of the Emperor. These men, animated by the glorious example of their sovereign, fought bravely, and gained the admiration not only of their allies, but of the world, to the immortal honour of their country.

We left Hirschholm for Dronninggaard, a villa belonging to the Counsellor of state, Mr de Coninck. This gentleman gives tickets of admission for Wednesdays and Sundays, to any who wish to see his estate, which on various accounts deserves notice. We first visited the farm and inspected the cattle, a most excellent stock, constantly improving by his intercourse with England. In the park we found a purling brook, which we traced through a beautiful clump of trees in a valley, where an artificial hermitage stood, encompassed by a garden. We reclined, to enjoy the beauty of the retired scene. On a large oak were hung such implements of husbandry as might be necessary to the secluded life of the tenant of this interesting spot. Entering the cell, we observed every thing peculiar to the habitation. On the roof doves were perched, billing and cooing, which, contrasted with the notes of multifarious birds, and our fancy, and, as it were, instantly transferred us to an impenetrable recess of unconstrained nature. At a little distance we perceived the source of the brook, covered by a grotto, in which a stone had an inscription from Ovid, alluding to the clearness of the stream.

In our ramble about these gardens we came to

a summer-house, built on a projecting point; it had this inscription, *Amœnæ Quieti*. The prospect hence, delighted us in the extreme.

We returned to our inn, and betook ourselves to rest. At eight we departed for Lyngbye, a cheerful village, indeed the first in the island. Its short distance of six miles from the metropolis has induced many persons of opulence to build country seats there and in the neighbourhood. But its pre-eminence as a village is not confined to this accidental circumstance, for its manufactures tend considerably to enhance its celebrity.

Before you enter this village from Fredericksdal, you pass a wood, with a glade of some extent. Here we observed a number of people lolling at their ease upon the grass, and partaking of various refreshments. It is usual with the middling classes who visit Jaegersborg Park in the holiday season, to go thither by way of Lyngbye, and, as every thing is very dear in the park, to take provisions for the day's consumption, and make them for them selves on this glade.

On hearing music, which seemed to proceed from a hillock overgrown with trees, we ascended, and discovered an old man singing some German airs, which were accompanied with his guitar, and the voices of five ragged children. His face was deeply furrowed by woe, yet there appeared cheerfulness and resignation in his countenance. The object was too interesting not to excite curiosity. My friend kindly asked him the cause of his distress, when the poor man frankly told us, "That he formerly had been an opulent merchant at Amsterdam, where he was ruined by the French. That he came to Denmark with a wife and eight children, the elder of whom worked at a trade, by which himself and his little ones were preserved from starving. Their mother," he said, "died with grief." He paused, then feelingly closed his little narrative, not by venting curses on the authors of his ruin, but by a look and sigh that touched the heart, and called up every generous sentiment. Every one who listened felt for him, and each added a mite to alleviate his miseries.

Opposite the wood is a Royal seat called Sorgenfrie, belonging to Prince Frederick. It is extremely small, but presents itself with advantage from an avenue leading up to the rising ground on which it stands.

In the gardens, which are neatly laid out, a monument is erected to the memory of Princess Sophia Frederica, the wife of the Prince. She died in the year 1794.

From Lyngbye we crossed the fields to Jaegersborg Park. At the entrance, on an eminence, is an inn, called the Fortune. A telegraph has also been erected there since the year 1801. From this height we saw Copenhagen for the first time since we left it. At some distance, in the valley below, is the country seat of the immortal Count Bernstorff.

In a valley at the extremity of an extensive plain, Roadvadsmoellen, a manufactory belonging to the company of hardwaremen, is established. The articles are scarcely inferior to British; and manufactured in great abundance; importations from Birmingham, Sheffield, &c. are, however, essential to the demands of the country. This undertaking being carried on with considerable spirit, it cannot fail in time to prove highly beneficial. It already forms the most important of the British settlements in Denmark.

On our return from the manufactory, we stopped at the Hermitage, formerly a hunting palace, in the neighbourhood of which the deer are seen grazing in herds of from five to six hundred. The eminence on which the palace is built commands a fine view, of which the sea constitutes a considerable portion.

As we penetrated the forest an increasing noise and bustle gave us assurance that we approached the scene of general festivity and mirth.

Time has sanctioned the custom of visiting this wood every year, from St. John's day to the Visitation of the Virgin. Tents for the accommodation of all classes are pitched on a longitudinal grass-plat, where every sort of refreshment may be had. A spring, discovered some centuries ago by a girl named Christina Pul, runs close by, and on an adjoining eminence a number of booths are erected. Here are a variety of amusements. Wild beasts from all parts of the globe, horsemanship, rope-dancing, sleight-of hand, waxwork, and even German dramas are exhibited. Kotzebue's play of "Misanthrope and Repentance," or, as it is called in England, "The Stranger," was announced by the bills. The celebrity of this piece, which is frequently acted at Copenhagen, induced us to visit the theatre, where we found an assemblage of persons who would have graced a better cause. The miserable appearance of the house was perfectly descriptive of the scene which followed, at once too despicable to merit or provoke criticism. Hence we repaired to the equestrian booth. This species of exhibition being unusual in Denmark, afforded me infinite amusement.

The next object that struck us was a diminutive French juggler, clad in a suit of crimson silk, his hair frizzed out in a full extravagance of ancient French fashion, and an enormous bag dangled half way down his back; with many polite shrugs he requested the passengers to walk in, and see his wonderful performances just about to begin. We obeyed his invitation, and took our seats. Shortly after, Monsieur made his

appearance, and with his most romantic gesticulations delivered a famous speech. He then proceeded to his sleight-of hand tricks, which he performed with amazing dexterity. Among other things, he chopped off the heads of several chickens, and restored them I rather wondered so able an artist could not find preferment in his own country.

The evening being far spent, we resolved not to waste any more time or money on shows, and therefore turning towards the green plat, mingled with the crowd which passed to and from the spring All who visit the park make a point of tasting this water; its coolness and clearness are extremely agreeable. A box stands near the spring to receive the offerings of the charitable, and it is pleasing to add, that those who come to be happy themselves, do not forget others whom age, distress, or sickness has prevented from sharing in their pleasures; as the contributions annually received in this way are very considerable. We drank of the spring, and left the park by the way of Klampenborg Tavern, which leads along the sea shore.

At some little distance hence the Count Schimmelmann has a beautiful country seat, reared on an eminence, which rises above the spring of Emilia. The Count has erected a monument to the memory of his wife, and that it might be a symbol of his excessive grief, he caused the water to spout from an eye, on which account, the spring is vulgarly called, "The Weeping Eye" Trees, which almost now reach the summit of the mount, throw a shade over the spot, and benches are placed, in different positions, to invite repose or indulge contemplation.

Most persons, in their way to and from Copenhagen, halt at this interesting spot. A peasant maid attends to hand a cup of water to the passenger, who, while he rests a moment, is delighted with the prospect of the sea, which appears not many yards distant from his feet.

We next reached Ordrup, where we determined to pass the night. This village was almost wholly consumed by fire some years ago, and is now much improved by new buildings, which are chiefly gentlemen's seats The next morning we turned into the avenue leading to Count Bernstorff's mansion, a very large, and certainly the most magnificent country residence in the island. It is built in a valley. Three sides of it are enveloped in romantic groves, but the front is entirely open, and presents itself most advantageously to a distant observer. A solemn stillness reigned around, without any other interruption than the occasional melody of birds within the grove, which gave a contemplative charm to the scene, and made it perfectly enchanting. I viewed it feelingly, it was the haven of a pilot who had weathered many a storm in rendering services to his country, and left behind him an example worthy the imitation of the most exalted characters.

At some little distance from this seat of Count Bernstorff, is the Hamlet of Jaegersborg. The hunting box which stood on this spot has been demolished, and barracks built in its room for the hussar recruits who are drilled here. It was the hour of exercise when we approached. Although they appeared awkwardly to perform the new difficult manœuvres lately introduced into the cavalry service, still, with some patience on the part of the officers they may in time become expert.

With the abolition of German troops, we have lost German habits, and it is no longer the fashion to make men soldiers by flogging them. Having no Germans to run away, desertion, formerly so frequent, is now little known. The perpetual punishments were offensive to all who felt for their fellow-creatures, and the new system naturally gives satisfaction.

The bad habits of these vagabonds were communicated like a plague among our native soldiers, and thus, not only the name, but the profession, became contemptible. The national character, therefore, demanded a reform; no foreigner in future, can serve in our army Natives, subject to be enrolled as soldiers, are to serve for six years only, instead of eight; the two first on garrison duty, and for the remainder of their time, they are only to pass one month of the year at Copenhagen, for the purpose of exercise; and this without prejudice to their regular pay, bread, and quarters; they are, besides allowed five dollars per head, yearly, for marching money.

A method has been adopted throughout the army, much more likely to improve a soldier than the lash. Premiums are distributed to the deserving; emulation, consequently, inspires all to aim at the prize, and in such a competition none can lag far behind.

We returned from Jaegersborg, and came to the village of Gientotte, which slopes down the banks of a lake. There are few farmers in this place, the houses chiefly belonging to citizens.

The appearance of this part of the country strongly marks the beneficial exertions of the first Count Bernstorff The grateful peasants, many years ago, erected a plain marble monument by the high road in honour of the Count.

Not far from the high road, on the banks of a lake, are the remains of the village of Emdrup,

now reduced to two farms, the other peasants having moved to the fields assigned to them. When I speak of this village, it recalls the enjoyment of my boyish days; hard by lives a peasant on whose farm I was accustomed when at school gladly to pass my holydays. When the dreadful conflagration of Copenhagen, in the year 1795, destroyed nine hundred and forty-three houses, this man (as did all the peasants of the neighbourhood), repaired with his waggon to the city, that he might assist in saving the property of the inhabitants. While selfish minds were employed in forming schemes for turning the misfortunes of others to their own advantage, my honest friend was actuated by very opposite motives. He was employed to move the goods of one of our favourite masters, and agreed for a small sum; but although he did much more than he had stipulated for, it was impossible to force any additional reward upon him.

To this peasant's instruction I am indebted for whatever I may know of the rural pursuits of my country; his judgment, opportunities, and perseverance, permitting him to cultivate his lands on a superior plan.

Not having as yet visited a regular farm, my friend gladly acceded to my proposal of making a visit to one where I was sure to meet a hearty welcome. We found our host at home, and soon engaged him to shew us his fields, which contained upwards of sixty acres, all inclosed with living fences, and presenting a most gratifying proof of the industry of their owner. Which ever way we turned, no waste spot was discernible. Rye, barley, oats, pease, tares, and potatoes waved without intermission over the exuberant soil; while in other fields the abundant clover almost overtopped the sportive lambs which frisked around their dams, tethered with long ropes to the ground.

The peasants at a short distance from the city find considerable advantage in its vicinity; but it likewise teems with ills, by teaching them luxury. The peasant who goes to town for a waggon load of manure, generally returns with a little store of coffee and gin; and custom has already made these articles essential to the domestic establishment of a rustic family. Nor is this the only evil.—They neglect altogether the cultivation of their gardens for the more advantageous, and less toilsome, produce of the fields. It is quite a phenomenon to see a garden occupy an acre at any farm within a few miles of Copenhagen. My friend's garden was not better than those of his neighbours; it scarcely occupied half an acre, and its chief boast was twenty or thirty hives of bees, in the management of which he was particularly skilful.

Notwithstanding the evident superiority of my host's management, I think he excelled in theory. He was, it is true, born a peasant; but he had rubbed off much of his original roughness, and was above being guided by custom or prejudice. His judgment was improved by a store of reading, which placed him far above his equals in life. He took great pleasure in study, and whenever he had a leisure hour, he employed it in perusing such authors as might yield him solid information. Nor did he confine his knowledge to reading; the study of mankind he found equally necessary; and so happily did he apply his talents, that he was a rational and pleasing companion on any subject. Sometimes, indeed, I have heard him acquit himself in a manner that would not have disgraced a professed scholar. He was a politician too, but with one very rare talent, no warmth of argument prevented him from discriminating when to persist and when to be silent. He never fatigued his hearers.

When I reflect on the pleasures I have here partaken in the early part of my life, I grieve to think those happy days are past, never to return; I love to dwell on the remembrance of what I then enjoyed; my claims were small and soon answered; but I have since found, that the more our choice of pleasure expands, the less deep is the stream. My friend's good humour always enlivened mine; his jokes appeared to me the soul of wit, and his honest hospitality in my mind surpassed all the refinements of polished breeding.

We continued with him till Sunday, when he drove us to church. We passed Soeborg lake, which supplies the city with water, and reached Broenshoey.

My friend took it into his head to return to Copenhagen by sea; we therefore crossed the fields down to the Lime-kiln, where we hired a boat. Just as we were passing the most remarkable field about Copenhagen, I begged him to accompany me a few paces out of the way, that I might shew him something worthy his observation. Immediately on the shore stands a small stone with this inscription, *Justitz-Stedet* (Place of Justice), the sight of which cannot fail to excite agreeable sensations, when we consider how seldom it is frequented. The last execution took place in the year 1797. I shall not turn casuist on this occasion; whatever the cause, effects combine to render this stone an honourable monument of the national character.

SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

[*Concluded from Page* 135.]

THE first glance our hero had of Mrs. Jones disconcerted him, and made him forget what he proposed saying to her. She was a very tall woman, of about forty; her face was still sufficiently handsome to inform the beholder that she must have been once very beautiful; but it was a kind of beauty that even in its zenith could never have touched the heart; at least Sir Edward thought so, as it seemed totally devoid of feminine grace. The bold expression of her large black eyes, her deportment, her voice, all combined to inspire a certain dread, totally bereft of respect

After having received our hero with frigid politeness, she listened in silence to the purport of his visit. He then proceeded to tell her that being named by Mr. Clements as his universal legatee, and being acquainted with the lively interest his benefactor felt in her niece's welfare, he thought he only fulfilled a sacred duty in offering to share with her the property of their mutual friend. He added, that the interest of the said sum should be regularly paid her, and that on the day of her marriage she should receive the principal.

After having finished, not without some difficulty, this unpleasant explanation, and having blushed when pronouncing the appellation of aunt or niece, while Mrs. Jones remained undaunted, Sir Edward ceased speaking, much astonished at the little effect his words had produced; and was answered in the following manner:—

"I do not comprehend," said she, with an air of supercilious gravity, "how you, Sir, who have received such positive proofs of Mr. Clements' confidence and affection, can be ignorant of the project which occupied him for several years previous to his death, and which I have heard him speak of a thousand times. My niece was intended for you; it was you whom he had selected for her husband. The very last time we met, he entertained me with the many advantages you would derive from him, if you agreed to this marriage, and on this account solely has he bestowed his fortune upon you. Permit me, then, Sir, before I reply to your proposal, to ask whether you, whose sincerity I confide in, are not acquainted with your benefactor's intention?"

Saying these words, she fixed her penetrating eyes on Sir Edward, who, in reply, presented her with a copy of the will, which he had had the precaution of bringing with him, to convince Mrs. Jones that no conditions was annexed to the bequest. The aversion he had to uttering an untruth prevented him from making any other answer. But the wily aunt knew how to interpret his looks; and after having read the paper returned it to him, saying, "that she saw plainly that her niece had no right either to his possessions or his hand; but in this case," she continued, "you have no right to humiliate us by your gifts. I refuse it in the name of my niece, certain of its meeting with her concurrence. She ought not, nor can she receive presents from any one but a husband. If you agree to be her benefactor on these terms, I think your conscience will not be less tranquil; and if, on the contrary, you do not, I think a longer interview useless."

Vexed by these words, our hero knew not how to reply After a few moment's silence, Mrs Jones arose, and courtesying, left the room.

Sir Edward now thought it high time to depart, and choose another spot to meditate on the strange manner his proposals had been received. He regained his carriage, and proceeded to Oxford, which was about two miles off, and stopped at the first inn he met with, for the purpose of writing to Mrs. Jones. He told her that being totally unknown to her niece, it was impossible she could feel any affection for him; that it was more than probable that either Miss Jones or himself had ere now made another choice; and admitting that to be the case, an union could only be productive of unhappiness. He in the most delicate terms represented to her the wish he had of serving Miss Jones, renewed his former offer, and begged to be allowed to call the next day to hear Mrs Jones's final determination.

This letter was immediately dispatched, but it did not prevent our hero from passing a sleepless night. This woman, thought he, is certainly in possession of my secret; if she persist in her refusal, what will she not say of me? Her residence so near Oxford, my adventure will be spoken of; calumny will put forth her voice; and all the students will regard me as a man void

of faith, probity, or gratitude, and will disseminate this opinion wherever they go. I shall be dishonoured and defamed throughout the kingdom; I shall not dare to appear in society; and shall, in the end, die in despair, because an obstinate woman will not consent to receive from me five thousand a year."

The following day was spent in similar reflections. Sir Edward waited for the evening to pay his visit, hoping that the longer time he gave Mrs. Jones, the more likely she would be to comply with his request. As soon as the sun had set, he ascended his carriage; but before he reached his destination, the fineness of the evening induced him to proceed on foot to the Priory.

Rather agitated, he entered the grounds; when, as he passed beside a summer-house at some distance from the mansion, he heard a female voice, whose tones were so sweetly plaintive, that he could not withstand the temptation of listening to the whole of the following well known ballad:—

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame,
And all the weary warld asleep is gane,
The waes o' my heart fall in showers frae my eye,
While my gude man sleeps sound by me.

Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naithing else beside;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been gone a year and a day,
When my faither brake his arm, and our cow was stole away;
My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My faither cou'd nae wark, and my mither cou'd nae spin,
I toil'd the day and night, but their bread I cou'd nae win;
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his eye,
Said, Jenny, for their sake, O pray marry me.

My heart it fast heav'd, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack.
His ship was a wrack; why did not Jeany die?
And why was she spar'd to cry, wae is me?

My faither urg'd me fair, but my mither did nae speak,
But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray was gude man to me.

I had nae been a wife but weeks only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'd not think it he,
Till he said—"Love, I am come to marry thee!"

Sair, sair, did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but one kiss, and we tore oursels away;
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to be,
O why was I born to say, wae is me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin;
I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin:
But I'll do my best a gude wife for to be,
For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

During this time, Sir Edward had remained stationary at the side of the summer-house; but as soon as the voice ceased he advanced towards the entrance, and found himself before a female figure, whom he conjectured to be Frances, as the darkness would not allow him to recognize her features. She was alone, and held her handkerchief to her hand, as if she had been weeping. On perceiving Sir Edward, she arose and came to meet him, saying, in mournful accents, "Is it thus, Henry, you obey my commands? I wrote to you twice this morning, to entreat you not to venture here, I related to you the violent scenes which I daily endure with my aunt, and the resolution which she still persists in, of marrying me to Mr. Clements' odious cousin, whom I believe to be at this very moment in the house. I once more repeat to you, Henry, that I will rather die than be faithless to my promise; but on my side I entreat you to return instantly to Oxford, and not on any account appear here again until this fatal marriage is broken off, and that Sir Edward, whom I hope soon to disgust by my hatred and contempt, has left this place."

In speaking thus, Frances had slowly approached our hero, whose face had been totally obscured by the overhanging of a willow; and as this was the spot where she usually met her lover, and that his figure greatly resembled Sir Edward's, her mistake was perfectly natural. But now discovering his features, she screamed aloud, and precipitately fled.

Our hero had no great desire of following her. More astonished than vexed at this adventure, he balanced whether he should now solicit an interview with Mrs. Jones. The fear of embarrassing the afflicted Frances by his presence, and of causing a new quarrel between the aunt and niece, added to the extreme repugnance he felt at having any point to discuss with the former, determined him to return immediately to Oxford.

On his arrival there, he addressed a second letter to the Priory, apologizing for not having

kept his appointment, alledging that some urgent business had unexpectedly required his immediate presence in London; and that as she was already well acquainted with his wishes and sentiments, the proposed interview would have been useless, as he was irrevocably fixed in his determination, and no power on earth could make him alter it. He concluded by saying, that he should expect her answer in a few days Impatient to rejoin Mrs. Harley, and his mind greatly tranquillized by the late transaction, he immediately set out for London.

He was very desirous of returning to her, as independent of the pain he experienced at being separated from the object of his love, he had been severely vexed, and wished to enjoy her soothing advice. Those who possess an affectionate heart, added to a mild disposition, can appreciate better than any other the happiness of being beloved.

The amiable widow approved our hero's conduct, and advised him to wait patiently for Mrs. Jones's answer The praises she bestowed on him, and the kindness of his reception, calmed his uneasiness, and afforded him more real consolation than any other thing in the world could have done. He spent the whole of the day in Grosvenor-street; and at night departed to visit his old friend Mr. Harley. His design was to inform him of the result of his journey, and of the affair of the summer-house; and also to ask him whether he was still of opinion that he ought to marry a young woman who was so tenderly attached to another. The old gentleman was not at home, and our hero resolved to await his return at a neighbouring coffee-house. He called for a glass of punch, and seated himself at a table where there were two young men, one of whom was entertaining the other with a newspaper, which he read sufficiently loud for Sir Edward to distinctly hear every word.

What did our poor hero feel at listening to a circumstantial account of his own recent adventures? The occurrence was related in a very facetious style: it mentioned the embarrassing situation Sir Edward Seymour found himself in since he had had the severe affliction of inheriting a large fortune, of the many consultations he had solicited in London to discover some means of escaping so severe a misfortune. It also added, that he had undertaken a journey to Oxford for the sole purpose of asking the advice of Dr. —, and several others, to whose wisdom he paid great deference All this was accompanied with the writer's reflections, and many ill-natured personalities, the only weapons of fools and rascals, which this kind of satire is composed of, and is as easy as it is despicable.

Words are inadequate to express the feelings of Sir Edward on hearing the above. He cast a fearful glance around him, trembling lest he should recognize an acquaintance. Somewhat relieved in seeing none but strange faces, he prepared to depart, when suddenly he saw his servant enter accompanied by a very elegant young man. The servant retired after having presented his master to the stranger, who, hastily approaching our hero, said in a loud voice, and with much haughtiness, "I presume you are Sir Edward Seymour"

At the sound of his name, all those who had read the above-mentioned paragraph, fixed their eyes on our hero, who, ready to expire with vexation, at being thus the object of impertinent curiosity, could almost have wished to disown his name; but this being impracticable, he answered in the affirmative. "By G—d I am glad I have met you at last," replied the stranger, "for I have followed you with great impatience all the way from Oxford."—"You are not known to me, Sir; pray what are your commands?"—"You will soon be made acquainted with them. I——." "If we were to go out we should be more conveniently situated."—"Not in the least, for it rains. Besides, as you may have perceived, I have no secrets to impart; you shall learn my business in a moment. I for a long time have been attached to a young and lovely lady in the neighbourhood of Oxford, but her aunt wishes to bestow her on a friend of your's, whom, not a very honourable chance has made heir to a large fortune, to which he had not the smallest right. I am not fond of heirs, Sir; I have an antipathy towards them which I have never been able to conquer; and I would wish to tell the person in question the cause of my dislike.—Could not you procure me an interview with him?"—"Nothing easier, the heir you speak of is very partial to interviews; and if you will follow me, you shall have satisfaction this instant." "No, not at present, it is dark, and I like to transact business by day-light. To-morrow morning, if it suits you"—"Perfectly so, whenever you please, Sir."—"Give me your hand upon it, Sir Edward; I am better pleased with you than I expected to be. You will then, I trust, be punctual."—"You may depend on my word." "Will you allow me to taste your punch, for I am very thirsty?" "Willingly." "Your health, Sir!"—The stranger, or rather, as our readers have probably ere this discovered, Miss Jones's Henry, finished our hero's punch, agreed in a whisper to meet in Hyde-Park at five, and instantly departed.

Sir Edward soon followed his example. His first care was to procure a friend to act as his second; he afterwards returned home, less occupied with the duel than with what the world

would say of him The quarrel has taken place in public, thought he, and every body will learn that I am going to fight for a young lady in Oxfordshire. It will be reported that I am faithless to my Eliza, and every honest heart will despise me. What will Eliza herself think? If I should fall, she will believe me unworthy of being regretted. If I kill my adversary, I must fly, and never see her more, and renounce a heart justly irritated against me. It is very extraordinary that, not having committed the smallest fault, which the most rigid morality, or the most refined affection could reproach me with, I see myself on the point of losing my Eliza, my own life, and the esteem of the whole universe! But I will write to Mrs. Harley—if I fall, my letter will unveil my conduct; if I conquer, she may perhaps pardon me.

Sir Edward began immediately his epistle; but scarcely had he sat down when he heard a noise on the staircase, and recognized the voice of Mr. Harley. Our hero opened the door to meet him; but scarcely had the old gentleman perceived him, than, terrified and breathless, he rushed into his arms, exclaiming, "Save me, my friend! 'tis in your power to restore me to life. I have just learned that to-morrow—" "Do not speak so loud," interrupted Sir Edward, shutting the door. "What has happened that can have agitated you in this manner?"—"What has happened?" rejoined Mr. Harley, "Why I am the most miserable of men. Answer me quickly: is it true, that to-night in a coffee house—" "Yes, it is but too true. A mad brained fool, whom I never before saw, has followed me from Oxford, for the express purpose of picking a quarrel with me. He says, he is the lover of Frances, Mrs. Jones's daughter, whom you were so desirous that I should marry I have most assuredly no wish of disputing with him on her account, and even I have had proofs that she loves him. The insult was public, and cannot be remedied; but to-morrow I hope to correct this young madman"—"To correct him! that is to say, to kill him! And do you know who this young man is?"—"I have just told you that he is Miss Jones's lover"

"It is my son! my dear son! the only child of your best friend! whom you hope to dispatch to-morrow! Sir Edward, I esteem you too much to believe it necessary to tell you, that in this affair that mistaken notion of honour, which we have inherited of our ferocious forefathers, is no longer in question. Your valour is well known, and can never be suspected; and you would be the worst of men, were you capable of sacrificing, to a detestable and horrid prejudice, love, friendship, religion, the respect due to my age, to the name of father, and to every tie of affection, which even savages would hold sacred."

Sir Edward remained motionless; struck with surprise, terror, and dismay "You do not answer me," continued the old man, with the animation of grief; "you hesitate in giving me your word that you will not dye your hand with the blood of my child, that you will not rob me of my only remaining support! What! a father, an aged man, your friend, the brother of your betrothed wife, supplicates you, with tears, not to commit a crime which would rob him of life; and you hesitate, O Seymour! Great God! this then is virtue! The man who would not, to save his life, his mistress, his honour, consent to injure any mortal, to deprive them of the smallest advantage, that man, for an erroneous point of honour, for an execrable prejudice, atrocious, ridiculous, which he even abhors, does not scruple to deprive his friend, an old man, a father, of his son, his only son, of all he values in the world, of all he holds precious, of the only gift which, coming from the Almighty, ought to be deemed sacred by his creatures; and this man, this murderer, wishes to be respected!—In the name of Heaven, Sir Edward, listen to me; Henry, you say, has challenged you, has publicly insulted you: well, I am come to beg your pardon; and if this does not satisfy your barbarous honour, lead me wherever you please, tell me any spot in London where you would wish me to appear, to entreat your pardon, as I now do, embracing your knees, bathing them with my tears, sweeping the ground with these white locks, for which you feel no compassion."

Saying these words, the old man fell at our hero's feet, who had hitherto listened to him in silence. He hastened to raise him, to fold him in his arms; and when his emotion would permit him to speak, "My dear friend," said he, "be assured, be very certain, that I do all that is in my power, when I give you my word of honour, that I will not attack the life of your son: confide in this promise But I in my turn require a favour of you. Do not interfere in this affair; your cares, your reasonings, your measures, can only prove detrimental. Do not mention the subject to Henry, do not seek to meet him, or to follow him; remain quietly at home until to-morrow morning at seven, then return here; you will, I trust, find me, and you may assist to reconcile us: If, on the contrary, you should not see me, you will take this letter, which you will find on my desk, to Mrs. Harley, it will inform you of all that I have done. Do not exact any thing more of me. At all events, I pledge my word that your son will be in no danger; but if you take any other measures, my

promise is no longer valid. Farewell, my dear Mr Harley: I believe, I dare venture to affirm, that you will be satisfied with my conduct. It is past twelve o'clock, allow my servant to accompany you home, and leave me to enjoy a few hours rest, which I am greatly in need of."

The old gentleman, struck with the calm and dignified air with which Sir Edward spoke, affectionately pressing his hand, promised to do all he desired; and left our hero at full liberty to conclude his letter. Seymour related all the events of the evening; and after having taken an affectionate leave of Mrs Harley, he swore that even in death she would be dear to him, and that his last breath should articulate her name. After having sealed his letter, somewhat more composed, he laid himself on his bed to await the hour of appointment.

At four o'clock he arose, and taking his pistols repaired to the house of the friend who had promised to be his second, and before five arrived in Hyde-Park Henry Harley was already there.—The seconds measured the ground; and young Harley, who understood nothing of the rule of duelling, consented, at the desire of our hero, to fire the first shot. It passed through Sir Edward's hat, and threw it off his head at some distance. Our hero coolly took it up, and replacing it took aim at a young tree which stood at some distance from his antagonist, and pulling the trigger of his pistol, split asunder its feeble stem. "You may now repeat your fire," said he to the astonished Henry.

"I do not understand you, Sir," answered the youth, "explain yourself. Why do you refuse returning my fire? Be assured that I deem your generosity an affront; treat me in the manner I have acted by you, or explain your strange behaviour."—"I prefer the latter to the former," replied Sir Edward, approaching him. "You are the son of my friend, Mr. Harley, for whom I have long entertained the liveliest esteem; far from wishing to attempt your life, I would willingly expose my own to defend it. You came to provoke me, to insult me; to prevent my marrying a young lady, whom I had previously, before her aunt, formally refused. Honour compelled me not to refuse your challenge; honour required that I should expose my life; but it does not command me to attack, yours I am not angry with you; I have no cause to dislike you. But the prejudices of my country forced me to sacrifice my cool judgment to your folly, to your passion. If your breast still harbours resentment, we will begin again; then, if you miss me a second time, I will again repeat to you, that I have no greater desire of wedding Miss Jones than I have of terminating the days of my old friend's son. I have now given you an explanation of my conduct; decide upon it, and tell me what you mean to do."

"To entreat your forgiveness, Sir," answered young Harley, "to supplicate you, before these gentlemen, to make my inexperience plead my excuse: love and youth had bewildered my imagination. Your noble conduct makes me blush for my errors. Accept my most sincere apologies. Sir Edward; and if my repentance, and the advantage you possess over me, is not sufficient to make you forget my offence, pronounce yourself the reparation you require, and I will cheerfully submit to it."

Our hero now turned to the seconds, who had already put the pistols into their pockets "Gentlemen,' said he, "are you satisfied?" Perfectly so, was the reply. "Well, then, I make you the guarantees of the promise I have just received from Mr. Harley; he has entreated me to name the reparation I require This is it. The newspapers have doubtless informed you of the particulars of Mr. Clements' will, and of my perplexity with respect to Miss Jones. The young lady's aunt has refused the offer I made, of dividing the fortune left me with her niece, alledging that Miss Jones could not receive a gift from any one but a husband. I ask Mr. Henry Harley to become that husband; and the reparation I require for the insult I have received is, that he will receive from me five thousand a year, which I vainly offered to his Frances."

Young Harley, overcome by our hero's generosity, could only answer him by affectionately pressing his offered hand. The seconds warmly applauded Sir Edward's conduct, and they all hastened to his house, where they found Mr. Harley, senior, who anxiously expected them. Henry told him all that had passed; and the worthy old man shed tears of joy. His mind was so softened by what he had endured, that for the first time in his life he contradicted no one; and willingly consented to Sir Edward's offer.

Our hero left them to fly to Grosvenor-street. He found Mrs. Harley at home, who had heard nothing of the duel, but was greatly affected at the relation of it. As nothing now remained to prevent the union of our lovers, their wedding-day was fixed; and in a week Sir Edward became the happy husband of his Eliza. Old Mr. Harley departed for Oxford, to employ his oratorial powers to persuade Mrs. Jones to consent to the marriage of his son with Frances; and for once his eloquence was crowned with success. On his informing her that Sir Edward's hand was no longer free, she willingly consented, and soon Henry and Frances were

united. A close intimacy has ever subsisted between the two families, notwithstanding the frequent arguments of Mr. Harley, senior, and Sir Edward, who, however, now acknowledges, that in some circumstances, it is rather difficult to please every body. E. R.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 31.]

CHAP. XIII.

On the beauty of the Skin.

THE beauty of the skin contributes in so astonishing a manner to beauty in general, that many women who are deemed very handsome, possess no other advantage than that of a beautiful skin. Accordingly it is upon this essential part that women bestow in preference the most assiduous care. The greatest part of cosmetics have no other object than to preserve all the perfections, or to repair the defects of the skin.

A white skin, slightly tinged with carnation, soft and smooth to the touch, is what we commonly call a fine skin. Such was the skin of Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV.; it was so delicate that no cambric could be found fine enough to make her chemises. Cardinal Mazarine used to tell her, that if she went to hell, she should be condemned to suffer no other punishment than to lie in Holland sheets.

The skin seldom possesses all the qualities requisite for its perfection, and when it does, various causes, external and internal, daily contribute to deprive it of them.

In fact, the skin by its numerous relations with most of the internal organs, undergoes various kinds of alterations according to the different dispositions of those organs. It is seen alternately to lose its lustre, to become pale, yellow, brown, sun-burnt, greenish, purple, according to the different states of certain parts of the system.

The apparent state of the skin depends, therefore, in a great measure on the state of the internal organs; accordingly, in our climate, carnation may be regarded as the true thermometer of the state of health. I say in our climate, where the whiteness of the skin renders the most delicate shades infinitely more perceptible.—Thus a fresh and blooming tint, rosy lips, a lively and sparkling eye, are indications of good health. But if the complexion is pale, livid or lead-coloured; if the eye is languid; if the lips are deprived of that charming coral hue, it may then be affirmed that the functions are deranged, that health is impaired.

External causes are not less injurious to the beauty of the skin; and their influence is so much the more powerful as it is continually acting, and gradually destroys it, as water falling drop by drop will at length wear a hole in a rock.

The external causes which are incessantly concurring to destroy the beauty of the skin, are principally the air, the heat of the climate, and light. These three causes combined contribute to deprive it of that whiteness, that lustre, that polish, that delicacy, that softness, which enchant and delight us in more than one way. Every body knows what a difference there is between the parts of this organ which are continually covered, and those that are constantly exposed to the contact of the air and light.

It was in conformity with this incontestable truth that the first cosmetics were composed. They consisted, as we shall see in another place, of different kinds of pastes, applied at night to the face and removed the next morning. By this expedient, the ancients found means to screen during that interval the parts, the delicacy of which they were desirous of preserving, from the influence of external causes.

The ancients certainly acted agreeably to an incontestible theory; but their practice was attended with some inconveniencies, so that it was found necessary to have recourse to other means. Nevertheless, the Venetian ladies, so celebrated for the admirable beauty of their complexion, still make use of a paste composed of flour and white of eggs; this they mould into a kind of mask, which they put on the face at night; thus renewing the custom which the ancients have recorded as practised by the courtezan Poppæ, and which the French historians inform us was used by the effeminate Henry III of France.

An eminent physician, De Senac, was of opinion that women would always retain a youthful

face, if they cou'd preserve the rotundity of youth, which produces white by the tension of the skin, and red by the fullness of the blood-vessels. Colours artificially applied, and paints of all sorts, are but wretched imitations of what ought to be; and De Serac discovered a method of obtaining in reality that effect which paints produce only in appearance. "It is necessary," said he, "to prevent the perspiration of the face; by these means a happy obstruction of lymph and blood will take place in the small vessels, and the skin will be kept more stretched. There will be white red, and no wrinkles; and who can wish for any thing more? Now," continued he, "oil prevents perspiration; nothing more is necessary than to rub it upon the face, or to apply to the latter only such drugs of which oil forms the basis, and not plasters, which by drying it, render it still more wrinkled than before."

The opinion of this physician is just in more than one respect. It is certain that nothing contributes more to the beauty of the skin than to retain in it the products of insensible perspiration; but yet the method which he recommends does not fulfil all the conditions, and is not adapted to all cases; nay, there are even women whose skin would rather be injured than embellished with oil. We may go still further, and assert that oily applications, properly so called, would sometimes prove pernicious, and would always produce the effect which De Serac expected of them.

It is true, that by the application of unctuous cosmetics, we counteract as much as possible the effect of the exterior causes that destroy the beauty of the complexion and the delicacy of the skin. But there are, as I have already observed, other causes, and it is unnecessary to remark, that this medium would be absolutely nugatory when interior causes impair beauty. What benefit can be derived from topical applications, for instance, when the defects of the skin depend on a derangement of the stomach, or a diseased liver, or an affection of the lungs, or the interruption of some secretion? It is not to exterior applications but to a skilful physician that recourse ought to be had, and when all the functions have returned to their natural course, the skin will resume its original freshness and lustre. It is therefore to internal causes that we ought first to direct our attention; and the first step towards recalling beauty, is to restore health.

Whiteness is one of the qualities which it is requisite for the skin to possess, before it can be called beautiful. In this point, the taste of the ancients corresponded with ours; they held whiteness of the skin in such estimation, that they regarded this quality as the distinguishing characteristic beauty. The name of Venus, the goddess of beauty, is explained by the Celto-Breton primitive *ven*, which signifies *white*, as we are informed by La Tour d'Auvergne Carret, in his work entitled *Des Origines Gauloises*.

I have observed that many causes may injure the whiteness of the skin, and that the air in particular is the natural enemy of the lilies of a beautiful complexion; but unfortunately for our handsome women, it is not the only enemy. A laborious life, or excess in pleasure; too much sleep, or too frequent watchings; too intense application, or the languor of a life of indolence and apathy; melancholy and violent passions, grief, fear, anxiety or hatred, are all prejudicial to the beauty of the skin, tarnish its lustre, and efface or alter its colours. On the contrary, a life of prudence and regularity; easy and varied occupations; benevolent, exalted and generous affections; the exercise of virtue, and that inward satisfaction which is its most valuable reward; such are the causes that preserve the flexibility of the organs, the free circulation of the humours, and a perfect state of all the functions whence result both health and beauty.

The diet also has a very great influence upon the colour of the skin. Buffon has observed that the delicate complexion and happy physiognomy of the nobility and most persons of the higher classes, are partly owing to the aliments they use. It has been remarked, for instance, that the use of barley bread renders the skin more pale, and that persons who are in the habit of eating salt and dried provisions, seldom have a fine complexion. I have found in the works of physicians various observations which confirm the opinion of Buffon, but it is not my intention to swell out this chapter with them.

Water has not a less influence on the beauty of the carnation, and an accurate judgment of the quality of the water of a district may be formed by merely consulting the complexion of the inhabitants. It is therefore of considerable importance with respect also to beauty, to make use only of wholesome water.

The liver, according to physicians, has the most direct relations with the skin, as is demonstrated likewise by facts. Hypochondriac affections give the cutaneous surface a dull, brownish colour: in consequence of the bite of a viper an unctuous bile flows toward the skin. The complexion of the bilious is always distinguished by a yellowish colour; in persons of that constitution acrid, cutaneous diseases are more frequent; sometimes the St Anthony's fire is seen to accompany fevers of a bilious nature, and general and critical eruptions to succeed obstinate quartan fevers.

All these facts, to which might be added many more, clearly demonstrate not only that the acrid and chronical maladies of the skin proceed from

diseases of the bile and liver, but that the complexion itself depends in a great measure on the action of that viscus.

It must therefore be obvious that it would be unavailing to endeavour to counteract certain defects of the complexion, and especially its yellow or brown colour, by means of cosmetics, for these recourse must be had to internal remedies.

In my opinion the frequent use of martials would be found highly efficacious in producing a fine complexion; but this I give merely as a conjecure. I have not yet made any experiment on the subject, but, I intend to do so on some female of a brown complexion who may happen to be tired of her colour. Let us now proceed to the methods that have been long known, practised, and recommended.

The infusion of hyssop has been highly extolled, and it is likewise said that onions, when eaten, give very beautiful tints to the complexion. Le Camus recommends an hepatic salt, which he says, is highly efficacious either for preserving a fine complexion or acquiring beautiful colours. Its composition is as follows:

"Take roots of agrimony, two pounds; roots of chicory and scorzonera of each one pound; bitter costus, eryngium, Indian saffron, of each half a pound; calamus aromaticus, rapontic, southern-wood, hemp-agrimony, scolopendra, veronica, common hepatica, fumitory, cuscuta, of each three ounces. Calcine the whole in a reverberatory furnace; then add ashes of rhubarb and of cassia lignea, of each an ounce and a half; lixiviate the whole with a decoction of the flowers of hepatica, and extract the salt by the usual process. This salt causes the bile to flow away, cures the jaundice, and gives the skin a pleasing carnation tint. The proper dose of this salt is from twenty-four to thirty-six grains in any suitable vehicle."

With respect to the means that counteract with success the external causes destructive of the beauty of the skin, they form a numerous class, composed of the cosmetics, properly so called. In the next chapter we shall give the most efficacious of these. At present I shall add but a few words on a method advised by some persons. It is said that nothing tends to whiten the skin so much as walking abroad in the cool of the evening, especially near water. This may be possible; but is not the humidity of evening productive of ill consequences, which would make those pay very dear who would purchase a fine skin at that rate, especially since it is an advantage that may be procured in so many other ways? For my part I think the practice dangerous in our climate, and with the light costume of our ladies. All the physicians will not be of my opinion; we have doctors who enter into accommodations with the ladies as the Tartuffe did with heaven, but those who possess any integrity will give me their support. This reminds me of a discussion which took place on this subject when the ladies began to frequent in the evening the *Pont des Arts* at Paris. A physician inserted in the *Journal de Paris* some observations on the insalubrity of the practice of walking in the evening immediately over the bed of the river. In the present age, as in that of La Fontaine, we have physicians *tant-pis*, as well as physicians *tant-mieux*. These gentlemen never did and never will agree; discord is the essence, I will not say of their art, but of their profession. Now the physician of whom I am speaking, was the physician *tant-pis*. He would have alarmed the fair sex if any thing can alarm them when intent on the gratification of any new whim. A few days afterwards, however, a more complaisant doctor, the physician *tant-mieux*, undertook to pacify the fears of our handsome women. He therefore inserted in the same journal a letter, proving the salubrity of walking in the evening on the *Pont des Arts*. And which of them was in the right? Neither the one nor the other; they were both wrong. You may perhaps ask: How can that be possible? Nothing is more easily explained: the ladies continued to frequent the promenade in spite of the denunciations of the physician *tant-pis*, and caught cold notwithstanding the assurances of the physician *tant-mieux*. Our two doctors, therefore, were both wrong; such is the difficulty of hitting the mark with respect to women.

Let us, however, decide this question which is so important to the health of the ladies. I shall then assert with the physicians who enjoy the most deserved reputation, that the cool of the evening air checks perspiration, and is liable to produce various diseases, and that this effect is inevitable, if you sit still exposed to the evening air according to the practice of our ladies on the *Pont des Arts*. The cool of the evening is still more injurious to convalescents, as it may occasion relapses. Women, on going abroad after the periods of their accouchement, would do well not to expose themselves to it, if they are desirous of avoiding many painful disorders which are frequently the consequence of this imprudence, such as obstructions of the milk and various others. Such are some of the ill effects of the evening air, notwithstanding all that may be advanced by the doctors *tant-mieux*.

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In the year 1791, in the month of November, *Inkle and Yarico* was acted at Drury lane, and afterwards *The Pannel*; *Oscar and Malvina*. The day after, the following *je ne sais quoi* appeared in a newspaper which is now forgotten; as it is a *chef d'œuvre* in its kind, it may be not unpleasant to some of your readers to peruse such a curious specimen of *matiere embrouillée*, and apt quotations:

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In the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to the soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for concert, and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of the engineers." So true was this maxim of the American General, that the English soldiers had to contend with

little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army, surprising their centinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even, when the alarm was given, and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station centinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was, at this time, stationed upon the confines of a boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the centinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The centinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and, what was most astonishing, they were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, however, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would explain.

One morning, the centinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The centinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert."

The relief-company returned to the guard-house.

The centinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched round the post, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned, ruminating upon this strange circumstance, to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and the terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the centinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the Colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company here, or whether he should again submit the post to a single centinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men whose courage and honesty were never suspected must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

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The Colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house with the most anxious curiosity.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the Colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they

came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required. "I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life, and led to the discovery. I had not been long on my post, when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, or what was not, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were, notwithstanding, directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim; discharged my piece, and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other centinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the centinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought Whatever circumstances of wonder may appear in the present relation, there are many now alive who can attest its authenticity.

THE TWO APOTHECARIES

About the year 1712, there lived in a country town, near Canterbury, a private gentleman named Turner. He had an only son, who, having attained the age of fifteen, was very desirous of qualifying himself to follow the professions of apothecary and surgeon. Accordingly his father had him bound apprentice for seven years to an eminent surgeon of the same place, whose name was Steevens. The young man was so attentive to his business that before he was out of his time, he was universally allowed to be as great a proficient in medical and surgical matters as his master.

His apprenticeship being concluded the friends and acquaintance of young Mr. Turner came to make merry and spend the evening with him, as was at that time customary, and among the rest his father; who entering into conversation with Mr. Steevens relative to his son's capacity and inclination for his profession, at last thus addressed him:—

"Sir, I should grieve to find any thing left undone that might prevent or lessen his perfect qualification in his art." The apothecary replied, "Sir, I believe him to be as capable in it as myself, barring that he cannot have had so much experience. I have neglected no part of his instruction, and have communicated all I know, except one single point, which is a secret I discovered myself, and having experienced its truth and its value, I am not willing to impart it to any one without an adequate compensation."

Mr. Turner was unwilling his son should be deficient in any point which might be wanting to complete him for his profession, and therefore demanded the price of his secret. "Sir," answered Mr Steevens, "if your son makes a proper use of it, it may bring in thousands. I look upon it as infallible, and to a man of prudence, and in great practice, it may be invaluable; but as your son has served his time with me, and has behaved well and attended diligently to

his business, I will make him master of this useful and excellent nostrum for thirty guineas." After a little consideration, and debating the matter with his son, Mr. Steevens agreed to take twenty guineas, which were paid immediately, and he gave in return a slip of paper on which seven words were written, being the recipe of his great and precious nostrum.

The old gentleman, after reading the recipe, burst out into a violent passion, saying he had been defrauded, and had parted with his money without an equivalent compensation, and that he would appeal to the laws for redress. The surgeon being in possession of the money remained quiet, and permitted him to vent his rage at leisure; when this had somewhat subsided he said calmly to Mr. Turner, "Why, Sir, although you now make so slight of this secret because you know it, yet, insignificant as it may seem to you, it has put many hundred pounds into my pocket, and if your son will always bear it in mind, and make a proper use of it, he may turn it to as good an account as I have done."

Still this did not satisfy old Mr. Turner; at length his son interposed, and said to his father, "Do not, Sir, make yourself uneasy about the purchase of this seeming trifle; my master has treated me kindly and honourably during the whole time of my apprenticeship, and I have no reason to suppose he wishes to impose on either of us. You, Sir, do not understand our business; there are secrets in all trades, and I have no doubt but I shall, as Mr. Steevens says, profit greatly by this valuable arcanum, so that I beg you will be contented, and leave the rest to me; I shall take care the money shall not be thrown away"

By this interposition of the son, his father became at last easy, and when the company broke up took him home.

A few days after he wanted his son to set up in business for himself immediately, in opposition to his old master, whom he still considered as having cheated him. The young gentleman however had a mind to travel, and endeavoured to convince his father how necessary it was to go to Paris for further experience in the practice of surgery, and that in that city surgeons had the opportunities of perfecting themselves in their profession. At length the old gentleman, however reluctantly, gave his consent, and his son set out for Paris.

After his arrival there he attended the hospitals during a year, and then continued his travels through Italy and Germany. After having thus employed seven or eight years, and being greatly improved in his person, learning, and professional skill in both physic and surgery, he returned to England, with a resolution to travel all over it in the character of a mountebank Doctor, which profession was at that time in great esteem both in Germany and in Italy.

This he accordingly began to do with great success and applause, and having completed his tour in about a year, he at last contrived to arrive at the little town where he had served his time. His long absence had made such an alteration in his person and features that he was under no apprehension of being known, so that assuming the name of the Baron de Retourgnac, and announcing himself as a famous foreign physician, on his travels throughout Europe, he advertised that he purposed remaining some time in Canterbury, and in its vicinity. Accordingly he began by making a figure with his carriage and servants, and in a short time acquired great reputation as well as emolument from a number of cures which he performed.

It so happened that one day whilst he was mounted on his stage in this town, attended by his servants, who dealt out his medicines to the numerous purchasers, his old master, Steevens, approached as near as he could, in order to hear this learned Doctor harangue.

As soon as the Doctor saw him he knew him, and a pleasant fancy that moment striking him, he began to address the attentive spectators as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, it is notorious that the medical practitioners and professors in this country almost entirely neglect the study of those sciences which do not immediately relate to physic; so that they remain unacquainted with many curious facts and observations which tend to elucidate numberless cases in their professional line. These observations are generally known to the most celebrated physicians on the Continent, and are of the utmost consequence to thousands of people, who are afflicted with grievous disorders and maladies. When I was at Rome I learnt of a very eminent Italian professor, a certain arcanum, nostrum, or secret, which for real use and value can scarcely be paralleled in the known world, and which I have often experienced without ever having been deceived; it is an art of such a nature that millions of gold are not to be compared to its intrinsic value, and which I am bold to say no one besides myself this day in England has the least knowledge or conception of.

"You may observe, ladies and gentlemen, that it is a maxim among the learned, that unless the texture or combination of parts of the blood be already formed into a particular state, which is vulgarly called a vitious habit of body, it is incapable of contracting or receiving certain malignancies which affect and distemper it, and which malignancies will prevail in a greater or less degree, and become more or less virulent

according to its vitiated state, all which I grant to be true. But I have now further to observe, that as the face is a palpable index to the mind, wherein we may read tokens of the inward passions, so there are likewise certain signs to be observed in the face only, wherein we may perceive many prognostics and symptoms of various approaching diseases, which are then breeding and engendering in the blood; and which by thus being discovered, if they are skilfully attacked in time; that is, before they get to the height and gain the mastery, may by proper methods be easily removed; and if they are not so found out and treated, they may, and often do, occasion the certain death of the patient. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the art and mystery which I studied; and if I can discover among the vast concourse of people who now surround me, any such person whose present necessity requires my assistance, and by whom I may prove the truth of what I have been advancing, I will instantly point him out publicly before you all."

So, having spent some time in surveying the throng, and affecting a very grave and penetrating look, he at last pitched upon his old master, and pointing to him,—"There," said he, "is a gentleman who, I am certain, without my assistance, in ten days' time will be no longer living; and no other person in this kingdom except myself can possibly administer any thing that will cure him. And so well do I know the nature and cause of the distemper which is now invading his animal fluids, that I would have you, gentlemen, particularly notice, that I assure you, at seven or eight o'clock this evening he will be first seized with a lowness of spirits, restless all night, to-morrow he loses his appetite, then a fever will succeed, after which it will fall upon his nerves, and in a short time it will carry him off.

"Thus, Sir, be pleased to remember," continued he, addressing himself to the apothecary, "that I have told you the different stages and changes of this your new disorder; and seek the best advice and assistance you may, you will find all I have advanced exactly true."

Here the people were all amazed at this strange prognostication of the foreign mountebank about their own town Doctor, and were impatient for its issue. The learned orator having finished all he intended to say on that subject, immediately proceeded in his harangue on other matters.

The poor apothecary could think of nothing but what the stranger had prophesied concerning his approaching illness. He went home directly and related to his wife all he had heard. And some little time after, the good woman perceiving her husband pausing, melancholy, and apparently concerned at it, could not help sympathising a little with him, saying,—"My dear, I am sorry to see you so grave; I hope you do not feel the disease coming upon you already; I should think you are the best judge whether the Doctor could perceive any symptoms of illness in you; but if I might advise you, you should for prevention and security take something which you may think serviceable directly." "Aye," replied the husband, "but he also told me that nobody but himself could tell what to give me that would do me any good, and therefore if I find myself attacked according to his prediction, it will be in vain for me to attempt any remedy from my own presumption, or from any person but from him."

From this moment he began to be very uneasy in mind, and consequently his disorder commenced; and as about seven or eight o'clock was the time the Doctor had fixed for his lowness of spirits to begin, he was very impatient to see what alteration would appear at that time; when it came he could not avoid fancying himself worse and worse every moment; and very soon after he was so extremely ill that he could not sit up any longer, so that to bed he went; and his distemper increasing the next day, as Doctor de Retourgnac had foretold, his appetite was totally lost, and the noise of his illness spread over the whole town, to the great credit and honour of the mountebank Baron. And although Mr. Steevens was very unwilling to send for him, fearing it might tend to lessen his own reputation in future, yet he was persuaded that all the medicines in the world, without his assistance, would be unavailing.

So that on the next day, a fever ensuing (which was inevitable with a man of such notions), by the advice of his wife and some friends, he at last sent for Doctor de Retourgnac; who, being come, took no notice of ever having seen his patient before, felt his pulse, asked such questions as he thought proper, told that his disease was of a very dangerous nature, that he had not found any physician in England who knew how to manage it properly, but that still he had hopes of being able to recover him in a few days as he had been called in time; that if he cured him he would have forty guineas for his medicines and attendance, and that if he did not succeed he was willing to forfeit a thousand.

To these terms the apothecary gladly consented, and the Doctor went home to prepare something to relieve him; we may suppose any simple thing would do, for the cure was to be effected not by the medicine but by the physician.

From this moment he began to mend apace, so that, in short, the cure was perfected in four or five days, and the Doctor not only received his stipulated reward, but was extolled in an extraordinary manner.

After Mr. Steevens was quite well again, he was very anxious to know by what rule or method an approaching distemper could be found out, and how the cure was to be worked. He thought if he could by any means obtain this secret he should be happy, and then be able to vie with any of his professional competitors in England. So after he had made a proposal to the Doctor for the purchase of this secret, and had taken a great deal of pains about it, he at last agreed with him to be taught this occult science for a hundred guineas. And when, to his great joy, the bargain was struck and the money paid, the mountebank Baron gave him a paper neatly folded and sealed, which, as he said, contained the whole art and mystery.

The apothecary, with great impatience, broke the seal, and to his great surprise found the paper contained nothing but the identical nostrum in his own hand-writing, which he had formerly sold to Mr. Turner, being only—CONCEIT CAN KILL, AND CONCEIT CAN CURE.

He remained some time as if stunned, till the Doctor burst into a fit of laughing, and discovering himself, asked him whether he did not approve of the secret? The apothecary was obliged to be satisfied, finding that by his own documents he had been diseased and restored. And Monsieur le Baron de Retourgnac, now Dr. Turner, by following his master's advice when his father purchased the secret, not only recovered the principal, but four times as much in addition, besides his fee, and had the pleasure of returning the compliment to his old master, by properly trying this most excellent nostrum, and experimentally proving it to be infallible.

MY NIGHT-CAP.

I HAVE contracted a habit of putting down in writing every night, the impressions which remain on my mind, occasioned by the various occurrences of the day. My pen is at hand, and all that I have felt, thought, heard, in short, the result of my studies and my conversations, all is laid down on my paper.

How sweet it is to meditate alone, with our eyes bent on the end of our pen, and a night-cap on our head! It is then that we are completely master of our ideas and our expressions, and can catch the fleeting thought without reflecting on the critic's lash.

What can be more useful than to recall to our remembrance all that we have experienced, to pass sentence on the various events, and, what more closely concerns the self-love of an author, the opinions which are in circulation? Learned critics, only permit me the use of my pen for one hour before I resign myself to the soothing arms of sleep.

Sometimes the most amusing incidents arise in my mind; then, like Democritus, I laugh at the follies of human nature, judge for myself, and distribute praise and blame where I think it is due, saying, those that have spoken aloud in figurative language had better have held their tongue, and those that have not been listened to, have spoken the truth.

In short, during the silence of the night my pen has prepared me on my awaking a new enjoyment of the past day; and that day lost to so many people is not quite anihilated for me.

As I am very fond of this kind of writing, I take pleasure in continuing it. An author must reimburse himself before hand if he would not be reduced to the character of a deceived creditor; for we sometimes receive nothing from that capricious public who judge us so arbitrarily, and who, whether they praise or condemn us, are never on a footing with us; it is well to be satisfied with the form, the manner, the style, and even the title given to a book.

Following these rules, we cannot exclaim against the ingratitude and injustice of the century who does not comprehend us; we are not envied, we disdain the abuse of hired reviewers, and write what we please without fear or reserve. After this the public may pronounce whatever sentence it pleases; each have been free, and each may consider themselves recompensed; I maintain that the author is to compose according to his mind; he would be a great dupe if he gave up his right of serving the world according to his own taste, and not as they would imperiously exact.

How sweet it is, the head reposing on the pillow, to be able to say, I have done my duty, and if I give the public much more than they bestow on me, they are my debtors, and I am not theirs. I have supplied them with agreeable sensations, and what can be added to those I have experienced while writing them!

E. R.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

[*Continued from Page* 99.]

LETTER VII.

BEFORE I proceed to give you any further instructions relative to the meaning of the different features of the human face, I will relate to you what once happened to me during my abode in France. When the whole population of Paris overflowed into the *Champs Elysées* and the *Bois de Boulogne*, on the road to *Longchamps*, I was carried along by the tide, as well as the wish of studying the numberless countenances with which I should meet. I took my post against a tree by the side of the way at the entrance of the wood, and glanced over the crowds that rolled before me. I was provided with a pocket-book and a pencil, and had already taken a few notes, when I was struck with the physiognomy of a man who had stopped, like me, to gaze at the passengers. I fixed my eyes upon him without perceiving that he also observed me, and was offended at the marked attention I paid him. But when he saw me taking out my pocket-book, and writing in it, he lost all patience, and rushing towards me, took hold of my arm, and asked me roughly to follow him. Surprised at the vehemence of his action, and awed by the consciousness of being a foreigner, I could not help obeying him, and was hurried towards the nearest watch-house. The dark and threatening looks which my companion cast upon me made me think of the bloody times of the revolution, and I wished myself in England, far from the grasp of oppression.

I held my pocket-book, and pencil in my hand, by the express order of my conductor; who, as soon as we reached the watch-house enquired for the commanding officer, and accused me of having impudently looked him in the face for nearly half an hour, and after that to have written. At the same time he tore my book from me and gave it to the officer; who, not sufficiently skilled in the art of reading, or too proud to condescend to examine me himself, told the corporal to peruse aloud its contents. When I saw what was the matter my fears vanished away, and I dared to smile, which irritated both my accuser and my judge, and I was forbidden to smile. Silence was called for, and the lecture thus began:—"A banker—a crooked mouth—pleasures of physiognomical observations—vanity of the physiognomist. When I shall say of this man that he must be a great coxcomb, they will tell me it is a calumny, and that I am fond of teasing; and when I tell them to mistrust such a face, they will exclaim that I am the only one whom they ought not to trust—I must make up my mind to this." A pause followed this sentence, to which the hearers seemed to affix a deep meaning as they did not understand it. The reader went on.—"This man has been a soldier——." 'Oh! this is for me, cried out my accuser. "I believe he has left the banners of Mars for Vulcan's service." 'He says you are a deserter,' exclaimed the officer. 'That is a lie, begging your pardon, Captain; after fighting for ten years, which is five more than the time prescribed, I have obtained the permission of quitting the army, and am now an honest smith in St. Sepulchre's-street.'

I begged to be allowed to speak, and said, that by the same reason as the officer's profession ordered him to shed his blood for his country, the smith's trade to beat red hot iron, my occupation led me to observe physiognomies. The features of this honest man, I added, struck me because they still wear a warlike cast, heightened by the hale complexion which the heat and vapours of the coals have spread over them; and I judged he was a smith from the blackness of his hands, caused by holding iron, the dead colour of his eyes, and the bent of his body, proceeding from the constant habit of blowing and beating the red hot metal.

The firm undaunted voice with which I pronounced this explanation of my conduct answered my expectations; I was looked upon as an oracle, and indeed the bench upon which I stood, and the smoke of tobacco which rose around me, imitated pretty exactly the Sybil's tripod and the vapours with which she was surrounded. Every hand clapped my praise, and every one wished to have the meaning of his features explained. At last, after having satisfied them all, I asked the officer the permission of returning home; and he politely offered to send two soldiers with me to see me safe, which I refused. Then bidding him adieu, I glided away among the crowd, but not so skilfully as to evade the search of the smith,

who this time shook my hand heartily, begged my pardon, and left me with this compliment—"You are a famous man!"

If any of your friends still say that there is no truth in the science of physiognomy, show them the preceding adventure, which really happened to me, and laugh, as I do, at their vain and baseless objections. The next time you hear from me, I will at least gratify your curiosity, and unfold the secret value which nature has stamped upon every feature, and almost every lineament, of that sublime and low, wise and foolish, modest and conceited being—man.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*]

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Page* 103.]

OF CEREMONIES AT TABLE.

All ceremony should be banished among epicures, especially at table. This is a truth, which we shall never cease to repeat; the reason is not difficult to define. In the first place, when epicurism is thoroughly established among people who meet for the first time, a close intimacy soon succeeds, for no formality can long exist between real lovers of the table. A similitude of tastes is ever acknowledged the best basis for friendship to rest on; real epicures also are seldom known to quarrel; they leave coolness, and dissentions to lovers, and live together like true children of Epicurus.

It has also been clearly proved that ceremony at table is always detrimental to an entertainment, for while superfluous compliments are passing, the viands are not improving. However as they are not yet entirely banished at the hour of dinner, we think it necessary to say something on the subject, and to lay down a few instructions, which may perhaps reconcile civility with epicurism; and we are very desirous that they should be universally adopted, as we are certain of their suiting every kind of appetite, from the greatest to the smallest.

He who said that exactness was the sublimity of fools, was certainly far from a man of sense. We on the contrary deem it a virtue, which all those who know the value of time must possess, and as for fools we shall not honour them so far as to range them in that class. An epicure is, or ought to be, a punctual man, for it is easy to prove that of all uncivil acts, that of making a dinner wait is the greatest. An affair, let it be of ever so much consequence, may be put off for a few hours; but a joint at the fire, a stew-pan on the stove, or a pie in the oven, must only remain a stated time, and if exceeded, they must dry up, and be infallibly spoiled without any remedy.

Then the epicure, and all those who aspire to this noble appellation, should repair to a feast exactly at the hour which the invitation mentions; but it is the Amphitryon's duty also to be very precise, and to arrange it so that the first course may be on the table exactly fifteen minutes after the time mentioned.

It is of importance here to make an observation respecting the various manners of announcing the hour of a dinner. There exist in London three ways of interpreting it, which it is of service to be acquainted with, so as not to arrive neither too early nor too late. Thus, when it is marked on the invitation five o'clock, it always means six; five o'clock precisely, half past five; and dinner on the table at five, bears its own meaning. Attending to this invariable rule, we shall never be deceived, and never spoil an entertainment. The first salutations among epicures should be laconic, and instead of the usual question, How do you do? should be substituted, how is your appetite to-day? The most general rule is, half an hour after the time mentioned, for the butler to enter and announce dinner.

Then he who is placed nearest the door, should silently lead the way to the dining room, followed in procession by the rest, without allowing anything to make them halt even for an instant; the Amphitryon should close the march, to accelerate those who are inclined to loiter.

Anecdotes, maxims, and reflections, interspersed with principles of politeness, and good living.

An epicure, really worthy of that name, so often usurped by those who have no right to it, may be always distinguished at table, because he never fails to take his soup boiling hot. Happy he who can boast of a palate which combines delicacy with strength to withstand the burning heat!

It is a received maxim that steel should never approach fish; as soon as it makes its appearance on the table, gold and silver are the only metals worthy of dissecting it.

The greatest pain you can inflict on an epicure is to interrupt him in the exercise of his jaws. Thus it is greatly transgressing against good breeding to visit a man when he is eating. 'Tis interfering with his enjoyments, and preventing him from reasoning with his mouthfuls.

It is scarcely less uncivil to arrive an invited guest to a dinner, when the company have taken their seats; when this happens the person should refrain from entering, even should he be compelled to fast the remainder of the day as a punishment for this want of punctuality.

A real epicure never makes himself be waited for."

A master of a house ought to be well acquainted with the principles of the art of carving. This in times past formed a prominent feature in the education of well bred people; and formerly a carving master, was as common as a dancing master.

The Germans in this respect possess a great advantage over us. With them it is the butler who always carves; as soon as a dish appears on the table he removes it to the side-board, and cuts it up with inconceivable quickness and dexterity; he then hands it round the table, and each person serves himself according to his taste. This is what may be justly denominated a comfortable repast.

The first study of an Amphitryon when at table, is to be well acquainted with the state of each guest's plate; it is a constellation, on which his eyes should be incessantly fixed; his first duty then is to keep them always well replenished, as well as when the cloth is removed the glass well filled. H should ever hold emptiness in detestation.

Digestion is the affair of the stomach, and indigestion that of the faculty.

The most delicate morsel of a roast fowl is the wing; that of a boiled one, the leg, especially if it be white and plump. Some people are partial to the rumps of poultry, in partridges the breast is unanimously esteemed the most favourite part.

[*To be continued.*]

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

[*Continued from Page* 149. *Vol. II.*]

Some wise artists are truly ingenious in screening any deficiency which the hurry of business may have occasioned; liberties from this cause are often taken bordering on licentiousness. A little caution is requisite in producing views of well-known places; but scenes from remote countries give ample scope for this species of ingenuity. Who will travel to India to ascertain the truth of a drawing? But let it here be remembered, to the eternal honour of the late Captain Cooke, that the drawings made under his direction for illustrating the narrative of his voyage, the engravings from which are a national ornament, he carefully compared with the objects delineated, from the precise points in which they were taken; nor would he suffer the introduction or alteration of any object, however it might have been insisted that it would assist the general or particular effect, but such as were absolutely on the spot. Captain Cooke was no picture maker, no modern draughts-man, he had not been initiated, else what glorious opportunities for introducing accompaniments that must have improved these scenes to the most consummate idea of the truly picturesque! Who would visit Otaheite, or Owyhee, to examine that scenery, which might so easily have been produced at the small expence of truth and reality? The public opinion has stamped a just value on this work by the universal approbation with which it has been received. But the public has likewise encouraged publications made with no other thought or design, but to make views—under correction, to make money; in which objects are introduced or omitted *ad libitum*, distant hillocks are elevated into mountains, approximate mole-hills are magnified to magnificence; in which lights and shadows, impossible in nature, are performed in print, to entertain or mislead the uninformed, and to divert or offend all that know any thing of the matter. This is a curious but certain fact; but shall such representations depreciate the merit of a genuine copy of nature, of a legitimate work of art? forbid it taste, science, genius! Let the ingenious youth, by patient assiduity, labour to acquire that knowledge which will enable him to copy faithfully, not servilely, the features of nature. Where then shall he begin? to what prime object shall we direct his attention? You have described the beauties of nature as so pleasing and universal, that if we walk into the fields we shall meet with innumerable objects to draw from: true, but their multiplicity and variety render it impossible for a learner to copy them, without having previously studied, and made himself well acquainted with

the artificial methods of representing them. The student must copy drawings made from these objects with diligent perseverance, till he acquires a correct eye, and a free, firm, masterly hand, before he can make his pencil translate the language of nature. Look over the portfolio, and select some simple subject; copy it carefully, closely, and repeatedly. Here is a simple scene; that porch of an ancient temple, with overhanging trees, a distant mill, and still more distant view of Tivoli;—delightful, nothing can be more beautiful, more simple. Pause a moment; consider that is a picture, a composition, a Claude. Can you conceive you could make such a picture before you knew how to draw any of the parts? Can your school-fellow, who has not learned subtraction, multiplication, and division, work a sum in the rule of three? Thus, it should seem, a child may be convinced that it is proper for him to begin with those objects which are the least intricate, complex, and difficult; but it has been asserted by some whose taste and genius are universally acknowledged, that the readiest way to improve a scholar is to set before him excellent and difficult drawings for his imitation. That they ought to be good, that is correct, must be admitted; but not difficult, that is, not complex. The argument for this mode is highly ingenious, and merits consideration. The following is penned solely from memory, and by no means does justice to the acumen of the thoughts, but will serve, though imperfectly, to convey the ideas entertained by some intimately conversant with every topic of the arts.

To the uninformed and uninstructed every subject must be equally difficult, for we will suppose him entirely ignorant of every subject, considered as an object for imitation. Emulation will impel him to exert his utmost efforts to produce a good resemblance of his example, and every seeming difficulty will soon be overcome with the instruction of his master. The scholar will then feel that satisfaction which the ingenious mind enjoys from the acquisition of some useful discovery, or from surmounting some formidable obstacle; consequently every subsequent trial will be made with greater facility, and the progress of his improvement will keep pace with the excellence of the subject proposed; whereas by fixing the youthful attention to regular figures, and making him go through the drudgery of copying things that produce him no entertainment, the genius is cramped, the mind is disgusted with the pursuit, and no benefit can be derived from all the labour and expence.

Thus far in favour of the above argument, and this method undoubtedly may succeed with those who, before they receive instruction, exhibit a quick conception, and produce commendable copies by their own unassisted endeavours; but no such method will suit the general class of learners, nor enable them to proceed in any thing like an easy path, to gain such a tincture of the principles of drawing as will sink deep into the memory, or be found useful, and tending towards improvement in their future progress. Let it be considered how many particulars, each different from the other, are requisite to be known to produce a picture even the most simple. A cottage cannot be correctly drawn without some little idea of proportion and perspective; the trees around it demand a different kind of study, and cannot be executed at all without considerable practice. The water reflecting every form inverted to the eye, the road leading through the wood, the distant glimpse of the country, and the broken masses that occupy the fore-ground of the piece, each of these is an object that requires a peculiar kind of knowledge.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ODE TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife;
Free from Mem'ry's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
How thy long lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's narrow tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the winding street to trace:
Oh what joys!—it once was mine;—
Childhood, matchless gift of thine;
How thy long lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return! H. F.

ELLEN.—An Elegy.

Deep thunder in peals roll'd in dreadful succession,
Blue sulphureous lightning illumin'd the sky,
When Ellen, the victim of sad indiscretion,
Fled swift o'er the heath, for no cover was nigh.

Forsaking the arms of her titled seducer,
She hasten'd, yet dreaded her parents to meet;
No danger could tempt, no persuasion induce her
To rest, till forgiveness she'd begg'd at their feet.

Alas! hapless Ellen! too late's the endeavour!
Too long you've neglected their pardon to crave!
Heart-broke by your flight, you have lost them for ever!
Their sorrows are hush'd in the cold darksome grave!

But who to thine ear shall unfold the sad tidings?
What tongue will but falter the tale to impart?
Ah! how wilt thou bear the rude scorn and the chidings
Of those who can't feel for the deep-wounded heart?

May the pow'rs you've offended accept your contrition,
And strengthen the virtue which dawns in your breast,
May his goodness relieve your unhappy condition,
And soon in the tomb may your woes be at rest!

As despairing she wander'd, alone, unprotected,
How throbb'd her sad heart as she drew near their door!
At that instant a flash, by Heav'n's mercy directed,
To earth struck her down, and she never rose more!

THE SICK PLANTER AND HIS SLAVE.

A Planter, near Jamaica town,
Was sick beyond the art of healing;
He was a man of high renown,
And rich in every thing—but feeling.

Vasa, his slave, a faithful lad,
Was somewhat in his master's graces;
And, as one day the fool look'd sad,
He took him to his kind embraces.

Quoth he "Good fellow, I've a thought
To leave thee free, with store of money."
Blacky the notion quickly caught,
And sobb'd—"Sweet massa, tank you honey."

"And when you die, that you may rest
"Near him whose bounty thus conferr'd is,
"I'll have it in my will exprest,
"That in my vault your corpse interr'd is."

"Oh; my good massa—never care,"
The slave return'd—"Me no disgrace you;
Me satisfy de gold to share:
"Your own relations me give place to"

"How!" said the Planter in a pet,
Trembling, the boy replied, "Dear massa,
Me fear old Devil may forget,
And, 'stead of you—may take poor Vasa."

AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.

The muslin torn—from tears of grief,
In vain Aurelia sought relief;
In sighs and plaints she pass'd the day,
The tatter'd frock neglected lay.

While busied at the weaving trade,
A Spider heard the sighing maid;
And kindly stopping, in a trice
Thus offer'd (gratis) his advice:—

"Turn, little girl, behold in me,
"A stimulus to industry;
"Campare your woes, my love, with mine,
"And tell me who should most repine?
"This morning, e'er you had left your room,
"The chambermaid's remorseless broom,
"In one sad moment that destroyed,
"To build which thousands were employed;
"The shock was great, but as my life
"I sav'd in the relentless strife,
"I knew lamenting was in vain,
"So smiling went to work again;
"By constant work, a day or more,
"My little mansion will restore;
"And if each tear that you have shed
"Had been a needle full of thread—
"If every sigh of sad despair
"Had been a stitch, with proper care,
"Clos'd would have been the luckless rent,
"Nor thus the day have been mispent."

ODE TO MISS M. A——.

Oh! Marianne! in amorous pain,
With spirit wild and glowing vein,
I've languish'd on thy throbbing breast,
And look'd and sigh'd my soul to rest.
Full often there in dreams of bliss
I've snatch'd a fond unconscious kiss,
'Till the ripe lips of her I lov'd
Against my own in union mov'd,
Then rousing from my trance, o'erjoy'd,
Again I've press'd, again I've toy'd!

Oh! Marianne! those hours have pass'd,
Like scatter'd leaves on autumn blast!
No love-beam looks invite me now,
But sullen frowns invest thy brow.

Wherefore is my fair-one chang'd?
And why are plighted hearts estrang'd?
Perchance you'll say my faith has rov'd,
My fancy new impressions prov'd—
I own the charge.—In frantic hour,
When reason lost her guardian pow'r,
I breath'd warm vows to wanton maids
Where Isis glides thro' classic shades—
But wily Comus brew'd the bowl,
Ere Circe's snare beguil'd my soul:
When sobering morn dispers'd the charms,
I started from the tempter's arms,
And rais'd a pray'r, from passion free,
To Love, to Purity, and thee!

Thou injur'd excellence! ah, deign
To cheer a fond, repentant swain—
And let his frank confession prove,
How fix'd his heart, how true his love!
Pronounce "forgiveness!" and that word
Like life to fainting frames restor'd,
The tide of transport, full and strong,
Will rush my slacken'd veins along;
Again my pulse shall beat and burn,
'Till thine its amorous throb return;
Our days revolve in soft delights,
And boundless rapture crown our nights.

LACHIN Y GAIR. *

BY THE RIGHT HON. G. GORDON, LORD BYRON.

Away, ye gay landscapes; ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;
Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On Chieftains, long perished, my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
"Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale:
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd, tho' brave, did no ... ons foreboding,
"Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,
The Pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse e'er I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you;
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

* Pronounced in Erse Loch

THE VARIOUS PAINTER.

There once was a Painter, in Catholic days,
Like Job, who eschewed all evil.
Still on his Madonas the curious may gaze
With applause and with pleasure—but chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels (compar'd to the devils he drew)
Who besieg'd poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable hue!
You could even smell brimstone, their breath was so blue,
He painted the Devil so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She stood on the Dragon, embracing her Son,—
Many Devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The old Dragon's imps, as they fled thro' the air,
At seeing it, paus'd on the wing;
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
To pay their respects to their king.

Every child, at beholding it, shiver'd with dread,
And scream'd as he turn'd away quick;
Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
Drop'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said—
Oh! save me from ugly Old Nick!

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled as sleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey,
That the Devil himself was in sight!

"You rascally dauber!" old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again;
"Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
"Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
"Or see if I threaten in vain!"

Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance:
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting, with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
Ev'ry look, ev'ry line, ev'ry feature he knows,
'Tis fresh in his eye—to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of his nose is red hot,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scale,
And that the identical curl of his tail
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind.
He touches again, and again feeds his sight;
He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright
The original standing behind!

"Fool! idiot!"—old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
And stampt on the scaffold in ire:
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
The Devil could wish it no higher.

"Help, help me! O Mary!" he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good Painter, she sav'd him from harm,
There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The old Dragon fled, when the wonder he spied,
And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour:
While the Painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph, and cried
"I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

THE DEAD ROBIN.

As I wander'd one morn through yon wood-cover'd valley,
To pluck the wild thyme, and the blossoms of May;
I look'd round in vain for my dear little Sally,
Whose prattle would sometimes enliven my way.

At length on a stile by a walnut-tree shaded,
I found her in tears, a dead bird on her lap;
The joy of her once smiling face was now faded,
While she wept and related her cruel mishap.

"Alas" she exclaim'd, "see my little tame robin,
"The naughty cat killed it;"—and then she caress'd
And kiss'd the poor victim, and tenderly sobbing,
Let fall her fond tears on its blood-sprinkl'd breast.

I sigh'd as I said to myself, 'tis a reason
That sages declare all is sorrow below;
For even in childhood's fair, innocent season,
How quickly is pleasure succeeded by woe!

THE VEIL.—A SONNET.

THOUGH to hide a sweet face,
With a curtain of lace,
Makes ogles of fashion to fail;
Though our Fair would shine bright
'Midst a full blaze of light,
My lines I'll devote to the Veil.

Master Cupid we know,
When he aims a sure blow,
With enchantments of face will assail;
Yet his Godship knows too,
How intense men pursue,
Ev'ry Venus that's deck'd with a Veil.

For the peace of mankind,
It is both right and kind,
Some fair ones their charms shou'd conceal;
Since a pair of bright eyes,
Will, in spite of disguise,
Inflict a deep wound through a Veil.

Now if one roguish beam
From an eye can inflame,
And to do execution not fail,
What destruction of hearts,
Wou'd be found in all parts
Did Beauty relinquish her Veil!

WE have obtained and inserted the music of the two airs which principally delight the two Elephants of which the history is given in the Twentieth Number of our Magazine. The two variations are to be played in quick time, and are added for the amusement of Ladies,—to any of whom we shall be obliged for the favour of the other three airs which were performed before the Elephants, viz. the Adagio in the opera of Dardanus, *"Manes plaintifs," in* Blue Beard, *"Charmante Gabrielle," a song in* Henri IV *"Muscle," in the overture of* Nina.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR OCTOBER.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[*Concluded from Page* 168]

Therese (aside). Excellent, she betrays herself!

Ursule. And because I prefer reading to my needle, because I am able to think, reflect and reason, the inmates of this house have honoured me with the appellation of the *little Sevigné*. It is true, that I correspond rather seriously with a young philosophical friend of mine. Now be frank, you have heard many things to my disadvantage? No; well you may expect to hear them soon.

Sainville. Louise has been represented to me in the most flattering colours.

Ursule. And with great propriety. I do not accuse Louise of any bad intention She is a very good housewife; they say she is avaricious, but I call her sparing disposition economy. Her wish of going to Paris, proceeds from a childish curiosity; her caprices are amusing, and her coquetry a simple and artless desire of pleasing.

Sainville. It seems, however——.

Ursule. I fear nothing from Agathe. She is goodness itself; yet she was not always the same: she has been young, handsome, and haughty, and she thought to-day that her Amazonian dress would work wonders. As to Pauline, she is not capable of planning evil; all her science consists in knowing how to weep for imaginary misfortunes. What a soul is hers! how full of delicacy, how teeming with exquisite feeling! I know who is my real foe.

Sainville. Who then?

Ursule. Therese; she is lively, talkative, and a little intriguing; but 'tis a child, who knows not what she says. She does not like me, whilst I love her sincerely.

Sainville. You are skilful in pourtraying your friends

Ursule. Lord help us! no one is perfect; but you wish to settle here, and it is necessary I should make you acquainted with the nature of our society. The imperfections of his wards and daughters, may be attributed to Mr. Jaquemin's self-sufficiency. Because his lands prosper under his care, he thought the minds of his young ladies would do the same. My mother acted much more wisely when she sent me to a school in town.

Sainville. Where you have not been an unprofitable student.

Ursule. I have learned enough, perhaps, not to be out of countenance in a select party But no more of this. I have told you some truths of my friends, only because I know they are planning something against me. You are fond of botany, I have heard?

Sainville Of botany?

Therese (appearing). Ursule, your mother has sent for you.

Ursule Are you coming, Mr. Sainville?

Therese My father wishes to speak a few words with him.

Ursule Stay then; I am not one of those who invade the rights of others (*To Sainville*). Do not make us wait. Therese, farewell, my dear.

[*Exit.*

Sainville. What a wicked tongue this girl possesses.

Therese Ursule? why you forget; she is the best educated, the wisest person—but I leave you with your friend [*Exit.*

Enter CORSIGNAC.

Sainville Oh! my friend, what a malicious, pedantic, and disgusting being Ursule is!

Corsignac. Did I not tell you she would feign any defect to please you?

Sainville. To please me? She employs strange means to succeed in her purpose. While Louise—but no; our tastes, our inclinations are too different. I must depart, and disappoint Mr. Jaquemin, who vainly expected this visit would have closed with a marriage.

Corsignac. No disappointment; I will marry Pauline She is too romantic; but I do not hope for a faultless wife.

Sainville. You speak like a man of sense; I can smile at her literary mania, but Ursule's slanderous tongue——.

Enter THERESE *and* LOUISE.

Therese. Come in Louise. (*To Sainville.*) I could not find my father, and bring you my sister.

Corsignac. Don't begin to quarrel, I beg of you, because you are not to be man and wife you need not hate each other.

[*Exeunt* Corsignac *and* Therese.

Sainville. It is then decided that we do not suit each other.

Louise. Have you not refused my father's offer?

Sainville. Did you not tell him I was odious in your sight?

Louise Had you not been the sole cause of his anger against me

Sainville. He flew into a passion before he rightly understood me. Recollect how frankly I addressed you this morning, and the answer you gave me.

Louise. Well, Sir, it is my turn to be frank, however ridiculous I may appear. Confiding in my father's choice, I felt disposed to esteem you, when the reports I heard about you filled me with terror. I was wrong, I should have trusted my father's powers of discrimination, and have moulded my inclinations after those of the husband he destined for me.

Sainville. It is I alone who will follow your inclinations. The sacrifice of my taste and habits will never repay this enchanting acknowledgement of your sentiments.

Louise. No; it is I who will sacrifice mine. We will settle at Paris.

Sainville By your side, I shall even there find happiness.

Louise. We will mix in the world, and see a great deal of company.

Sainville. We shall keep open house, for what would I not do to please you? I will try to anticipate and gratify your least wishes.

Louise. I have but one; it is, that amidst the noisy pleasures of the world, my husband should never cease to love me; for I must not deceive you, I can renounce my most ardent hopes, but would feel very unhappy should I not be repaid with constant love. Be satisfied with me, if I forsake the country for you alone.

Sainville. It is I who mean to settle at Paris, solely on your account.

Louise. Why, I have no desire of seeing Paris.

Sainville. And I delight to live in the country. There, far from the storms of a troubled world, in the arms of a beloved partner, in the bosom of my family, I had dreamed of felicity.

Louise What did Ursule tell me?

Sainville Ursule! All is cleared up. Oh, Louise! how happy you have made me.

Enter AGATHE, LEDOUX, PAULINE, JAQUEMIN, *and* CORSIGNAC.

Jaquemin. Leave me alone, I am angry, he shall not stay with my daughter.

Sainville. My worthy friend, my dear Jaquemin, how many excuses I ought to make for my conduct Louise and I have been both deceived Our tastes, inclinations, sentiments, are the same.

Jaquemin This is very lucky indeed, Sir; but do you not fear let—Oh! by heavens, I cannot keep any rancour; your hand, my son-in-law. (*To Mr. Ledoux*) Agathe is yours; Pauline has told me how she sympathised with you, Mr. Corsignac. But where is Therese; I must make peace with her too?

Enter THERESE.

Therese. Ursule's servant is come to fetch these two gentlemen.

Jaquemin. Make their excuses, they dine with us; Sainville marries your sister, my two wards have found husbands, and to-night the contracts will be signed.

Therese. Oh, how glad I am! Do you permit me to write this good news to my cousin?

Jaquemin. Assuredly, let him get a holiday, and be present at the nuptials of others, till his own turn shall come.

Corsignac. Bravo, my dear guardian! The handsome Agathe with the good Mr. Ledoux; the sensible Pauline with the tender Corsignac; friend Sainville with the amiable Louise, will taste happiness. The marriage of the young Therese is now in perspective, and the wicked Ursule alone is husbandless. E. R.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Tuesday, September 29th, a gentleman appeared in the character of *Alonzo*, in *Pizarro*. The character is very subordinate, and the performer was not much better —He is equal, however, to what he pretends to; and thus, in the present state of the theatre, and constant rivalry for leading characters, will be more useful as he is less eminent. There is always wanting in both houses a contented race of steady subordinates, who are willing to do the business they are hired for, and think as moderately of themselves as the public think.

On October 1st was performed the *School for Scandal*. This admirable comedy is always seen with new pleasure; and the theatre has seldom been so destitute of talent as not to give full effect to its characters.—Of the excellence of Mrs. Jordan's *Lady Teazle* we have often had occasion to speak; but, on Thursday, October 1, her usual vivacity seemed depressed by indisposition, and her performance was less effective than usual.

Wroughton's *Sir Peter Teazle*, is an admirable piece of acting—If not equal to King's in his best days, he is much superior to his latter performance. In those characters of comedy, such as *Moody* and *Sir Peter Teazle*, where the humour is strictly copied from life, and the colours, sufficiently brilliant in their genuine purity, require no exaggeration from artificial dies,—

Wroughton succeeds as well as any performer of his time.

Upon the part of *Charles* there has always hung a doubt. The question has been after what model is it to be acted?—If the polish which is required in a *Valentine* or a *Mirabel* be given to *Charles*, the humour is destroyed. The ordinary gentleman of the stage, as our old authors have drawn him, is too dry; and the modern man of gallantry too gross The just performance of this character, therefore, lies between the extremes of that refinement which belonged to the wit of Congreve, and their consequent dryness; and the boisterous rampancy, and grossness of the modern rake. Had *Charles* been drawn after the model of *Ranger* he would have been execrable; if after *Mirabel*, dry The mixture, therefore, has been made with equal genius and knowledge of the taste of the age.

The analysis of the character will explain how it should be acted. *Charles* should be a gentleman, bending to the relaxation of humour, and to some of its more agreeable broadness, without any thing of grossness, or affectation of the antic. His humour should have neither trick nor extravagance, at the same time it should not be curbed for want of vivacity. It is given to him as a substitute for wit,—as more pleasing in its effect, and more agreeable to the taste of the age.

Ellis'on's humour is perhaps too solemn, and his ordinary reciprocation of dialogue too laboured for *Charles*; but he is still far from displeasing in his part. If not the best we have seen in the character, he must be pronounced the best on the present stage.

Dowton's *Sir Oliver* is admirable. It is wholly unmixed with the ordinary dross; it is sterling truth; the strong imprint of nature. It is hearty, generous, and open, with a full display of the natural turn of humour that is given to the character. We confess that we never saw a representation of this character that pleased us so much.

Barrymore's *Joseph* was extremely respectable; and Wewitzer, in *Moses*, was admirable.

The House has been crouded every night of performance.

Mrs. Whitelock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons, appeared in the beginning of the month at this theatre. The part chosen for her first appearance was the heroine in Miss Moore's tragedy of *Percy*.

Mrs. Whitelock is a strong resemblance of her sister; not so tall, but, otherwise, of the same proportions in her person. Her voice resembles that of Mrs. Siddons, but it is inaudible in the lower tones. Her general appearance, perhaps, is somewhat too matronly. She is certainly an actress of sound sense, and well accomplished in her art; she has not the sublimity, majesty, or pathos of her sister, but she has too much genius and taste to be classed with mediocrity. In a word, had not Mrs Siddons come before her, she would have ranked with any stage actress of her time. Her reception was very flattering

A young lady of the name of Lyon has made her first appearance in the character of *Rosetta*, in the opera of *Love in a Village*. She is a pupil of Corri. Her person is good, her face handsome, and her manner is natural and simple; her voice is a good soprano, and of more compass and soundness than this species of voice in common possesses. From D. upwards to C downwards, there is no deficiency or abruptness; the scale is gradual, and the rise and fall by an equal chain of harmony. Within this compass her notes are complete and musical

Her professional education, however, seems to have been trusted to chance, and though we understand she still has a master, and an eminent one (Corri), she has either not sufficiently profited by his lessons, or, perhaps, has not received them long enough. Her great deficiency is in that necessary embellishment which belongs equally to taste and to science; to which the latter supplies its rudiments, and the former its regulations.

We are not now what we were some years since, content with mere native, unprofessional harmony. Singing is more of a science; and though a voice may lose its natural simplicity in superfluous embellishments, and art be pursued to that extent as to become mere artifice and trick; though singing may be degraded to a mere experiment of sounds, and the embroidery be suffered to obscure the canvas, it is nevertheless necessary to give their proper value to that science and taste which the present age have so much improved, and which they now demand from every professional singer.

Here is the deficiency of Miss Lyon: she wants taste and refinement, both of which science alone must supply: natural feeling gives little Singing is as much a study as acting; nature may give a person for the stage as she gives a voice, but art must accomplish both.

It was the want of a moderate portion of this science which occasioned Miss Lyon to fail in a song which is almost always secure of an *encore*; we mean the "Travellers benighted."—The same deficiency spoiled the songs "How blest the Maid whose bosom," and "Young I am." In a word, this young lady has most excellent natural endowments, and we venture to say, that she will even lead in her profession, if she endeavours to accomplish herself in that science and taste, without which, singing, in the present age, is not much regarded.

Dowton is not mellow enough in the *Justice*; he was, too, uniformly morose and dry. Where farce and caricature are the basis of a character they should be given. Purity and prudish correctness in an opera buffoon are ridiculous.

It is easy enough to give caricature and extravagance, and still to preserve taste. There are rules in irregularity, grace in distortion.—A good writer will shew his genius in burlesque; a good actor will have taste in extravagance.

So good an actor as Dowton, and one so thoroughly fixed with the town, may take the liberty to make us laugh, and yet keep our good opinion.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Monday, October 5th, Mrs. Siddons came forward for the first time this season in the character of *Queen Catharine*, in *Henry the Eighth*. She was received with the welcome due to her unrivalled talents, and performed her part with her accustomed excellence.

There is no performance on the stage more highly finished than Kemble's *Woolsey*: He acts it according to a just conception of the character, and, at the same time, gives full effect to his hypocrisy (which in representation should always be sober and tranquil,) by the dignity of his elocution and the justness of his taste. In *Woolsey* there is too much pride for passion; too much coldness for declamation. The character, as it is written, and as the reader feels it, is admirable; but the actor has to struggle with many difficulties in order to make it strike upon the stage. The display of those common qualifications which, from their impetuosity and natural strength, are sure to catch applause, must here be repressed. A rant or a sneer are equally fatal to the purity of the character—Too proud and mysterious for ordinary hypocrisy, too conscious of his own dignity, too cautious of his rank, for extravagant feeling or turbulence, *Woolsey*, as a dramatic character, affords room for the display of level qualities only; and the stage effect of these qualities belongs to the province of judgment and of taste. Here then is the superiority of Mr. Kemble's talent: To elevate to a grand effect those parts of character, which common minds exaggerate or distort, or mutilate, or confound; to distinguish the bounding line in parts almost "identified by their closeness of contact," and make that conspicuous in style, which in matter seems general or indifferent;—In a word, to act with a poet's mind, and a critic's taste, is the just fame of this unrivalled performer.

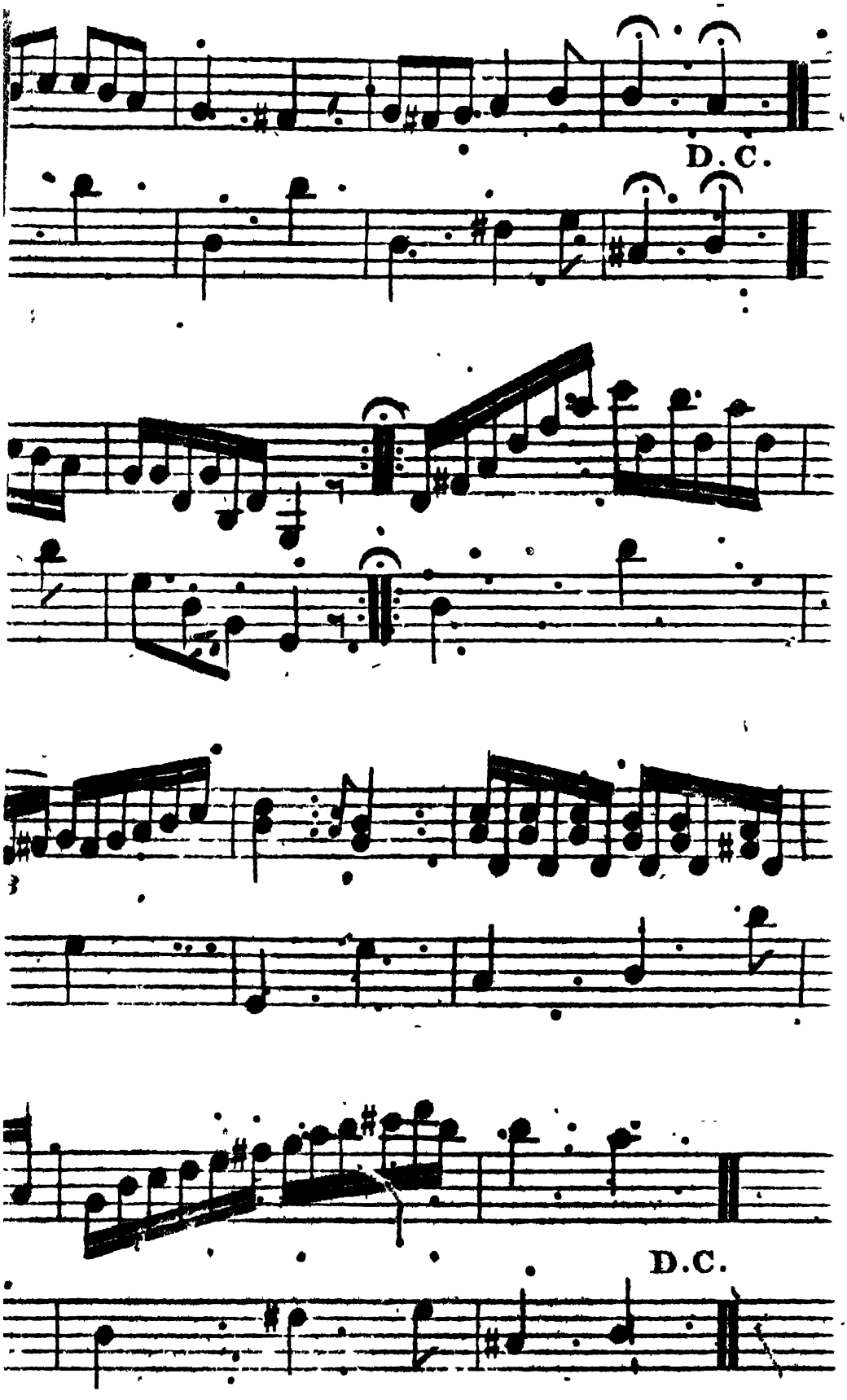
On Friday, October 9th, a gentleman of the name of Jones, from the Irish stage, and of much provincial celebrity, came forward at this theatre, for the first time, in the character of *Goldfinch*, in the *Road to Ruin*. We are somewhat inclined to quarrel with him for the choice of this part; not because he succeeds Lewis in it, but because it shews an evident want of taste, and of the proper pride of genius in an actor, to venture the success of a first appearance upon a character which is so divided between buffoonery and farce, so equally shared by nonsense and vacuity, that you scarcely know what a man is fit for when he excels in it; whether for a puppet-shew or a stage.

Lewis indeed is an exception in these characters. There is something so divesting in his extravagance, so ingenious in his folly, that it may be said of him, as of Nat Lee's poetry, that its madness is its merit. With all our respect for Lewis, however, we still wish him to stand single. Let the breed perish with the parent;—wonderful indeed for its novelty, and for that alone; but like those monsters of human procreation, to which nature gives birth once, and which (by that inflexible decree which sustains the order, the uniformity, and the classes and kinds of animal life), she never suffers to propagate themselves; let it pass into our museums as a curiosity, and let wonder and not imitation bow down before it.

To be plain, however—to see this gentleman, a man of well reported talent, and stage accomplishment, plunging into the wild absurdity and coarse extravagance of this part, gave us serious pain. We can speak of him, therefore, but by guess, just as we describe things seen in a fog.—But when we speak with uncertainty, we are bound to be liberal.

Mr. Jones, then, has a good figure for the stage, an easy and accomplished manner; a musical voice, though somewhat inarticulate and incomplete in its upper notes; a good impudent manner, something between assurance and modesty, and in the mid-way of comedy and farce.

He was extremely well received; and when we see him in a part which we can judge, and comprehend, we shall decide upon the rank he ought to hold.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FASHIONS

For NOVEMBER, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No 1.—An Evening Dress.

A round train gown of clear muslin, or leno, over white satin, lamboured in a snail pattern, and ornamented at the feet and round the bosom with rosets of gold, or coloured velvet; a full puffed sleeve trimmed with the same, and gathered in the centre of the arm with a topaz stud Brooch and earrings to correspond. Hair confined close behind, and formed in irregular curls on the crown and forehead, with a few negligent ringlets on the left side; a diadem *à-la-Chinese*, composed of wrought gold and fine pearl; gold elastic, topaz, or pearl necklace. India long shawl, of a flame, or orange colour. White satin shoes, and gloves of French kid.

No. 2.—A Morning, or Walking Dress.

A plain round gown of French cambric, a walking length, scolloped at the feet; a plain square bosom, embroidered at the edge. A French coat of purple velvet, with long Spanish sleeve, finished all round with a border composed of shaded chenille. A Yeoman hat of the same material, turned up in front in a triangular form, finished at the extreme edge with a border the same as the coat, and ornamented on the crown with a raised button and rich cord and tassel; a girdle of purple ribband terminated with the same. Purple velvet, or kid shoes, and York tan gloves. With this dress is usually worn an embroidered shirt, with Vandyke ruff, or a chemisette of twill cambric, or small quilted satin, trimmed *à-la-Puritaine*.

No. 3.

A round gown of French cambric, a walking length, ornamented at the feet with muslin in reversed puckers; a short full sleeve, with long York tan gloves above the elbow, reaching towards the edge of the sleeve (but the long plaited sleeve is considered as more appropriate to this style of costume). A Helmet hat of basket willow, ornamented with amber-coloured ribband, and a small sun-flower, or *demi* sturtion wreath in front. A long Angola shawl, a deep orange colour, with shaded fringe and border; worn in the Russian style. A gold neck-chain, and heart with patent spring, which, when pressed, opens and discovers the eye of your lover, relative, or friend, beautifully executed on ivory, and finished with an enamelled border. Shoes of black velvet, or purple kid, with velvet bindings, and tied with amber ribband.

No. 4.—Walking Dress.

A round cottage gown of jaconot, or japan muslin, made high in the neck, with long twisted sleeve, and full tops; front of the waist designed in a neat pattern of satin-stitch and open-hems, and ornamented round the bottom with fluted muslin. A slouched hat of satin straw, or imperial chip, with a figured silk handkerchief, a bright *Coquelicot*, formed in bows on the crown, and brought under the chin. A military scarf of double elastic knitting, twisted once round the throat, crossing the back and bosom, with the ends thrown in graceful negligence over the right arm. Shoes of crimson, or light brown velvet; and gloves of York tan, or pale brown kid.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON THE MOST SELECT AND ELEGANT
FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE varied tints of the sickening foliage proclaim the decline of the vegetable world, and nature gradually sinks into her annual rest. The advanced state of the season has impelled the migration of our fair fashionables from their summer rambles and autumnal haunts; and we find them daily resorting to their mother-country, the metropolis. The reanimated aspect of our popular streets and squares, bear semblance of the return of hospitality; while taste and fashion dispense their numerous treasures, and announce the approach of the Loves and the Graces. The rich genius of invention was never more apparent than in the present diversified offerings which are exhibited at the shrine of fashion and elegance. Beauty asks not now in vain the aid of external ornament—a multiplied collection is before her, and she has only to select with judgment and combine with effect, to appropriate her outward appearance so as to form a prepossessing specimen of internal loveliness and worth; the portrait of our countrywomen will then be complete. Reverting to this end, we felicitate the moderate extension of the waist, and the advanced and increased shading of the bosom. We are friends to an appropriate and correct distinction, and wish not the bust and arms to be completely covered in the evening costume, we are desirous only that the nicely poised medium which blends taste with delicacy, and fashion with decorum, should be at all times preserved.

Most prudent this, and most discerning she,
Who thus the secret keeps of pleasing;
Thus shall ye keep the hearts thy charms have won.

In our last Number we gave a full description of the Rugen mantle, or Swedish wrap; this elegant and novel article still retains its place among those females of rank and fashion who pride themselves on a tasteful singularity. We have now, however, to add several other articles in this line, which are equally eminent in fashionable notoriety. The mantle of scarlet kerseymere, reaching to the feet, with a high standing collar, confined round the throat with a rich cord and tassels, which reach to the bottom of the waist. These cardinals, or mantles, are trimmed entirely round with scarlet velvet, laid flat, of about a nail in depth, and are particularly distinguishing, appropriate, and becoming.

French coats, or pelisses, are not now permitted to reach the bottom of the petticoat within a quarter of yard. They are at this season worn open, in the robe style, with chemisettes *à-la-militaire* of white satin, figured silk, or twill cambric; they are composed chiefly of velvet, a purple or flame colour, and trimmed with mole skin or swansdown, and some are formed of white satin; but this latter article is appropriate only to the carriage costume. We have seen several coats of light blue sarsnet; but such habits we cannot recommend, either as consistent or becoming; light blue is too chilling a colour for an autumnal selection, and single sarsnet of too slight a texture to convey an idea of comfort or utility. Hats of the Yeoman form, with triangular fronts, formed of velvet, quilted satin, or scarlet kerseymere, checked with white satin or velvet, are new and elegant articles. The edge of these hats are ornamented similar with the trimming which finishes the pelisse, or mantle. Morning bonnets of the Cottage, or Scotch form, composed of the satin-straw, are generally esteemed; and a few Spanish hats of the same, together with those of imperial chip, with full corkscrew edges, ornamented with an autumnal flower in front, are observable in carriages. The Nun's hood, the cap and mob Anne Boleyn, with small half handkerchiefs variously disposed, form the most distinguishing covering for the head in this line.

In full dress, the hair with wreaths, flowers, and ornaments in jewellery, is considered as most fashionable. The veil is now entirely laid aside as an head-dress; but we think our *elegantes* will find no decoration more interesting or becoming. There is a considerable variation in the articles of gowns and robes since our last communication. Morning dresses are chiefly composed of cambric, or jaconot muslin; and the waist and sleeves are worked in a small but full pattern of embroidery in satin-stitch and open-hems. Mull muslin, with the raised coral spot, finished at the feet with a similar beading, terminating at the extreme edge with a narrow Vandyke lace, is an article of considerable attraction. With these dresses are worn the full plaited, or surplice sleeve, which is gathered at the wrist in a deep cuff, and trimmed with a Vandyke lace. The bosom is made to sit close to the form, and is gored with the same coral beading as ornaments the dress; for an evening it is cut low round the neck, and worn with a simple tucker of Vandyke lace; if worn as a morning habit, it is either made high in the neck and finished with a deep Vandyke ruff *à la Mary Queen of Scots*, or the throat and bosom is covered with a chemisette, or embroidered shirt. This chaste ornament, so long and so justly esteemed for its delicacy and utility, is now worn with a double plaiting of Vandyke muslin, forming a very high and stiff frill, which sits close round the throat, and is sloped to a point at the chin. The winged ruff forms a dignified and fashionable appendage to the evening dress. For

short sleeves we know of none more select than the double Vandyke; the crescent sleeve, and the full puffed sleeve, formed in three divisions, with bands of lace, needle-work, silver, or gold. The fronts of dresses are generally cut to fit the form; and where the bust is finely turned, we know not of any fashion which can be more advantageous; but to a spare figure we recommend a little more embellishment. Round gowns are now so constructed by the French gores, as to have no gathers at the bottom of the waist. Plaid ribbands and scarfs have been introduced within this last fortnight; the latter is twisted round the throat, crosses the back, and falls in irregular lengths down the figure in front, the ends finished with correspondent tassels. The long India shawl of crimson, or orange, is much used as an evening wrap We never recollect the period when the varied and tasteful disposition of this graceful ornament produced so attractive and becoming an effect. French aprons are less distinguishing than formerly, and Grecian drapery of airy texture, gives place to the pliant and graceful folds of satin, kerseymere, and velvet, more appropriate for the season. Amidst the most fashionable articles in trinkets we observe the Paroquet brooch, as an ornament at once beautiful and unique, it has scarce any competitor. Coral ornaments, together with bright amber, deep topaz, and garnets, variously designed, are in general esteem; and shells set in gold, as brooches for gowns, and in bandeaus, and diadems for the hair, are amidst the fashionable display. The Pigeon brooch (this emblematic ornament which so recently graced the bosoms of our fair fashionables) has in a great degree been exploded for the above-mentioned more novel ornaments. Can it be judicious thus to banish the turtle from its nest? Shoes are now chosen of white, orange, crimson, or green velvet; for the streets, black and brown of various shades. The new colour for the season is a shading of orange and scarlet, blended so as to represent a bright flame, or pale orange colour. The tartan plaid is just introduced, and it is thought will remain a favourite during the winter. Purple, crimson, morone, and dark green, have also their share in a fashionable selection.

LETTER ON DRESS.

Epistolary display of the Taste and Fashions for the Season, communicated in a letter from Eliza to Julia

MY DEAREST JULIA, *Portman-square.*

We left the hospitable and elegant mansion of Henley-Grove only three days since; so that amidst the early arrivals in the metropolis you will see announced that of my uncle's family. Sensible as we all profess ourselves to the pleasures of a London residence when autumn's beauties fade, and drooping nature mourns her sad decline, yet we should have continued a few weeks longer in that abode of splendour and fascination, but business of an urgent nature called my uncle to town, and though somewhat too early, my aunt proposed we should complete the family cavalcade So here we are again, my dear Julia, joining the fashionable throng; and here I am destined to remain during the winter, it being resolved that I quit not these kind relatives till I have assisted at the wedding of my cousin Mary, who is to become the bride of Lord L—— M——, early in the spring. With this splendid match in view, we promise ourselves a most brilliant winter campaign. I shall endeavour to atone for my lengthened absence from friendship and Julia, by continuing to transmit her progressive accounts of our movements, and by a detail of such fashionable descriptions as shall continue her unrivalled in taste and elegance amidst the *belles* of Truro. I have pledged myself never to allow my pleasures to infringe on the sacred claims of relative affection, or to weaken those cords which bind me to friendship and you.

We have been three days in town—have visited all the fashionable shops, purchased many fashionable articles, been once to the theatre, and last night sported with the gay throng at Lord M——'s splendid ball. Five hundred cards were issued on the occasion; and four sets arranged themselves for the waltz, reels, and cotillions, dressed in the true Arcadian style; while the more steady nymphs appeared in velvet, satin, or cloth of so fine a texture that its folds, varying with each motion of the figure, exhibited at once the most expressive grace and novel elegance. You know, dear Julia, how immediately my spirits rebound at the sound of sprightly music, and how completely my heart is in unison with my heels when a ball is the order of the evening. Mary and myself did our best; we passed an evening highly-gratifying, and footed it with all our hearts. Here was the new made bride, Lady L——, and her sister in-law, the Honourable Miss C—— W——, both meteors that blazed with no ordinary lustre last winter amidst the *haut ton*, attracting numerous sparks of fashion in their train. Matrimony (so awful in its nature) has not rendered her Ladyship either sober or sad; for she danced and trifled with infinite spirit, and looked beautiful as ever. The display of English heroes was as great this evening as that of British beauties. Amidst the former was the far-famed defender of Acre, who has been so often the subject of your enthusiastic panegyric. I had never before seen him; and as you admire him through

the medium of reported excellence, independent of personal knowledge, I propose conveying you by the next packet, the most accurate likeness that was ever taken of this celebrated hero; it is a bronze medal, with his name (Sir Sidney Smith) engraved in the Roman style around the head; and on the reverse is a triumphal crown, encircling the appropriate motto of "*Cœur de Lion*." As many of our fair Truro friends will probably wish to possess the resemblance of a hero of so much worth and valour, I will just tell you that the medal is sold at the moderate price of half-a-guinea, at Lindsell's, Bookseller, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square; and is considered one of the most classic and striking likenesses that ever came from the hand of a medalist.

I suppose, Julia, I should not be forgiven were I to conclude this epistle without saying something on the subject of personal decoration. A long list of observations to this effect will therefore be enclosed for your edification; and I shall occupy the remainder of this letter with a few choice descriptions, which you may consider as *chef d'œuvres* of taste and fashion. Mary has this moment received from her milliner a Cassock pelisse of white satin, trimmed with gossamer fur; it is made without a cape, and flows open in front, with a College vest of the same. With this elegant and fashionable coat she is to have the new Sultana hat, composed of the same material; it is turned up in front, in the form of a crescent, lined with bright amber velvet, and ornamented with an Angola feather of the same colour, or with a wreath of the sturtion flower. My aunt has presented me with a pelisse, and hat of similar construction, but composed of violet velvet, trimmed with mole skin. My hat, however, differs in a degree from Mary's, being formed entirely of velvet the colour of my pelisse, embroidered at the edge (where it turns up) in a fancy border of a pale amber colour, with a cord and tassel ornamenting the crown. Mary has ordered a most superb robe of the finest flame-coloured cloth (which is now become quite the rage amongst females of rank and taste); it is embroidered in a rich gold order round the train and bosom. It buttons down the back with gold buttons, and a row of the same is placed down the front of the waist. It has a long Bishop's sleeve of the clearest French lawn, striped, and finely plaited between each stripe. It is gathered into an embroidered wrist band, above which is seen the new Ludovica bracelet, of a similar construction with those presented by the Emperor of Austria to his bride elect. With this dress Mary intends wearing her hair fancifully disposed, and ornamented with a diadem of brilliants *à-la-Chinese*, with earrings and necklace to correspond. At the ball, last evening, were several dancing dresses made simply round, and formed of blossom, white, or amber satin, decorated at the feet and round the bosom and sleeves with Vandyke, or scolloped lace. This last-mentioned ornament is now however become so general that it will soon decline in fashionable estimation. Amidst the brilliant throng assembled this evening, I was much struck with the beauty and singular appearance of two young women dressed in slight mourning; and who I afterwards found to be the two Misses J——s, who were the reigning *belles* at Cheltenham and Worthing during the season. Their attire this evening consisted of a round train dress of black gossamer satin, rising to the edge of the throat, where it finished in a kind of neck band, formed of three rows of fine pearl. A fine silver filagree net was extended over the bust in front, somewhat like the bibs worn by the antients; and it was terminated at the bottom of the waist with an elastic band, and large acorn tassels of silver. To these dresses were attached the long Bishop sleeve like those already described as chosen by Mary, except that these were of plain French lawn, clearer than any I have ever before seen, and plaited with the utmost delicacy. On their heads they wore turbans of grey chambrey, thickly frosted with silver; these were fancifully disposed, yet much in the Indian style. But the most attractive part of this interesting costume was a Jerusalem rosary, formed of the beads called *Virgin's tears*. This rosary was worn round the neck, reached a quarter of a yard below the waist, and from the centre was suspended the Red Cross of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, at the extreme edge of which hung an emerald emblematic of the Koran, tending to shew the supremacy of the Christian faith over that of Mahomet. White satin slippers, wove in a pattern of filagree, or rock work in silver, with Opera fans of carved amber, completed this singularly attractive costume. Figure to yourself, dear Julia, two girls of uncommon beauty, of graceful air and stature, thus attired; and wonder not that they were the reigning planets of the evening.—Adieu! I leave you, dear friend, imprest with their images, and hasten to bid you a good night.

Ever your

ELIZA.

London: Printed by and for J. Bell, *Southampton-street, Strand*, 1807.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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2. FOUR WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES of LADIES in the London Fashions for the Month.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by J. ADDISON.
4. An elegant NEW PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, December* 1, 1807.

CARLO · LODOVICO · INFANTE · DI · SPAGNA · RE · D' ETRURIA

MARIA · LUISA · INFANTA · DI · SPAGNA · REGINA · REGGENTE · D' ETRURIA

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For NOVEMBER, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Twenty-Fourth Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ETRURIA.

MARIA LOUISA JOSEPHINA, the Queen Dowager, Regent of the kingdom of Etruria, was born at Madrid on the 17th of July, 1782, and is the daughter of Charles IV. King of Spain, and of his Queen Louisa Maria Theresa, born a Princess of Parma. She was married to her first cousin, the late King of Etruria, on the 25th of August, 1795. They were both descendants of Philip V. the grandson of Louis XIV. and made by him a King of Spain, and acknowledged as such by England and all other countries by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

After the series of victories won over the Germans in 1800, the French Government resolved to change the grand duchy of Tuscany into a kingdom, and reward the promptitude with which Spain had made peace by granting the crown of Etruria to a Spanish prince. The treaty of Luneville sanctioned the ascension of the Infant of Spain to the Etrurian throne, and the silence of all the sovereigns of Europe acknowledges the legitimacy of the new monarch's title.

The virtue and mildness of the royal couple, vanquished the prejudices which their new subjects could not refrain from

...ning; and in a short time peace
and ...ent reigned through the whole
king...
In
of her this Princess mourned the loss
mind a...and. He was a man of a weak
superstit...stitution, ambitious and timid,
ness of h...nd irresolute, but the mild-
at the age ...per and his untimely death,
sincerely re...ty-two, caused him to be
Louis II. b... He left a son, Charles
1799, and a ... the 22d of December,
after his deather, born some months
and the Queen son succeeded him,
Queen Regent d...ger was proclaimed
When Bonapa...is minority,
perial throne, it i... ascended the im-
Eugenius de Beauted that he sent
of the royal widow; to ask the hand
refusal. ...urned a polite
Secured from the fe...
by the same hand that ...eign enemies
created kingdoms, this turned and
all the blooming hours o... dedicates
strict performance of the...uth to a
station, and all her cares to ... of her
of her subjects and the edu...perity
children. ...f her

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PAULINA; OR, THE RUSSIAN DAUGHTER.

ANOTHER HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN LADY WHICH WAS INSERTED IN OUR LAST MAGAZINE, AS VERSIFIED BY MR. MERRY.

SINCE the foregoing story was written we have discovered a poem on the same subject, by the late Mr. Robert Merry, who published it in in 1787; of which we shall give a copious account, as it has become extremely scarce.

It is entitled, "Paulina; or, the Russian Daughter;" and is comprised in a thousand and ten lines, divided into two parts. The motto we have taken as selected by the poet.

In the Preface he says:—"As the affecting and extraordinary combination of circumstances that overwhelmed the unfortunate Paulina, appeared to me, upon first hearing, not unworthy of the generous sympathy of a British public, I caused a simple relation of the same to be printed in a London newspaper, in the month of September, 1783. What impression that account made I know not, but I hope it was not such as to render improper this attempt of treating the subject in verse. And I trust the ensuing pages may in some degree serve to show, that unremitting parental severity tends to excite in youthful minds a fatal terror, which the weakness of nature is unable to encounter, and which oftentimes the maturity of reason and reflection is insufficient to overcome. From this story also we may be taught to consider, that confidence and security are not for mortals; that the most pure of heart, the most noble of sentiment, and the most innocent of intention, are hourly liable to be involved in all the horrors of guilt, infamy, and despair, from the mere operation of human imbecility, and a hapless train of unforeseen events. Several persons of character and distinction in Russia have given testimony to the reality of the transactions which I have endeavoured to describe, and which happened in a remote part of that extensive empire."

The story in the poem varies from that already given. We shall tell part of it in the Poet's own words, with a few lines in prose necessary to connect the selections, which also include the variations.

"For twice nine summers had the matron's care
To ev'ry virtue train'd the plant fair;
Alas! twelve moons had sadly waned away,
Since in the [illegible]b that friend, that mother lay."

One moonlight evening, whilst walking on the terrace, she heard a plaintive love-song addressed to her in a manly voice.

"The youth advanc'd before th' astonish'd maid;
Around his limbs no wint'ry robe was cast
T' oppose the fury of the searching blast,
But in despite of cold, his bosom bare
Betray'd a careless desolation there."

Thus she perceived more distinctly as he approached the terrace, by means of the light in her chamber. She finds him to be her lover, Markof. Whilst she was conversing with him a storm arises.

——"The argent moon retires,
And in a cloud collects her mimic fires;
Confusion reigns, and Terror's monster form
Stalks in the uproar of the coming storm,
His arrowy sleet the genius of the pole
Shoots furious forth, and mutt'ring thunders roll,
While with red glance his eye-balls flash around,
And the broad lustre glows upon the ground;
The forest groans, and every beast of prey
Flies to his wonted covert far away;
The startled peasant shudd'ring in his bed
Doubts the weak structure of th' uncertain shed."

She invites him in:—

"Seek, if thou canst, a welcome shelter here,
Nor shall to-night my father's steps invade
The sacred transport of a faithful maid.
Tir'd with a sportsman's toil amid the snows,
He early sought refreshment from repose,
And far, his chamber on the southern side
From mine long passages and halls divide;
Nor is the terrace high, and love has wings,
O'er ev'ry human boundary he springs."

He climbs a spreading fir-tree, and from its branches

"Springs to Paulina's arms, and clasps her round,
Sooths with a fond respect her wak'ning fears,
And on her white hand melts in rapt'rous tears,
Tells of the long-felt pangs that tore his breast,
Days mark'd with woe, and nights unknown to rest.
His eyes o'er all her timid beauties rove
In sweet delirium of extatic love;

His plighted faith with solemn oaths he gives
As solemn she his plighted faith receives.
In whisp'ring joy the rapid moments glide,
He looks the husband, and she smiles the bride;
To happier scenes their active fancies stray
The hop'd Elysium of a future day."

This concludes the first part; the second begins with recounting her conversation with Markof.

"But oh! what horror seiz'd her quiv'ring heart,
What unprov'd anguish of distressful smart,
When on the steps that to her chamber lead
She starting listens to her father's tread;
With out-stretch'd arm, and terror-rolling eye,
Perceives his steady pace still winding nigh,
And destitute of ev'ry wish'd relief,
She stands a marble monument of grief;
Meantime Alexis more attentive care
Observ'd a chest that time was mould'ring there.
Within the stifling void his limbs he threw,
And ere it clos'd sigh'd forth one deep adieu."

Her father enters, harshly exclaiming,

——"Thou torment of my life,
Thou living semblance of my hated wife,
Why, thus disturb'd at midnight's peaceful hour,
Shun'st thou oblivious sleep's consoling pow'r?"
But thou, when all the living mock the dead,
Measur'st thy chamber with unquiet tread.
Perhaps some lawless flame usurps thy breast,
Some youth, tho' absent, still disturbs thy rest;
Nay, such are female arts, this chest may hold
Some base seducer, some advent'rer bold."

He continues to scold and threaten the young lady till he is tired, and then leaves her.—The poet now invokes his Muse:—

"Come now, distracted Muse——
Inspire my soar'ring verse, which strives to show
The start of anguish, and the shriek of woe,
The pray'r half-utter'd, and the tear half shed,
When first Paulina found her lover dead"

"Nor would she think it true, but ask'd him why
So cold his hand, and so unmov'd his eye?
Said that the bitter tempest now was o'er,
Her father gone, and he need sleep no more.
But soon returning reason bade her know
The wide-embracing agony of woe;
Her bosom rose convulsive, the thick sigh
Stuck in her throat with passion'd ecstacy;
'And is,' she cried, 'that noble spirit fled?
O let me also join the sacred dead!'
Then sudden sunk to momentary rest,
Cold on her dear Alexis' colder breast.
Alas! reviving sense awak'd her care
To deeper horrors of sublime despair;
To dire perfection of excessive pain,
To weep, to pray, to think, to feel in vain.
One while she melts, then stiff as into stone,
Now mingles laughter with her maniac moan;
Now on her terrace wildly rushing forth
To court the icy fury of the north,
Her fev'rish bosom only seems to find
A burning torrent in each passing wind:
Oft to Alexis, with imagin'd bliss,
She madly kneels, and gives th' unanswer'd kiss;
A while unsettled, and awhile serene,
She doubts, she loves, she hopes, and faints between."

At dawn of day she goes to seek the porter, who is thus described:—

"Dark was his brow, and not one gleam of grace
Play'd on the surly features of his face;
His pallid eye balls shot a villain's gaze,
Mingled with abject cunning's hateful rays;
Nor o'er his brows were Time's white honours shed,
But half-form'd gray usurp'd a sallow red;
No pleasing accents glided from his tongue,
Like age he seem'd that never had been young;
Yet oft his eye would send unholy fires,
That low lasciviousness alone inspires;
For when he saw Paulina's form appear,
He turn'd away, yet as he turn'd would leer;
And by the fiery glance too plainly show'd
That brutal passion in his bosom glow'd.
But most cold avarice his thoughts confin'd
And stifl'd ev'ry virtue in his mind."

She implores relief, and tries to engage him to bear the body away and inter it. He, far from being moved by her supplications and her distress, threatens to acquaint her father immediately with the terrible event, and concludes,

"Unless thou willing com'st my bed to share,
Unless thou yield'st the treasure of thy charms
To the warm transport of these longing arms."

The shudd'ring maid faints, and the villain bears the hapless victim to his bed. He afterwards

——"Bore Alexis to a neighb'ring wood,
Stabb'd his cold heart, and stain'd the wound with blood;
There, welt'ring in the wind, the youth he laid,
To meet some casual traveller's fun'ral aid.
The inhuman porter, now a tyrant grown,
Smile's at Paulina's rage, and mocks her moan;
Whene'er he calls, the unassisted fair
Is doom'd his execrable bed to share,
Meet the lewd terrors of his dire embrace,
And yield th' insulting spoiler ev'ry grace,
Till oft repeated pleasures pall his sense;
And interest sought for other recompense.
Soon as dull night a murky mantle spread
O'er the dim plain, and mountain's misty head,
Some sordid lovers to her couch repair
And press the beauties of th' abhorrent fair:

The young, the vain, the hideous, and the old,
Bought the reluctant ecstacy with gold,
Poor luckless girl!"——

At last she is dragged by the inhuman slave to a dwelling,

"Where twelve mean wretches drain'd the frantic bowl,
Of manners rude, and infamous of soul,
Barren of sentiment and feeling too,
Sons of severe debauch, a baleful crew;
To such as these the meek Paulina borne,
With eyes that stream'd like April's humid morn,
Sustain'd the savage wrongs of brutal fire,
Their mingled insults, and their causeless ire."

Here the poet has the consideration to insert the following note:—"It has been objected by friends whose opinion I much respect, that the continuation of Paulina's submission to her wrongs, takes from the propriety of pity; but if it be considered that the same cause existed which overcame her in the first instance, I hope I shall be justified in adhering to the fact." These wretches all get intoxicated,

"And drunkenness, than death more dire to view,
Wraps in oblivious veil the inhuman crew."

"Meantime Paulina who with folded arms
Sate silent by, and brooded o'er her harms,
Observ'd th' occasion, while within her breast
Revenge awoke for modesty oppress;
She saw weak hope expand a twilight ray,
That offer'd rest to calm her future day."

Now comes the catastrophe, ushered in by the following reflection:—

"Ah! who among the best can ever know
What coming guilt can lay his virtue low?
Strange chance, or injury, or love, or rage,
To sudden acts of infamy engage;
And the most happy may to-morrow try
The arduous weight of life's calamity."

Paulina seizes a dagger from the porter's belt,

——"And with unerring stroke around,
In every heart fix'd deep the vengeful wound;
Death triumph'd there, while from each villain's side
The ebbing purple pour'd a smoky tide.
Now from the horrid scene she turn'd her view,
And with quick palpitating anguish flew.
But first in haste the mansion key she tore,
That her late tyrant at his girdle bore;
Then home return'd across the silent lawn,
With all the fleetness of the bounding fawn.
Soon as she reached her solitary room,
Which yet no streaks of early light illume,
On the hard floor her lovely limbs she throws,
While many a tear its timely aid bestows;
Then on her knees in agony of sighs,
Thus to th' Pow'r Supreme her accents rise:
'O thou first cause! who rul'st this world below,
Dread scene of complicated vice and woe,
If to thine all-embracing spirit seem
Or good or bad this life's mysterious dream,
If thou canst pity those who suffer here
The settled sorrow of the daily tear,
If ev'ry action of this world combin'd
Still flow it before thine inexhausted mind,
My injuries shall with my faults be known,
And plead for pardon at thine awful throne.
Now too in deep contrition will I swear
To pass my life in penitence and pray'r,
To pour the pious hymn at early morn;
Quit ev'ry rose, and dwell upon the thorn.
Far from my heav'n-fix'd thoughts shall now be hurl'd
The joys of youth and pleasures of the world;
In humble solitude my days shall flow,
And hallow'd hope be all the bliss I know.
Grim suicide, to ease my lab'ring heart,
Shall vainly lift his sadly-tempting dart;
For I will suffer what just fate may give,
And all my sins to expiate, dare to live."

Ten lines more conclude the poem; and at the end is the following note—"It may perhaps not be uninteresting to the curious to know, that the whole of the above related transaction was discovered by means of the wife of Paulina's Confessor; * and that in consequence the magnanimous Catharine II. took the unfortunate girl under her protection, and procured her the necessary retirement in a convent which she ardently desired."

We know not from what sources the poet has taken his story. The improbability of Paulina's living with a brutal slave, without the knowledge of her father, is striking; and the narrative of such a young girl's assassinating thirteen drunken Russian peasants with impunity, borders so nearly on impossibility, that it is incredible; consequently the pity excited by the former part of the narrative is greatly enfeebled, if not lost in disgust. The murder of her tyrant alone, would have been as effectual for her deliverance, and it may perhaps be allowed that the poet had not the least occasion for a dozen more barbarians, and that the chaste story as we have given it in prose, would have been far preferable for the subject of the poem. Of the poetry the reader will be able to judge, as our extracts amount to one-fifth of the whole work.

* Confessors have no wives, and it is death to reveal a confession, or rather was so at that time.
NOTE OF THE EDITOR.

ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

[*Concluded from Page* 181.]

BEARS.

A FRENCH literary gentleman, a member of the legislature, a few years ago spent some months in travelling among the Pyrenean mountains.

He gives the following account of the information he received from one of the mountaineers, whose habitation was near the Spanish frontiers:

"I was seated near our host. His ingenousness, his good sense, his natural strength of mind, superior to all rules of art, charmed us greatly, and we contracted our circle that we might lose none of his tales; for we love them at all ages, so much that we even tell them to ourselves, and we frequently indulge in waking dreams.

——— *Omne*

Humanum genus est avidum nimis auricularum.

LUCRET. LIB. IV. V. 598.

Our attention animated him, especially when he was giving us the history of sorcerers. It may be permitted to believe in them, in an abode where every thing appears to be supernatural; where Spanish superstition, descended from the neighbouring mountains, never ceases to renew its fatal impressions.

From sorcerers he turned to bears, his terrible countrymen, as he called them, but a good sort of people enough when they are not molested.

"Look," says he, "it was in the middle of that peak, as strait as a taper, and which you may perceive above the church Well, it will soon be forty years that I went thither as usual, completely armed. I was at that time gay, contented, and above all very resolute. Not a yzard,* no wolf, no bear; in a word, nothing. Says I, to myself this must be another time. I had better go home; when, on turning a corner I suddenly found myself nose to nose opposite to an enormous bear, much larger than myself. The fellow, how he looked! And his fine skin! I still regret it. Notwithstanding my surprise and my position, for we were on a cornice (this is a ledge four or five feet broad, cut out of the slope of a mountain; so that on one side is an almost perpendicular rock, and on the other an unfathomable abyss) I should have come off well if he had been alone. He was followed by his female, and two young ones, who trotted already very prettily I prayed to our Lady for succour! and then, hiding my gun in order not to scare them, I stood still with my back flat against the rock, to give them room to pass The great bear, who was eating me up with his eyes, whilst I durst not even look at him, instead of turning back, came and planted himself on my right, and his female clapt herself on my left, and a fine pair of guardians I had! In the mean time the two little ones passed by, and the two bears followed them; but looking sullenly behind them till they lost sight of me. It is enough for me to say I escaped with the fright. Past evil is only a dream."

This tacit pact between man and brute, in such a situation, appeared very singular and remarkable to us all. One of the company asserted that the sudden apprehension of any calamity, is the greatest mediator which nature has granted us to terminate our dissentions. I maintain, added he, that fear and misfortune always soften the most ferocious beings, and that on the contrary, happy people who are too much so, are not to be approached nearer than we should Mount Vesuvius or Mount Etna in flames.

The old man then resumed his discourse, as follows: "You are to know how those who hunt bears manage the matter; for a gun shot is of very little consequence The champion who ventures to undertake this sort of combat, is provided with a long poniard, and covers his breast and back with three sheepskins, one over the other, and the thick woolly sides outwards. When he has found the bear, and is struggling with it, whilst it squeeses him with its fore paws, toes to smother him, and to tear him to pieces with its claws; he, with his left arm begins with fixing its head close to his shoulders, to avoid being devoured; then, with his other hand he plunges his poniard into the loins of the beast, which vainly howls and roars, not being able to bite, and stabs it, till it falls at his feet through loss of blood, or conquered by pain.

"Now, hearken, I shall tell you about the Hercules of the Pyrenées, whom I shall call Michael. He had a son who began to beat about these mountains, and who had already killed wolves, and brought home yzards. He longed to bring home a bear, but he durst not attempt it alone.

* A species of chamois; it avoids the sunshine, and only delights in the midst of snow and ice. When young it is fond of man, caresses him, and follows him like a dog.

"Having discovered the den of one of those powerful animals, he ran to acquaint his father with it. Michael had killed above a hundred bears in single combat, but as he was grown old, he no longer went out alone to the hunt. His son offers to be his second. 'I consent; thou knowest upon what condition. Thou mayest rely upon me, art thou quite sure of thyself?' 'You shall see, father.' They set out, the son armed with a poniard, the father with nothing but his boldness and the recollection of his numerous triumphs.

"He sees a bear coming towards him, walking upright on his hinder paws, as all these animals do when they encounter a man. He rushes on it, as if he was only thirty years old. He seizes the bear in his arms, which grasp is returned. His son instead of striking, runs away. And the rocks did not crush him! and the abysses did not swallow him!

"Poor Michael! what can he do? what will become of him? No less robust, and more determined than his adversary, our Hercules, from pull to pull, and all the while going backwards, draws it to the edge of a neighbouring precipice. The terrified bear lets loose its prey, struggles and escapes, and Michael falls into the abyss. He was found, and carried home with bruised and broken limbs, but still living.

"And your son, what is become of him? 'The coward! You will never see him till after my death.' Indeed he never was seen till after that period; no one spoke to him, looked at him, nor took the least notice of him. He quitted the country, and was never more heard of.

"Another of these bear-hunters, armed with a dagger, seized a bear of the largest species, in his arms, and dragged it to the border of a cornice, in order to throw it into the abyss; the bear sensible of its impending danger, broke loose and ran off."*

In 1799, a little book was published in Paris, entitled, "*Sentimental Journey in Switzerland*," by C. Hwass, jun. The author being in the house of a peasant, remarked a bear's skin of a prodigious size. "I took hold of a gun which appeared to me to be better made than any of the others which were displayed." "That," said my old host, "was the gun of my son. He was killed by the bear whose skin you have just now noticed. He had mortally wounded the bear, but the furious beast had still strength enough left to rush on him and suffocate him. I found them both dead, lying next to each other."

EAGLES.

These birds inhabit the Pyrenees, in considerable numbers. † "On the station of the south peak (*Pic du Midi*), a vigilant eagle came to reconnoitre us on the frontier. His female was also desirous of seeing us at no great distance; she showed us the white feathers which distinguish her from her sublime spouse. He, hovering over our heads at an elevation of fifty feet, seemed to count us as we passed. I still in idea see his formidable talons bent back on his breast, and his sparkling eyes darting fiery glances at us. As he was flying away from us, I exclaimed,—King of the air, reign here, far from those tyrants who would make war on thee; but be not thyself a tyrant.

"Some shepherds who were accustomed to see these birds, told us that they had not much reason to complain of them: 'Were it not for a poor cat which they seized lately whilst it was sleeping on the roof of yon cottage, we should have scarcely any thing to reproach them with. But we have this cat at heart. If you had but heard how it mewed! had you seen how it struggled in their talons, whilst they were carelessly taking it to their young ones!'

"These peasants showed us the inaccessible peak where these eagles live without rivals, on which their aerie, or nest, is situated, and from whence they make their incursions. 'The reason why we do not forgive them for having caught our cat, is because this place abounds in partridges, and they might have picked up as many as they chose to stoop for.'

"We were also told that here in general the eagles live in a family way, each in its own rounds. Those who venture to fly beyond their limits, and seek their prey too near their neighbour's domains, expose themselves to violent assaults. We had lately found the carcase of an eagle with its feathers still on, which our guide made no doubt but had been killed in single combat."

In another part of the Pyrenean mountains, near the top of the Peak of the south, (which is almost two miles in perpendicular height above the level of the sea), our traveller saw another pair of eagles. He says, "A prospect, which, to be properly regarded, demanded more than common attention, appeared all round us. At

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* A certain Cantaret after having slain Antiochus in combat, seized his horse and vaults on it. The courser immediately runs off with him, and leaps into an abyss, where both perished.

PLIN. LIB. i. CAP. 42.

† Mr. Barlow made a drawing, which he afterwards engraved, of an eagle which he saw brought to the ground after a severe conflict with a cat, which it had seized and taken up in the air with its talons.

more than a hundred fathom beneath our feet, fluctuate, as it were, a vast sea, waving and forming, it was a thick mist or fog, on the surface of which two eagles were hovering, which we were told inhabited the inaccessible summit of a neighbouring mountain. Those heroic birds after having traversed clouds and fogs, seemed to have come purposely this way to display the sublimity of their bold flight to our eyes. They made, as if swimming, the tour of several peaks, on which we many times observed their vast projecting shadows; (just then a rival fly buzzing touched my face*), suddenly stopping their flight, they seemed to float sleeping in the air; and afterwards as suddenly darted over our heads quite out of sight. In their different evolutions, they came near enough for us to distinguish the colours of their wings, and then all at once they plunged into the fog, and we saw them no more."

The eagle rises higher in the air than any of the winged race. There was lately read at the National Institute in Paris, a memoir by C. la Cepede (author of a natural history of fishes, oviparous quadrupeds, and serpents), on the flight and vision of birds, in which it results from his observations, that "the eagle, and man of war bird, (*albatross*), are endowed with the strongest power of flight, and the acutest vision. The sight of these birds is nine times more extensive than that of the furthest sighted man; and in two hundred and twenty hours, or a little more than nine days, allowing them sixteen or seventeen hours of repose, they would make the tour of the whole earth."

Two other birds are remarkable for the swiftness of their flight. Wild swans when flying before the wind in a brisk gale, seldom fly at a less rate than a hundred miles an hour. So says Hearne in his account of Hudson's Bay and the northern ocean.

The carrier-pigeon has been known to fly from Bagdad to Aleppo, which, to a man is usually made a thirty days journey, in forty-eight hours.

To measure the rapidity of their flight in some degree, a person sent a carrier-pigeon from London, by the coach, to a friend in St. Edmund's Bury, and along with it a note desiring that the pigeon, two days after its arrival there, might be thrown up precisely when the town clock struck nine in the morning; this was accordingly done, and the pigeon arrived in London, and flew into the Bull-inn, in Bishopsgate-street, at half an hour past eleven o'clock of the same morning, having flown seventy-two miles in two hours and a half.—(*Annual Register* 1765.)

A Mr. Lockman has given the following anecdote of a pigeon in the preface to his musical drama of Rosalinda.

"I was at the house of a Mr. Lee, in Cheshire, whose daughter was a performer on the harpsichord, and I observed a pigeon, which whenever she played the song of "*Sperò sì*," in Handel's opera of *Admetus*, and this only, would descend from the adjacent dove-house to the window of the room where she sat, and listen apparently with pleasing emotions; and when the song was finished, it always returned directly home."

OSTRICHES.

In the Travels from Buenos Ayres, by Potost to Lima, by Anthony Helms, in 1789, lately published in English, the author says:—"Seventy-three miles from the capital the traveller enters on an immense plain, by the Spaniards called Pampas, which stretches three hundred miles westward to the foot of the mountains, and about fifteen hundred miles southward towards Patagonia. This plain is fertile, and wholly covered with very high grass, but for the most part uninhabited, and destitute of trees. It is the abode of innumerable herds of wild horses, oxen, ostriches, &c. which, under the shade of the grass, find protection from the intolerable heat of the sun.

"As we pursued our journey late one evening, we saw large flocks of ostriches (*Struthio Rhea*, LINN.), which had come forth from the long grass to refresh themselves with water. On the following day some of our attendants rode a considerable way into the grass, and brought back about fifty eggs of these birds. The heat of the sun being very great, and each of us carrying one in his hat, the young birds, to our no small astonishment, broke the shells and ran away into the grass, which they began to devour with as much appetite as if they had been long accustomed to such a diet. The eggs are as large as an infant's head of a moderate size; and the young ostriches, when hatched, are in body of the size of a chicken two months old.

"These ostriches lay their eggs either singly, or twenty together, in nests; and it is probable that in the day time they leave them exposed to the rays of the sun, and sit on them only during night, to protect them from the effects of the dew.

"The ostriches that inhabit the Pampas are of the height of a calf. From the shortness of their wings they are unable to fly, but before the wind they run faster than the fleetest horse."

HARES.

In the year 1774, William Cowper, the poet, being indisposed in body and mind, and incapable of diverting himself with company or books, sought for something that would engage his at-

* The eagle and fly were the only living beings which I saw on the peak of the south.

tention without taking notice of it. A leveret was given him, and in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, he thought to find an agreeable employment. Many others were offered to him, but he accepted only two more, and undertook the care of all three, which happened to be all males. Each had a separate apartment, so contrived, that the dirt made fell through into an earthen pan, which was daily emptied and washed. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

We shall distinguish them by the letters A. B C. and continue in the words of the author.

A. grew presently familiar; he would leap into my lap, would let me take him in my arms, and has frequently fallen fast asleep on my knee. He was once ill for three days, during which time I nursed him; after his recovery he showed his gratitude by licking my hand and fingers all over, which he never did but once again on a similar occasion. Sometimes I carried him into the garden after breakfast, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping and chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast.

The kindness shown to B. had not the least effect. He too was sick, and I attended him; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining.

C. who died soon after he was full grown, from a cold caught by sleeping in a damp box, was a hare of great humour and drollery. A. was tamed by gentle usage; B was not to be tamed at all; but C. was tame from the beginning.

I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, where they would frisk and bound about on the carpet. One evening the cat had the hardiness to pat C. on the cheek, which he resented by drumming on her back so violently as to make her glad to escape.

Each of these animals had a character of its own, and I knew them all by their face only; like a shepherd who soon becomes familiar to his flock, however numerous, as to know them every one individually by their looks.

These creatures immediately discovered and examined the minutest alteration in the apartments they were accustomed to play in, just as cats do.

C. died young. B lived to be nine years old, and died by a fall. A. has just completed his tenth year. I lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance; a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. The hare discovered no token of fear, nor the dog the least symptom of hostility: they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are very sociable and friendly.

Hares have no ill scent belonging to them, and are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean.

The foregoing is an abridgment of an account of hares, inserted by Mr. Cowper in one of the *Gentleman's Magazines* for the year 1784. It has likewise been published at the end of only the common editions of his works, to which we refer. By a memorandum found among Mr. C.'s papers, it appears that A. died aged twelve years wanting a month, of mere old age. A short Latin epitaph in prose on A. and another of eleven stanzas in English verse on B. accompany the account.

DIALOGUE BETWIXT SOMEBODY AND NOBODY.

Somebody. Why, 'tis as hard to get a sight of you, Mr. Nobody, as it is of the *invisible* girl I have called twenty times a day at your house. Nobody at home, is the constant answer. If I should go to church, however, I am sure to meet with Nobody there, especially when Dr. Triplechin preaches.

Nobody. And you're sure to meet with Somebody in all places of public resort, the opera, play, pic-nic, card-parties, &c.

Somebody. Yes: and you will often meet with Nobody in those places, that would wish to pass for Somebody.

Nobody. 'Tis true, the Somebody family of late have affected a great deal of consequence, when it is well known, that the Nobody family are the more ancient of the two. The Nobodies, I assure you, Sir, are the true Pre-adamites. The name is on record long before Adam.

Somebody. So is the family of Blank.

Nobody. A very old race.

Somebody. If we may credit the Spectator, they once filled all places of public trust in this kingdom.

Nobody. In trust for others, particularly the family of the Blocks.

Somebody. The Blocks one day or other will be the ruin of this nation.

Nobody. For myself, I have more distrust of the talents;

Somebody But what does genealogy, in these degenerate days? Get your nativity cast in the mint: a thousand guineas in your purse is worth all the *Aps*, *Macs*, and *O's* in the united kingdom. If there's a stain in your character, a little gold-dust will take it out—the best fullers earth in the nation. What does it avail, that your ancestors bled in the front of battle, piled up thunder for the insulting foe, or diffused the stream of science through a thousand channels! don't you see the upstart hung round with titles, and the obscurity of his birth lost in the glare of his sideboard?

Nobody. True: and yet Bonaparte would give a good deal for a genealogy.

Somebody Yes: the French, who seem to be proud of the chains he has imposed on them, have really turned his head; they have fed him with the soft pap of flattery, they have inflated him with the *gas* of vanity to the size of an air-balloon, and yet withal they cannot manufacture a genealogy so as to please him: his father was Nobody.

Nobody. And happy would it be for the repose of mankind, if he had been content to tread in the steps of his father.

Somebody Happy indeed. Now, my good friend, I wish you well, but am often surprised that you swallow things without the least examination—things that would stick in the wide throat of credulity. For instance, when the editor of a newspaper tells you that his print exclusively contains the earliest and most authentic articles of information, Nobody believes him When Bonaparte says, that he'll invade this country, Nobody believes him. When a pensioner or placeman declares that he has nothing so much at heart as the good of his country, Nobody believes him. When a quack doctor tells you that his nostrum cures all diseases, Nobody believes him. When a boarding-school Miss, in the bud of beauty, declares that she would not for the world take a flight to Gretna-Green, Nobody believes her. I know there are many faults laid to your account: thus when a favourite article of furniture is spoiled or broken, Nobody did it. Thus also when a lady affects indisposition, she sees Nobody, speaks to Nobody, writes to Nobody, dreams of Nobody

Nobody. But her waiting-woman knows that she sees Somebody, speaks to Somebody, writes to Somebody, and dreams of Somebody. When a fine lady shines forth in all the glory of the Persian loom, showered with diamonds, and perfumed with all the sweets of Arabia, if the spouse should collect courage enough to ask who paid for all those fine things, the answer is, Nobody; but when the account comes to be settled at Doctors' Commons, then it is found that Somebody paid for them, or is to pay for them, with a vengeance too. One thing I remark, that, previous to the nuptial tie, the dear youth is always considered as Somebody, but whilst the honey moon is yet in its wane he is looked upon as Nobody

Somebody Very true. After all I have said, I must acknowledge, in the words of Goldsmith, "that even your failings lean to virtue's side." For instance, if a play should be got up, puffed, and d—d, it is applauded by Nobody. If a book printed on wire-wove paper, hot-pressed, bound in morocco, and elegantly gilt, is found to be wretched stuff, it is read by Nobody. If a book should be written in favour of religion and morality, though neglected by all, it is read by Nobody. If a wretch should be consigned to the gallows for robbing a man of sixpence on the highway, he is pitied by Nobody, he is owned by Nobody, he is comforted by Nobody; whilst on the other hand, if a villain in high life should rob an unsuspecting virgin of her heart, or triumph over her innocence——

Nobody. He is noticed by Somebody, caressed by Somebody, applauded by Somebody, invited to dine by Somebody, and held out by Somebody as the honestest and worthiest fellow in the universe.

Somebody. Too true.

SELECT ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS OF M. DE CHAMFORT, M. DE LA BEAUMELLE, AND OTHERS.

"I love society," said one of the French Princesses of the blood royal: "every body listens to me, and I listen to nobody."

Great memories, which retain every thing indiscriminately, are like masters of inns, and not masters of houses.

A French player, performing at Turin, thus addressed the pit: "Illustrious strangers."

Locke says, wit consists in distinguishing wherein different objects resemble each other; and judgment consists in distinguishing, wherein objects which resemble each other differ.

It was said of two particular persons with whom Madame du Deffant (the blind lady commemorated by Horace Walpole) was acquainted, "They are two good heads." "Pins heads," said she.

A person was telling an extraordinary story to a Gascon; he smiled. "What, Sir! do not you believe me?" asked the story-teller.—"Pardon me, but I cannot repeat your story because of my accent."

Montaigne never knew what he was going to say, but he always knew what he was saying.

A person who wishes to receive instruction by reading, ought to make it an inviolable rule to understand all he reads.

Chance is the concatenation of effects of which we do not perceive the causes

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At twenty we kill pleasure, at thirty taste it, at forty we are sparing of it, at fifty we seek it, and at sixty regret it.

Let us enjoy to the last moment the benefit of the present hour. Above all, let us take care not to anticipate our troubles: we only depend on the future when we suffer the present to escape us. Moreover, it is enjoyment, says Montaigne, and not possession, which makes us happy

On this subject Pascal says, "If we are so slightly attached to the present, it is because the present is generally disagreeable; we endeavour to avoid seeing it if it afflicts us; and if it pleases us, we regret its escape. We then attempt to continue this pleasure by endeavouring to dispose things, which are not in our power, against a future time to which we have no certainty of attaining.

An expression of Wieland, in his *Agathon*.—"I enjoyed that felicity which gives to days the rapidity of moments, and to moments the value of ages."

Voltaire says, labour delivers us from three great evils, weariness, want, and vice.

Ninon de l'Enclos defined love as a sensation rather than a sentiment; a blind taste, purely sensual; a transient illusion, to which pleasure gives birth, which converse destroys, and which supposes no merit, neither in the lover nor in the beloved object: she said it was the intoxication of reason. Leibnitz defined it to be an affection which causes us to feel pleasure in the perfections of what we love.

Projectors are too much listened to, and too much decried. The first, because three-fourths of them are wrong in their calculations, or else want to deceive others; they are fools or knaves. The last, because the welfare of an empire sometimes depends upon a project.

Projectors are the physicians of states. They conjecture, affirm, and tell falsities equally. Their reputation depends on chance and prejudice. Both profit by human folly, and are enriched by the same means as have ruined thousands of others. Both live in hope and dread: they are both laughed at, and, nevertheless, we cannot do without them.

Upon the whole, are they more noxious than useful? This appears an embarrassing question It may be said, that it might perhaps have been better had there never been projectors nor physicians; but since they have existed, and still exist, it is proper that some should always remain, were it only to remedy the evils occasioned by their predecessors.

An old French nobleman told a lady, that formerly his polite attentions were taken for declarations of love, but that now his declarations of love, were only taken for polite attentions.

A French gentleman had courted a young lady some months, at last the mother asked him whether, by thus continuing his courtship to her daughter, he meant to marry her, or otherwise. To tell you the truth, madam, replied he, it is for otherwise.

Men love goodness because they stand in need of it: they hate those virtues which are in opposition to their vices; and they admire those talents to which they cannot attain.

A seal for love letters might be engraven with this device, a boy's head with wings representing the wind, blowing on a weathercock: its motto, if thou changest not, I turn not.

Balnea, vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra,
At facunt vitam balnea, vina, Venus!

Wine, women, warmth, against our lives combine;
But what is life without warmth, women, wine!

Christina, Queen of Sweden, (who died in 1654), left as a maxin, "A wise and good man will forget the past, either enjoy or support the present, and resign himself to the future."

Fallopius's opinion of mineral waters drunk on the spot was, they were empirical remedies, and made more children than they cured diseases.

He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh: for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself continually gather knowledge.—*Lord Verulam.*

I thought, said Pascal, to find many companions in the study of mankind, since it is the proper study for man I have been disappointed; fewer persons apply to this study than to that of geometry.

The different judgments we are apt to form upon the deaf and the blind, with regard to their respective misfortunes, are owing to our seeing the blind generally in his best situation, and the deaf in his worst—namely, in company. The deaf is certainly the happier of the two, when they are each alone.

Drink never changes, but only shows our natures. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober.

All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only ancient animal that ever is frisky.

Madness is consistent—which is more than can be said for poor reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time, it continues equally so throughout the whole delirium—though it should last for life Madmen are always constant in love; which no man in his senses ever was — Our passions and principles are steady in frenzy, but begin to shift and waver as we return to reason.*

THE CURE OF OLD AGE, &c.

FROM THE WORKS OF FRIAR BACON.

OF THE CAUSES OF OLD AGE.

As the world waxeth old, men grow old with it: not by reason of the age of the world, but because of the great increase of living creatures, which infect the very air, that every way encompasseth us: and through our negligence in ordering our lives, and that great ignorance of the properties which are in things conducing to health, which might help a disordered way of living, and might supply the defect of due government.

From these three things, namely, infection, negligence, and ignorance, the natural heat, after the time of manhood is past, begins to diminish, and its diminution and intemperature doth more and more hasten on. Whence, the heat by little and little decreasing, the accidents of old age come on, which accidents in the flower of age may be taken away; and after that time may be retarded; as also may that swift course, which hurries a man from manhood to age, from age to old age, from old age to the broken strength of decrepid age, be restrained.

For the circle of a man's age grows more in one day after age to old age, than in three days after youth to age; and is sooner turned from old age to decrepid age, than from age to old age.

Which weakness and intemperature of heat, is caused two ways: by the decay of natural moisture, and by the increase of extraneous moisture.

For the heat exists in the native moisture, and is extinguished by external and strange moistness, which flows from weakness of digestion, as Avicenna in his first book, in his chapter of Complexions, affirms.

Now the causes of the dissolution of the internal moisture, and of the external's abounding, whence the innate heat grows cool, are many, as I shall here show.

First of all, the dissolution of the natural happens from two causes:—

One whereof is the circumambient air, which dries up the matter: and the innate heat, which is inward, very much helps towards the same: for it is the cause of extinguishing itself, by reason it consumes the matter wherein it subsists; as the flame of a lamp is extinguished when the oil, exhausted by the heat, is spent.

* The last five paragraphs were written by Richard Griffiths, an Irish author, who died about five-and twenty years ago. They were taken from a small book written by him, entitled *The Koran*, which appeared anonymously, and some booksellers have erroneously published it as a volume of Sterne's works.

The second cause is the toil proceeding from the motions of the body and mind, which otherwise are necessary in life. To these accrue weakness and defect of na ıks under so great evils (as h in his first book of Compl t resisting those unperfectic

Now the motions ed animal, when the soul especially is exercised:

The motions of the body are, when our bodies are tossed and stirred of necessary causes, all proportioned.

External moisture increaseth two ways: either from the use of meat and other things that breed an unnatural and strange moisture, especially phlegmatic, whereof I shall discourse hereafter; or from bad concoction, whence a feculent and putrid humour, differing from the nature of the body, is propagated.

For digestion is the root of the generation of unnatural and natural moisture, which when it is good, breeds good moisture, when bad a bad one, as Avicenna saith in his fourth cannon of his chapter of things which hinder grey hairs. For from wholesome food, ill digested, an evil humour doth flow; and of poisonous meats, and such as naturally breed a bad humour, if well digested, sometime comes a good one.

But it is to be observed, that not only phlegm is called an extraneous humour, but whatever other humour is putrid. Yet phlegm is worse than the other external humour; in that it helps to extinguish the innate heat two ways, either by choaking it; or by cold resisting its power and quality; so Rasy in his chapter of the Benefits of Purging.

Which phlegm proceeds from faults in meats, negligence of diet, and intemperature of body; so that this sort of external moisture increasing, and the native moisture being either changed in qualities, or decayed in quantity, man grows old, either in the accustomed course of nature, by little and little successively; when after the time of manhood, that is, after forty, or at most fifty years, the natural heat begins to diminish: or though evil thoughts and anxious care of mind, wherewith sometimes men are hurt. For sickness and such like evil accidents, dissolve and dry up the natural moisture, which is the fuel of heat; and that being hurt, the force and edge of the heat is made dull. The heat being cooled, the digestive virtue is weakened; and this not performing its office, the crude and incocted meat putrifies on the stomach. Whereupon the external and remote parts of the body being deprived of their nourishment, do languish, wither and die, because they are not nourished. So Isaac in his book of Fevers in the chapter of the Consumption doth teach.

But it may be queried, what this moisture is, and in what place it is seated, whereby the natural heat is nourished, and which is its fuel? Some say, that it is in the hollow of the heart, and in the veins and arteries thereof, as Isaac in his book of fevers, in the chapter of the hectick. But there are moistures of divers kinds in the members which are prepared for nourishing, and to moisten the joints. Of which humours may be that is one which is in the vein, and that another which like dew is reposed on the members, as Avicenna saith in his fourth book in the chapter of the Hectick. Whence perhaps the wise do understand, that all these moistures are fuel to the native heat; but especially that which is in the heart and its veins and arteries, which is restored, when from meats and drinks good juices are supplied; and is made more excellent by outward medicines, such as anointings and bathings.

OF REMEDIES AGAINST THE CAUSES OF OLD AGE.

Hitherto we have discoursed of the causes of old age: now we must speak of the remedies which hinder them, and after what manner they may be hindered.

Wise physicians have laid down two ways of opposing these causes:

One is the ordering of a man's way of living; the other is the knowledge of those properties, that are in certain things, which the ancients have kept secret.

Avicenna teacheth the ordering of life, who laying down, as it were, the art of guarding old age, ordereth that all putrefaction be carefully kept off, and that the native moisture be diligently preserved from dissolution and change, namely, that as great a share of moisture may be added by nutrition, as is spent by the flame of heat and otherwise. Now this care ought to be used in the time of manhood, that is, about the fortieth year of a man's age, when the beauty of a man is at the height.

These ways of repelling the causes of old age do something differ one from another.

For one is the beginning, the other the end: one begins, the other makes up the defect thereof; but each brings great assistance to the turning away of these evils. By one way alone the doctrine of the ancients will not be compleated: by the knowledge of each, both our endeavours and theirs may be perfected.

The doctrine of soberly ordering one's life teacheth us how to oppose, drive away, and restrain the causes of old age.

And this it doth by proportioning the six causes, distinct in kind, which are reckoned necessary to fence, preserve, and keep the body; which things, when they are observed and taken in quantity and quality, as they ought, and as

the rules of physicians persuade, do become the true causes of health and strength: But when they are made use of by any man without regard had to quality and quantity, they cause sickness, as may be gathered from Galen's regimeat with Holy's Expositor, where it treats *Of the Regimen of Health.*

But exactly to find out the true proportion of these causes, and the true degree of that proportion is very hardly, or not at all to be done, but that there will be some defect or excess therein. Thus the sages have prescribed more to be done than can be well put in practice. For the understanding is more subtle in operation, so that the true proportioning of these causes seems impossible, unless in bodies of a better nature; such as now are rarely found.

But medicines obscurely laid down by the ancients; and as it were concealed, whereof Dioscorides speaks, do make up these defects and proportions. For who can avoid the air infected with putrid vapours carried about with the force of the winds? Who will measure our meat and drink? Who can weigh in a sure scale or degree sleep and watching, motion and rest, and things that vanish in a moment, and the accidents of the mind, so that they shall neither exceed nor fall short? Therefore it was necessary that the ancients should make use of medicines, which might in some measure preserve the body from alteration, and defend the health of man oft times hurt and afflicted with these things and causes, lest the body utterly eaten up of diseases should fall to ruin.

Now for the benefit of mankind I have gathered some things out of the books of the ancients, whose virtue and use may avert those inconveniences, this defect and weakness; may defend the temper of the innate moisture; may hinder the increase and flux of extraneous moisture; and may bring to pass (which usually otherwise happeneth) that the heat of man be not so soon debilitated.

But the use of these things and medicines is of no use, nor any thing avails them that neglect the doctrine of the regimen of life. For how can it be, that he who either is ignorant or negligent of diet, should ever be cured by any pains of the physician, or by any virtue in physic? Wherefore the physicians and wise men of old time were of opinion, that diet without physic sometimes did good; but that physic without due order of diet never made a man one jot the better.

Thence it is reckoned more necessary that those rather should be treated of, which cannot be known unless of the wise, and those too of a quick understanding, and such as study hard, and take a great deal of pains; than those things which are easily known, even as a man reads them.

As for my own part, being hindered partly by the charge, partly by impatience, and partly by the rumours of the vulgar, I was not willing to make experiments of all things, which may easily be tried by others; but have resolved to express those things in obscure and difficult terms, which I judge requisite to the conservation of health, lest they should fall into the hands of the unfaithful.

One of which things lies hid in the bowels of the earth; another in the sea; the third creeps upon the earth; the fourth lives in the air; the fifth is likened to the medicine which comes out of the mine of the noble animal; the sixth comes out of the long lived animal; the seventh is that whose mine is the plant of India.

I have resolved to mention these things obscurely, imitating the precept of the prince of philosophers to Alexander, who said that he is a transgressor of the divine law, who discovers the hidden secrets of nature and the properties of things; because some men desire as much as in them lies to overthrow the divine law by those properties that God has placed in animals, plants, and stones.

But some of these things stand in need of preparation; others of a careful choice. Of preparation, lest with the healthful part poison be swallowed down. Of choice, lest among the best those things that are worse are given, and those that are more hurtful be taken. For in whatsoever thing the most high God hath put an admirable virtue and property, therein he hath also placed an hurt, to be as it were the guard of the thing itself. For as he would not have his secrets known to all lest men should contemn them; so he would not have all men be *adepti*, lest they should abuse their power. As is manifest in the serpent, hellebore and gold; from which no man can fetch any noble or sublime operation, unless he be wise, skilful, and have for a long time experienced them.

But we must observe, that in some of the aforesaid things and medicines the virtue may be separated from its body; as in all medicines made of plants and animals.

From some it cannot be separated, as from all those things that are of a thick substance, as metals; and what things soever are of the kinds of stones, as coral, jacinths, and the like. But some men have given rules how to dissolve medicine of thick substance, as Aristotle saith, according to Isaac in his degrees, in his canon *Of Pearl*, speaking thus: "I have seen certain men dissolve pearl, with the juice and liquor whereof morphews being washed, were fully cured and made whole."

But in medicines which are mixed of these plants and animals, a separation of the virtue from

the body itself may be made; and their virtue and matter will operate stronger and better alone than joined with their body. Because the natural heat is tired, whilst it separates and severs the virtue of the thing from the body which is hard and earthy; and it being tired, the virtue will with greater difficulty be carried to the instruments of the senses, so as it may be able to refresh them, and destroy the superfluous moisture, and penetrate to the members of the fourth concoction, that it may strengthen the digestive power of the flesh and skin From the weakness whereof certain accidents of old age do proceed, as is manifest in the morphew; because that the natural heat of our body is not always so sufficiently powerful in all medicines, as to separate the virtue from its terrestrial body

But when the virtue alone is given without the body, the natural heat is not tired, nor is the virtue of the medicine by frequent digestion destroyed in its journey, as it were, while it is carried to the similar parts and the instruments of the senses; so the virtue of the thing will complete its operation, while it does not tire the natural heat.

And Galen agrees with this, as Isaac testifies in his canon *Of the Leprosie*, saying "I never saw a man so infected cured, but one that drank of wine, wherein a viper had fallen."

And Johannes Damascenus in his aphorisms. "Therefore it was necessary for the purging of the humours driven down, that the medicine, according to the skill and pleasure of the physician, should be turned into the likeness of meat."

Another hath said, "That that physic which should pass to the third digestion, should be greedily received, according to some, with a thing of easy assimilation, such as milk and the broth of a pullet."

[*To be continued.*]

TWO TALES

EXTRACTED FROM ANTON WALL'S BAGATELLES.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

A YOUNG man of a rich family was studying many years ago in a German university. He had a good form, and one of the most beautiful countenances. The structure of his forehead and nose gave him an indescribable air of nobility and greatness. His acquaintances discovered in his looks a complacency mingled with condescension; but women were so captivated with his appearance, as not to lose his image from their minds asleep or awake. He was called the *** Apollo, except by those, who knowing no better, gave him the name of the beautiful X. He was said, in a short time, to have raised the flame of jealousy in the breasts of many ladies, who were equally ambitious of receiving his attention

In the house where this youth resided, lived a young female, whose care and thoughts were much occupied in adorning her person She had an attic story, where she subsisted by her own industry, and bore an irreproachable character. She was about twenty years of age, and possessed some charms, which she could set off to the greatest advantage. The young man met her sometimes on the stairs, and was pleased with her appearance. He made inquiries respecting her, and upon their next meeting spoke to her, and attempted to snatch a kiss, for which he received a violent blow in the face; a circumstance as unexpected as it was extraordinary

The charms of the maid, and, perhaps, still more his wounded pride, spurred him on to make every effort for a farther acquaintance with her. By his modest and cautious deportment towards her, he removed the unfavourable impression from her mind, which paved the way for obtaining her confidence, and afterwards the permission to pay her a few visits when opportunities should offer.

He came very often, and Julia, for so the girl was named, began to inquire, upon his departure, on what day she might expect him again. He gained sufficient courage to ask a single kiss, which was not refused. Upon the next visit he asked kisses, which were likewise granted. At last he presumed to make another request, to which he received a positive refusal. She was deaf to his entreaties and supplications. He fell upon his knees, but still her principles remained unshaken.

One day he came and found her bathed in tears. He eagerly besought her to tell him the cause of her grief, which, after a length of time, she made known to him. She had had some ruffles by her, which were the bridal ornament of a noble lady. These ruffles had been missing since yesterday evening, and cost nearly fifty crowns. Julia sobbed, wrung her hands, and refused any consolation. The young man kissed her, and went away.

He had an acquaintance in the city, who had passed his minority a short time since, and re-

ceived a paternal inheritance of several thousand crowns. He knew his obliging disposition, and therefore applied to him upon the present occasion.

" Friend Z," said he, " if you do not lend me fifty crowns this moment, I shall not be able to exist. You know the meanness of my father, and my own narrow income; as soon as I take possession of my father's property, I will pay you with interest and a thousand thanks; I am almost mad with grief, and shall never survive your refusal."

" I have a good opinion of you," said Z " your countenance indicates no bad intention, I will lend you the money." Upon these words he went and counted out the sum, gave it to the former, and accepted his bond. X. embraced his benefactor, as he called him, hastily put the money into his pocket, and hurried away to Julia, whom he found in great distress on account of his abrupt departure.

" Here Julia," said he to her, " here are the fifty crowns; purchase the ruffles with this, and consider me your friend."

Struck with astonishment, the girl was unable to utter a syllable; she sat for some time motionless upon her chair, with her eyes on the ground At length she sprang up, and fell upon his neck —" Well," said she, " I am poor, and you are rich; I take the money; but I take it only upon the condition of repaying it in the same manner, and not as a present."

It was twilight, and Julia was going to light a candle, but he prevented her; she suffered herself to be detained; anxiety and grief had exhausted her spirits, which an excess of gratitude contributed to destroy. The innocent and beautiful girl supplicated;—she could do no more; she had lost all power of resistance. Nothing less than a miracle could have protected her from the rude embraces of a villain—Julia fell.

The ruffles had slipped behind the drawers, which she found the next morning. She wrote a few lines, enclosed the fifty crowns, and waited an opportunity to give the note into the hands of X. He took them, and purchased some trifles for new year's gifts.—He visited Julia a few evenings afterwards, but did not find her in the weak state in which he had left her. Upon his return to his chamber he found a letter, the contents of which informed him of his father's illness, and his particular wish to see him He made no delay, but travelled post to Residenz, buried his father, and returned in six months afterwards.

He went immediately to Julia, and instead of a blooming maid which he had left, he found a death-like form with dull and hollow eyes, and sunk cheeks. Her figure startled him, at first, as he surveyed her. After some questions, he learned, that she would soon become a mother. He staid a few moments, threw a ducat on the table, and went away.

Julia wrote a note to him, thanked him in a sorrowful manner for his benefaction, and inquired of him what he proposed to do for her, and her child. She received no answer;—she wrote more notes, which were likewise unanswered. She sent a friend to him. X replied, that he wished not to be interrupted. At the persuasion of this friend, Julia lodged her complaint against him, and this paragon of excellence was compelled to take oath before the court, that he had never had any connection with the maid. The child died before it was three months old, and was soon followed by its wounded mother X. concluded his studies, went home to Residenz, undertook the management of his own property, which consisted of three estates, accepted of an office, and married a fortune of fifty thousand crowns.

His friend Z who had before lent him the fifty crowns, was reduced to difficulties by the bankruptcy of a merchant to whom he had entrusted his property. Once when he was very much embarrassed, he wrote to X. and reminded him in a very gentle manner of the fifty crowns, to which he received no reply.

The various mortifications which the honest Z. had met with for many years threw him into an illness, which terminated in his death. He left behind a widow and three helpless children.

Among the papers of the deceased was found the bond of the wealthy X. upon which he was written to, but returned for answer, that he wished they would spare themselves the trouble of writing, as the debt was none of his. A friend was appointed to speak with him, to whom he declared that he would not pay a farthing. He was prosecuted, and appeared before the court in person, which was always acknowledged to be the most beautiful in Residenz. He did not deny having received the money, and having written the bond, but he added, that, as the judges themselves knew, the laws of the land declared all debts null and void, which were contracted during a person's minority without the consent of the parents The whole court were struck with astonishment at the art and villany of the man. They appealed to his feelings, and represented the helpless state of the mother and children. But they found his heart callous to the emotions of humanity; they therefore acquitted him from the obligation to pay the debt, and agreed to relieve the poor family with the same sum at their own expence.

TALE II.

The Earl of S——, one of the richest Peers of Great Britain, had been in London, and on his return, intended to call on one of his tenants. He had no other attendants than a coachman and one servant. He had not travelled six miles from the metropolis, when he was obliged to pass through a wood, where his carriage was surrounded by six highwaymen. Two bound the coachman, two the servant, and two applied a pistol to the breast of the nobleman.

"Your pocket-book!" said one of the robbers, with a horrid countenance. Instead of which, the Earl pulled out a heavy purse, which he presented to him.

"Have the goodness, my lord, to produce your pocket-book," said the robber, who with his left hand weighed the purse, and with the right continued to present the pistol.

The Earl drew out his pocket book, and delivered it up, which the robber examined. Whilst he was thus engaged, his countenance excited the attention of the former. His full eyes, curved nose, distorted cheeks, wide mouth, and projecting chin, presented an object more disgusting than he had ever before witnessed. The robber, after taking some papers out of the book, returned it to the gentleman.

"A prosperous journey, my Lord," he cried, and rode off with his companions towards London.

The Earl, upon his return home, examined his book, which had contained two thousand five hundred pounds in notes, and to his great astonishment, found five hundred pounds remaining. He rejoiced at the discovery, and related the adventure to his friends, at the same time adding, that the countenance of the man was so extraordinary, that it would never be absent from his recollection. Two years had already elapsed since the affair had happened, and the particulars of it had passed from his mind, when one morning he received a penny post letter, while in London, the contents of which were as follow:—

"My Lord,—I am a poor German Jew. The Prince whose subject I was, oppressed my sect in so cruel a manner, as to oblige me, with five others, to seek an asylum in Great Britain. I fell ill during the voyage, and the bark which was to have conveyed us from the vessel to the shore, was overturned by the storm. A man, whose face I had never before seen, sprang into the sea, and saved me, at the risk of his own life.

"He carried me into his house, procured me a nurse and a physician. He was a clothier, and had twelve children alive. I recovered, and offered my host some recompence for his hospitality, but he rejected every offer, and only requested me to visit him sometimes. I went soon after, and found him extremely dejected. The disturbances had broken out in America, and he had sent to Boston goods to the amount of eight thousand pounds, which the merchants refused to pay. He confessed to me, that a bill would become due upon him in the course of a month, which he could not honour; that, consequently, his credit would be destroyed, and his ruin completed. I would have willingly given him assistance, had it been in my power. I considered myself indebted to him for my life, which I ought not to regard as too great a sacrifice in serving my benefactor. I went to my companions, and represented to them the state of the case. They were all bound to me by the tenderest ties of friendship, and willing to aid me in the execution of any plan I should suggest. We agreed, therefore, to take the desperate and unwarrantable measures of highway robbery, to procure the necessary sum. Accident made us acquainted with your intended rout, and the money which you had in your possession. We laid our plan accordingly, and succeeded in a manner already known to you. I enclosed the two thousand pounds which I took from your pocket-book, in a letter to my benefactor, saying, that I would suit the payment of it to his circumstances. The money was of temporary service to him, but as he lost all his American property, he died soon after, insolvent. Fortune, however, was more favourable to me, I obtained a prize of five thousand pounds in the lottery. I have, therefore, sent you the enclosed, which is the sum, with the interest, that I took from you. You will find another thousand pounds, which I should be obliged to you to send to the F—— family in F——. Upon the receipt of this letter, my companions and myself will be on our way to Germany, where we wish, if possible, to take up our residence. I protest to you, that none of our pistols were loaded when we assaulted you, and none of our hangers were unsheathed. What I have done and said, will shield me, I hope, from being considered so obnoxious a member of society as my conduct at first might lead you to suppose. Accept the good wishes of an individual whose intentions were pure, though his conduct might be criminal."

The Earl had no sooner read the letter than he made inquiries for the clothier's family, and gave them the two thousand pounds which the Jew had sent.

THE VICAR'S TALE.

MR. EDITOR,

If you should esteem this little tale worth a place in your amusing publication, you will probably confer a favour on your readers and oblige your constant admirer. It was originally written by George Monk Berkeley, Esq deceased; and published at Oxford in the year 1780. It is now wholly out of print, and I send it you in order to preserve it from oblivion. W.

Being on a tour to the north, I was one evening arrested in my progress at the entrance of a small hamlet, by breaking the fore wheel of my phaeton. This accident rendering it impracticable for me to proceed to the next town, from which I was now sixteen miles distant, I directed my steps to a small cottage, at the door of which, in a woodbine arbor, sat a man of about sixty, who was solacing himself with a pipe In the front of his house was affixed a small board, which I conceived to contain an intimation, that travellers might there be accommodated. Addressing myself therefore to the old man, I requested his assistance, which he readily granted; but on my mentioning an intention of remaining at his house all night, he regretted that it was not in his power to receive me, and the more so as there was no inn in the village. It was not till now that I discovered my error concerning the board over the door, which contained a notification, that there was taught that useful art, of which, if we credit Mrs. Baddeley's Memoirs, a certain noble Lord was so grossly ignorant. In short, my friend proved to be the Schoolmaster, and probably secretary to the hamlet. Affairs were in this situation when the Vicar made his appearance. He was one of the most venerable figures I had ever seen; his time-silvered locks shaded his temples, whilst the lines of misfortune were, alas! but too visible in his countenance; time had softened but could not efface them. On seeing my broken equipage, he addressed me, and when he began to speak, his countenance was illumined by a smile.—"I presume, Sir," said he, "that the accident you have just experienced will render it impossible for you to proceed Should that be the case, you will be much distressed for lodgings, the place affording no accommodations for travellers, as my parishioners are neither willing nor able to support an alehouse; and as we have few travellers, we have little need of one; but if you will accept the best accommodation my cottage affords, it is much at your service." After expressing the sense I entertained of his goodness, I joyfully accepted so generale an offer. As we entered the hamlet, the sun was gilding with his departing beams the village spire, whilst a gentle breeze refreshed the weary hinds, who, seated beneath the venerable oaks that overshadowed their cottages, were reposing themselves after the labours of the day, and listening attentively to the tale of an old soldier, who, like myself, had wandered thus far, and was now distressed for a lodging He had been in several actions, in one of which he had lost a leg; and was now, like many other brave fellows,

——"Doom'd to beg
"His bitter bread thro' realms his valor sav'd."

My kind host invited me to join the crowd, and listen to his tale. With this request I readily complied. No sooner did we make our appearance, than I attracted the attention of every one. The appearance of a stranger in a hamlet, two hundred miles from the capital, is generally productive of surprise; and every one examines the new comer with the most attentive observation. So wholly did my arrival engross the villagers, that the veteran was obliged to defer the continuation of his narrative till their curiosity should be gratified Every one there took an opportunity of testifying the good will they bore my venerable host, by offering him a seat on the grass. The good man and myself were soon seated, and the brave veteran resumed his narrative in the following words:—"After," continued he, "I had been intoxicated, I was carried before a justice, who was intimate with the captain, at whose request he attested me before I had sufficiently recovered my senses to see the danger I was encountering. In the morning, when I came to myself, I found I was in custody of three or four soldiers, who, after telling me what had happened, in spite of all I could say, carried me to the next town, without permitting me to take leave of one of my neighbours. When they reached the town it was market-day, and I saw several of the people from our village, who were all sorry to hear what had happened, and endeavoured to procure my release, but in vain. After taking an affecting leave of my neighbours, I was marched to Portsmouth, and there, together with an hundred more, embarked for the coast of Africa. During the voyage most of our number died, or became so enfeebled by sickness as to make them unfit for service. This was owing partly to the climate,

partly to the want of water, and to confinement in the ship. When we reached the coast of Africa, we were landed, and experienced every possible cruelty from our officers. At length, however, a man of war arrived, who had lost several mariners in a late action; and I, with some others, was sent on board to serve in that station. Soon after we put to sea we fell in with a French man of war. In the action I lost my leg, and was near being thrown overboard; but the humanity of the chaplain preserved my life, and on my return to England procured my discharge. I applied for the Chelsea bounty; but it was refused me because I lost my limb when acting as a marine; and as I was not a regular marine, I was not entitled to any protection from the Admiralty; therefore I am reduced to live on the good will of those who pity my misfortunes. To be sure, mine is a hard lot; but the king does not know it, or (God bless his Majesty!) he is too good to let those starve who have fought his battles."

The village clock now striking eight, the worthy Vicar rose, and, slipping something into the old man's hand, desired me to follow him. At our departure, the villagers promised to take care of the old man. We returned the farewell civilities of the rustics, and directed our steps to the vicarage. It was small, with a thatched roof; the front was entirely covered with woodbine and honeysuckle, which strongly scented the circumambient air. A grove of ancient oaks, that surrounded the house, cast a solemn shade over, and preserved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midst of which ran a small brook that gently murmured as it flowed. This, together with the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the herds, the village murmurs, and the distant barkings of the trusty curs, who were now entering on their office as guardians of the hamlet, formed a concert, at least equal to that in Tottenham-court-road. On entering the wicket we were met by a little girl of six years old. Her dress was simple, but elegant; and her appearance such as spoke her destined for a higher sphere. As soon as she had informed her grandfather that supper was ready, she dropped a courtesy and retired. I delayed not a moment to congratulate the good old man on possessing so great a treasure. He replied but with a sigh; and we entered the house, where every thing was distinguished by an air of elegant simplicity that surprised me. On our entrance, he introduced me to his wife; a woman turned of forty, who still possessed great remains of beauty, and had much the appearance of a woman of fashion. She received me with easy politeness, and regretted that she had it not in her power to entertain me better. I requested her not to distress me with unnecessary apologies, and we sat down to supper. The little angel who welcomed us at the door, now seating herself opposite to me, offered me an opportunity of contemplating one of the finest faces I had ever beheld. My worthy host, observing how much I was struck with her appearance, directed my attention to a picture which hung over the mantle. It was a striking likeness of my little neighbour, only on a larger scale. "That, Sir," said he, "is Harriet's mother; do you not think there is a vast resemblance?" To this I assented; when the old man put up a prayer to Heaven, that she might resemble her mother in every thing but her unhappy fate. He then started another topic of conversation, without gratifying the curiosity he had excited concerning the fate of Harriet's mother; for whom I already felt myself much interested.

Supper being removed, after chatting some time, my worthy host conducted me to my bedchamber, which was on the ground floor, and lined with jasmine, that was conducted in at the windows. After wishing me good night, he retired, leaving me to rest. The beauty of the scenery, however, and my usual propensity to walk by moon-light, induced me to leave my fragrant cell. When I sallied forth, the moon was darting her temperated rays through the shade that surrounded the cottage, tipping the tops of the venerable oaks with silver. After taking a turn or two on the lawn, I wandered to the spot, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." It was small, and for the most part surrounded with yew-trees of an antient date, beneath whose solemn shade many generations had mouldered into dust. No sooner did I enter than my attention was caught by a pillar of white marble, placed on the summit of a small eminence, the base of which was surrounded with honeysuckles and woodbines, whilst a large willow overshadowed the pillar. As I was with attention perusing the epitaph, I was not a little alarmed by the approach of a figure cloathed in a long robe. The apparition continued advancing towards me with a slow step, and its eyes fixed on the ground, which prevented it observing me, till we were within reach of each other. Great was my wonder at recognizing my worthy host in this situation; nor was his astonishment less at finding his guest thus courting the appearance of goblins and fairies. After each had expressed the surprize he felt, I proceeded to enquire whose dust was there enshrined. He replied, "There, Sir, sleeps Harriet's mother, an innocent, but unfortunate woman. Pardon me, Sir," said he, "if for a moment I indulge my sorrow, and bedew my Harriet's grave with tears,—a tribute that I often pay her much loved memory, when the rest of the world are lost in sleep." Here he paused,

and seemed much agitated. At length he requested my permission to defer the recital of Harriet's woes till the next day, as he found himself unequal to the task of proceeding in the painful detail. To this proposal I readily acceded, and we returned home. I retired to my room, but every attempt to procure sleep proved ineffectual. Harriet had so wholly occupied my thoughts, that no moment of the night was suffered to pass unnoticed. At length, "when soared the warbling lark on high," left my couch, and rejoined my worthy landlord, who was busily employed in the arrangement of his garden. Though I declined mentioning the subject of our last night's adventure, yet he saw the marks of anxious expectation in my countenance, and proceeded to gratify the curiosity he had inspired.

"It will be necessary," said he, "before I proceed to relate the woes that befel my daughter, to give a short sketch of my own life. Twenty-six years ago, Mrs.—— came hither for the benefit of her health, the air being recommended as highly salubrious. On her arrival she gave out that she was the daughter of a clergyman who was lately dead, and had left her in narrow circumstances. I thought it my duty to visit her, and offer her any little attention in my power. She received me with politeness, and expressed a wish to cultivate my acquaintance. I continued to repeat my visits for some time without suspecting that there was any thing particular in her history, till one morning I found her in tears reading a letter she had just received. On my entrance she gave it to me: it contained a notification from Lord B——'s agent, that her usual remittances would no longer be continued. On opening this letter, I was led to suppose that her connection with Lord B—— was not of the most honourable nature. But all my suspicion vanished on her producing several letters from Lord B—— to her mother, with whom he had been long connected. From these letters I learnt that Mrs. —— was the daughter of Lord B—— by Miss M——, sister to a Scotch baronet, whom he had seduced and supported during the remainder of her life; but he had, it seems, determined to withdraw his protection from the fruit of their connection. Mrs. —— declared she knew not what step to take, as her finances were nearly exhausted. I endeavoured to comfort her, assuring her that she should command every assistance in my power. On hearing this she seemed a little satisfied, and became more composed. After sitting with her some time I returned home, to consider in what manner I might most easily afford protection to the young orphan, whose whole dependence was on my support. If I took her home to live with me, as I was unmarried, it would give offence to my parishioners. My income was too confined to admit of my affording her a separate establishment. Thus circumstanced, I determined to offer her my hand. You will no doubt say it was rather an imprudent step for a man who had seen his fortieth year to connect himself with youth and beauty; but as my brother was then living, it was impossible for me to render her the least assistance on any other plan. She received my proposal with grateful surprise, and accepted it without hesitation. In a few days we were married, and have now lived together six and twenty years in a state, the felicity of which has never been interrupted by those discordant jars which are so frequently the concomitants of matrimony; though, alas! our peace has received a mortal wound from one, the bare mention of whose name fills me with horror! But not to digress. Before the return of that day which saw me blessed with the hand of Emily, my happiness received an important addition, by the birth of a daughter, who inherited all her mother's charms. It is superfluous to add, that she was equally the idol of both her parents; and as she was the only fruit of our marriage, she became every day a greater favourite. My wife had received such an education as rendered her fully capable of accomplishing her daughter in a manner far superior to any thing her situation required, or perhaps could justify. To this agreeable employment, however, she devoted her whole time; and when Harriet had reached her eighteenth year, she was in every respect a highly accomplished woman. She was become what that picture represents her. With an amiable temper and gentle manners, she was the idol of the village. Hitherto she had experienced a state of felicity unknown to the more exalted stations of life—unconscious, alas! of the ills that awaited her future years.

"It is with reluctance I proceed in the melancholy narrative. One evening, as a young man, attended by a servant, was passing through the village, his horse startled and threw him. Happening to be on the spot at the time, I offered every assistance in my power, and conveying him to my cottage, dispatched his servant in quest of a surgeon, who declared our patient was not in any danger, but recommended it to him to delay his departure for a day or two. His health, however, or rather his love, did not admit of his travelling for near a fortnight; during which time he established his interest with Harriet by the most pleasing and unremitting attention to her slightest wishes.—When about to depart he requested leave to repeat his visit on his return from his intended tour, dropping at the same time some distant hints of his affection for Harriet, to whom he was by no means indifferent.

"Mr. H—— (for so our guest was named) informed us, previous to his departure, that he had a small independent fortune; but that from a distant relation he had considerable expectation. After bidding an affectionate adieu to Harriet, he set out on his intended tour, which lasted for a month.

"During the time of Mr. H——'s absence, Harriet appeared pensive, and I observed with pain that he had made no slight impression on her heart. At length Mr. H—— returned, and Harriet's reception of him left us no room to doubt her attachment. During his second visit he was very assiduous to secure the favour of all the family: with Harriet he easily succeeded; nor were Mrs T—— or myself disposed to dislike him. His manners were elegant, and his wit lively. At length he obtained from Harriet the promise of her hand, provided her parents should not object. Hitherto I had never been induced to make any enquiries concerning his circumstances and character. Now, however, by his own direction, I applied to a Mr. E——ns, a clergyman of his acquaintance. This gentleman, now in an exalted station in the church, then chaplain to Lord C——, informed me that Mr. H—— was in every respect a desirable match for my daughter; and that whenever his cousin should die, he would be enabled to maintain her in affluence and splendour: he added that his character was unexceptionable Little suspecting the villainous part Mr. E——ns was acting, I readily assented to the proposed union, and performed the ceremony myself. Mr. H—— requested that their marriage might be kept a secret till the birth of a son and heir. This proposal rather alarmed me, but it was too late to retreat; and knowing no one in the great world, it was impossible for me, previous to the marriage, to procure any account of Mr. H—— but such as his friend communicated to me. Thus circumstanced, I could only consent; and as Harriet readily adopted every proposal that came from one she so tenderly loved, the matter was finally agreed on. After staying a few days, he set off for London, but soon returned, and passed the whole winter with us; and in the spring Harriet was delivered of that little girl you so much admire. I now pressed him to acknowledge my daughter as his wife. To this he answered, that had she brought him a son, he would readily have complied with my request; but that his cousin was so great an oddity, that he could not bear the idea (to use his own expression) "of having his fortune lavished in a milliner's shop." 'But,' added he, if you insist upon it, I will now risk the loss of all his fortune, and introduce my Harriet to his presence.' Harriet, however, again interfered, and desired that Mr. H—— might not be forced into measures that might in the end prove destructive of his future prospect, and induce him to regret the day he ever saw her. These arguments prevailed, and Mr H—— was suffered to continue as a member of the family without any farther notice being taken of the subject. In this manner had three years elapsed undistinguished by any remarkable event, Mr. H—— generally passing half the year with us and the remainder in London, attending, as he said, on his cousin; when one day, as he was sitting with us at dinner, a chaise and four drove up to the house. The servants enquired for Mr. H——, and on hearing he was there, opened the carriage door. A gentleman, dressed like an officer, jumped out, followed by a lady in a travelling dress; they rushed immediately into the room. Their appearance amazed us; but Mr. H—— betrayed visible marks of consternation. The lady appeared to be about thirty. She was a woman by no means destitute of personal charms. The moment she entered the room she seized upon Harriet, and, loading her with every horrible epithet, proceeded to indulge her passion by striking her innocent rival. On seeing this, an old servant of mine seized the lady, and forcibly turned her out of the house, then fastened the door. It was not till now that we perceived the absence of Mr. H——, who had, it seems, retired with the lady's companion. Whilst we were still lost in amazement at the transaction we had just witnessed, we were alarmed to the highest pitch by the report of a pistol. Harriet instantly fainted. While Mrs. T—— was recovering her, I flew to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and there found Mr. H—— weltering in his blood, with a pistol lying by him. I approached, and found him still sensible. He informed me, that the lady's brother and he had fought, and that seeing him fall, they had both escaped as fast as possible. I instantly procured assistance, and conveyed him to the house, where he was put to bed, and a surgeon was sent for. In the mean time Harriet had several fits, and we were very apprehensive that the hour of her fate was approaching. On the arrival of the surgeon, he declared the wound Mr H—— had received would probably prove mortal, and recommended the arrangement of his affairs. Mr. H—— received the news with great agony, and desired that I might be left alone with him. No sooner was this request granted, than he addressed me in the following terms:—'In me, Sir, behold the most unfortunate, and, alas! the most guilty of men. The lady whose ill timed visit has lost me my life, is—I tremble to pronounce the word, —my wife.' Seeing me pale with horror, he proceeded. 'No wonder, Sir, that you should behold with horror one who has repaid unbounded

hospitality by unequalled villainy. The bare remembrance of my own guilt distracts me. The awful hour is now fast approaching, when I must receive my final doom from that heaven whose laws I have so daringly violated. To redress the injuries I have committed, is, alas! impossible. My death will be an atonement by no means sufficient. I cannot, however, leave this world till you shall be informed that ten thousand pounds, the whole of my property that is at my disposal, has long ago been transferred by me into the hands of trustees for the benefit of my much injured Harriet, and her unhappy infant. In my own defence I have nothing to urge. Suffer me only to remark, that my misfortune arose from the avarice of my father, who forced me into a marriage with the woman you lately saw, and whose brother has been the instrument in the hand of Providence to inflict on me the doom I so much merited. If possible, conceal from Harriet that I was married Picture, for her sake, an innocent deception, and tell her that I was only engaged to that lady. This will contribute to promote her repose, and the deception may possibly plead the merit of prolonging a life so dear to you; for the elevated mind of my Harriet would never survive the fatal discovery of my villainy. But oh! when my unhappy child shall ask the fate of him who gave her being, in pity draw a veil over that guilt which can scarcely hope to obtain the pardon of heaven.'—There he ceased, and uttering a short prayer, expired.

"Happily for Harriet, she continued in a state of insensibility for three days, during which time I had the body removed to a neighbouring house, there to wait for interment. Having addressed a letter to Mr. H——'s agent in town, he sent orders for the body to be removed to the family burying place, where it was accordingly interred. Harriet recovered by slow degrees from the state of happy insensibility into which the death of Mr. H—— had plunged her. Her grief became silent and settled. Groans and exclamations now gave way to sighs and the bitter tears of despond-ing grief. She seldom or never spoke, but would cry for hours together over her hapless infant, then call on the shadow of her departed Henry, little suspecting the irreparable injury he had done her. It was with infinite anxiety I beheld the decline of Harriet's health. Prone as we ever are to hope what we ardently desire, I now despaired of her recovery. Whilst in a state of hopeless inactivity, I was doomed to witness the lingering death of my lamented Harriet, I received a visit from an old friend. On his arrival I allotted him the apartment formerly inhabited by Mr. H—— and Harriet. About midnight he was awakened by some one entering the apartment. On removing the curtain he discovered, by the light of the moon, my adored Harriet in a white dress. Her eyes were open, but had a vacant look that plainly proved she was not awake. She advanced with a slow step; then seating herself at the foot of the bed, remained there an hour, weeping bitterly the whole time, but without uttering a word. My friend, fearful of the consequences, forbore to awake her, and she retired with the same deliberate step she had entered. This intelligence alarmed me excessively. On the next night she was watched, and the same scene was repeated, with this difference, that, after quitting the fatal apartment, she went to the room where her daughter usually slept; and laying herself down on the bed, wept over the child for some time, then returned to her apartment. The next morning we waited with anxiety for her appearance at breakfast; but, alas!"———Here a flood of tears afforded to my friend that relief which he so much needed; and we returned to the house.

After passing some days with this worthy couple, I proceeded on my tour, quitting with reluctance the abode of sorrow and resignation. Those whom the perusal of this tale may interest, will, if ever they visit the banks of the Alna, find that the author has copied his characters from nature. X.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

HASTY interment is still a prevalent custom in Russia; and even premature burials are said to be not quite unknown. A short time previous to my departure, the following horrid circumstance was related at St Petersburgh:—

A young nobleman, who had squandered away his fortune, found his sister, to whom he applied for assistance, not the least inclined to sacrifice her patrimony to his taste for dissipation. As he considered himself her heir, the wicked thought arose in his breast, to make himself master of her fortune. With this view he found means to give the unfortunate lady a sleeping draught. She was now considered as dead, and, with every appearance of the deepest sorrow her interment was resolved upon. The corpse was already placed before the altar, when one of her friends happening to pass the place, was informed

of her sudden death. She hurried to the church, where the priest was already pronouncing the blessing over the corpse; and, in order to impress the last farewell kiss on the lips of her late dearly beloved friend, she hastened to the coffin She seized her hand, and found it rather flaccid, but not stiff; she touched her cheek, and imagined she still felt some natural warmth in it. She insisted on stopping the ceremony, and trying whether her friend might not be recalled to life. But all was in vain; neither the brother nor the priest would listen to her solicitations: On the contrary, they ridiculed her as a person out of her mind Unfortunately, she no where found assistance. She immediately, in her anxiety, threw herself into her carriage, and hastened to the neighbouring seat of government. Here she found a hearing: proper persons accompanied her to investigate the affair; and she drove back with speed, but found her friend already covered with sacred earth. The interment had taken place the day before; and the inhuman brother had already obtained possession of her property, while priests and witnesses attested that the unfortunate person was actually dead. Among the Russians it is reckoned to be a heinous sin to dig up a corpse; and thus the desire of the generous friend for a long time experienced the most violent opposition to convince herself of the truth by ocular demonstration; till at last the Commission of Inquiry conceived some suspicion, and insisted on opening the grave; when the poor unfortunate lady was discovered to be suffocated, with her face lacerated, and the impression of her nails in the coffin-lid.—The brother and the priest were immediately taken into custody, and confessed their crime. The punishment they underwent I have not heard of.

SOPHRONIMOS; A GRECIAN TALE.

Sophronimos was born at Thebes: his father, of an ancient family of Corinth, had left the place of his nativity to establish himself in the capital of Bœotia. While his only son was yet a child he died, and his wife, not long surviving him, Sophronimos at the early age of twelve was left a portionless orphan.

Of the many things of which he stood in need, he had only regretted his parents; the poor child would daily weep at their tomb, and afterwards return to the dwelling of a priest of Minerva, whose charity prevented him from starving.

One day, when walking through the city, the unhappy Sophronimos had lost his way, he entered a work-shop belonging to the celebrated Praxiteles. Charmed at the sight of so many beautiful statues, he gazed, he admired, and seized with an involuntary transport, addressed Praxiteles with that innocent confidence which only belongs to infancy.

"Father," said he, "give me a chissel, and teach me to become a great man like yourself!" The sculptor looked at the lovely child, and was astonished at the animation which shone in his eyes; he embraced him tenderly —"Yes, I will be your master," replied he, "stay with me, and I trust that in time you will surpass me."

The youthful Sophronimos, his heart filled with gratitude and joy, had no desire of leaving Praxiteles, but soon felt the germ of talent which nature had implanted in his soul rapidly expanding, and at eighteen the master would not have blushed to own the works of his pupil.

Unhappily about this period Praxiteles died, leaving by his will a tolerably large sum to his favourite pupil. Sophronimos was inconsolable at his loss; he took a dislike to Thebes, quitted his country, and employed his benefactor's legacy in travelling through Greece.

As wherever he went he bore with him that desire of instruction, and admiration of the sublime and beautiful, which had inflamed his mind even in childhood, he daily gathered improvement, and each masterpiece he beheld added something to his store of knowledge. The wish of pleasing gave a polish to his mind and manners; his modesty increasing with his acquirements, and always reflecting on what he was deficient in. Sophronimos at twenty was the most skilful as well as the most amiable of men.

Having resolved to settle in a large city, he chose Miletus, a Grecian colony on the coast of Ionia, purchased a small house, as also some blocks of marble, and prepared to make statues for his subsistence.

Renown, which is oftentimes so tardy an attendant upon merit, was not so towards Sophronimos. His works were held in great estimation, and soon his talents were the general theme of conversation. The youthful Theban, without permitting himself to be intoxicated with the praise so profusely bestowed upon him, only redoubled his efforts to remain worthy of it. Alone, in his dwelling, he dedicated the whole of the day to labour, and in the evening, as a relaxation, amused himself in reading Homer;

this instructive pleasure elevated his soul, and furnished his genius with some new ideas for the work of the morrow. Satisfied with the past, and prepared for the future, he returned thanks to the gods, and retired to enjoy repose.

This tranquillity did not, however, last long; the only enemy that can rob virtue of peace, assailed our hero. Carite, the daughter of Aristos, chief magistrate of Miletus, came with her father to see the works of our youthful Theban.

Carite in beauty far surpassed the fairest maids of Ionia, and her mind was still lovelier than her face. Her father, Aristos, who possessed immense riches, had, since her birth, dedicated his whole time to her education; he had no difficulty in bending her mind towards virtue, and he lavished his treasures in order to give her every ornamental acquirement. Carite was sixteen, her wit was refined, her soul tender, her form enchanting, she thought like Plato, and sung like Orpheus.

Sophronimos on seing her felt a confusion, and emotions totally unknown. He bent his eyes on the ground, and never spoke so little to the purpose. Aristos, attributing his embarrassment to respect, endeavoured to re-assure him. "Shew us," said he "your finest statue; I hear your praise from every mouth,"—"Alas!" replied Sophronimos "I had had the temerity to form a Venus, with which I was till now satisfied; but I perceive that I must make it once more." While saying these words he uncovered his statue, and threw a timid glance towards Carite. She had perfectly understood his meaning, and appeared to be occupied with the Venus, while her thoughts were really engaged on the young sculptor.

Aristos, after having admired our hero's works, departed, promising that he would soon visit him again; Carite on leaving him gracefully bade him adieu, and poor Sophronimos now perceived, for the first time, that his house appeared extremely solitary.

That evening he could not read Homer as usual, his whole mind was filled with Carite. The next morning, instead of attending his labours, he traversed the whole city in the hope of seeing her again. He was successful, and from that instant no more peace, no more study; his statues remained unfinished, and Apollo, Diana, and Jupiter, were no longer thought of. His mind ever filled with Carite, he now passed his whole time in the circus and public walks in the hope of beholding her, and when unsuccessful, he revolved a thousand plans, and determined with the next dawn to put them in execution.

At length his perseverance, joined to his celebrity, gained him an introduction to Aristos' house. He was allowed to converse with Carite, and became still more enamoured; but how could he ever dare to reveal it? how could a sculptor, without fortune or friends, have any pretensions to the hand of the wealthiest damsel of that city? his delicacy,—all conspired to prohibit the disclosure of his sentiments. Carite was too rich for a poor youth to notice her beauty. Sophronimos knew all this, and that if he declared himself he was lost; but he must either comply with the irresistible impulse, or expire with grief. He wrote to Carite. This letter, couched in the tenderest, the most submissive, the most respectful terms, was confided to one of Aristos' slaves, to whom our hero gave all the little money he possessed to insure his secresy; but the treacherous confident, instead of giving it to Carite, carried it to her father.

The indignant Aristos, after having read it, for the first time, abused the authority his situation gave him; he accused Sophronimos in the council of crimes which the youth had never dreamed of, and caused him to be banished from the city.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Theban with trembling anxiety expected the slave, and instead of seeing him, received an order to quit Miletus. He entertained no doubt, but that Carite, offended at his presumption, had herself solicited this vengeance.—"I have deserved my fate," exclaimed he, "yet I do not repent—Oh, ye gods! grant her happiness, and wreak over my head all the woes which might trouble her repose." Such was the enthusiasm of his passion, that without murmuring at the injustice of his sentence, his heart filled with grief, he proceeded towards the harbour, and embarked in a vessel bound to Crete.

Aristos thought it advisable to conceal from his daughter the real cause of Sophronimos' banishment. She, however, entertained doubts not far from the truth. Carite had long since read in the young Theban's eyes all that his letter would have revealed; she shed tears to the remembrance of a man whose love for her had proved so fatal; but Carite was very young, and soon our hero was forgotten. Aristos, on his side, confident in the measures he had adopted, enjoyed tranquillity, and only occupied himself in seeking a suitable husband for his daughter, when an extraordinary event spread universal consternation throughout Miletus.

Some pirates from Lemnos, surprised a quarter of the city, and before the inhabitants could take up arms, these miscreants pillaged Venus' temple, and even carried away with them the statue of that goddess. This statute was considered as the paladium of Miletus, and the prosperity of the Milesians depended on its possession.

The people, much alarmed, immediately sent ambassadors to Delphos, to consult Apollo. The Oracle answered that Miletus would only be in safety when a new statue of Venus, as handsome as the Goddess herself, should have replaced the one they had lost.

The Milesians instantly published throughout Greece, that the fairest maid of Miletus, with four talents of gold, should be the recompence of the sculptor who would fulfil the Oracle's condition. Several celebrated artists arrived with their works, which were exposed in the public square; the magistrates and the people were well satisfied with many of them; but as soon as the statue was placed on the altar, a supernatural power threw it down. The Milesians now began to regret Sophronimos, and with tears entreated that he might be sought.

Aristos himself now thought it necessary to gain some information of the ship in which the unhappy banished youth had embarked. All his endeavours were fruitless, and at length he was obliged to send to Crete, where the messenger learned that the ship with all its crew had perished near the island of Naxos.

The Milesians, in despair, accused their magistrate of want of vigilance, to which cause they atributed the invasion of the pirates, and the loss of Sophronimos, whom they discovered he had unjustly banished. The people soon proceeded from murmuring to revolt; they surrounded his dwelling and entered it by force: Carite's tears, entreaties, and lamentations were of no avail, they could not save her father: Aristos was seized, loaded with irons, and dragged to a dungeon, where the people declared he should remain until the statue of Venus was replaced.

Carite, in a state bordering on distraction, wished to go to Athens, Corinth, or Thebes, to seek for an artist who would restore her father to freedom. She first took every means in her power to soften his confinement and left a confidential slave with him to administer to his wants. Somewhat tranquillized by these proceedings, she caused a ship to be fitted out for her, loaded it with treasures, and departed on her search.

The three first days of her navigation were very favourable; and it seemed as if the winds had taken her under their protection; but suddenly a tremendous storm arose, and the ship was violently assailed with contrary blasts, which forced the pilot to seek a refuge in an unknown creek. They had not long remained stationary when the storm ceased, the sun returned, and Carite invited by the beauty of the weather, went on shore to refresh herself for a few hours from the fatigue she had experienced at sea. On landing she seated herself on the turf, and soon a gentle slumber, made her for a moment insensible to her afflictions. She however soon awoke and perceiving that her slaves were still fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, determined not to disturb them, but ventured to walk alone on the sea shore, and having a wish of exploring a part of this uninhabited island proceeded onwards beyond the rocks that defended it from the intrusion of the waves.

Soon a delightful valley met her view, crossed by two small rivulets, and covered with fruit trees; struck with admiration, Carite stopped awhile to gaze on the beauty of the prospect. Nature was then clothed in the lovely garb of spring; all the trees were in bloom; their leaves were still dripping from the past storm, and the sun while warming them with its rays, seemed to cover their branches with drops of chrystal. The butterflies rejoicing at the returning beauty of the weather, began to wander from flower to flower, and legions of bees buzzed about, not yet daring to cull honey for fear of wetting their transparent wings. The nightingale and the linnet, recovered from their terror, made the air re-echo with their notes! while their tender mates, fluttered over the meadows in search of a blade of dried grass to form their new built nest.

Carite after having remained some moments gazing on this spectacle, descended into the valley, and crossing the meadow, descried a small hut surrounded with trees, the entrance of which was hidden from the view by an arbour: she approached, and listened to the murmuring of a stream which meandered at her feet; soon the notes of a lyre mingled with this pleasing sound; she lent an attentive ear to a voice that sang the following words to a plaintive air:

Sad is the memory of pleasures past;
It steals upon the soul, as on the ear,
The mournful voice of Winter's stormy blast,
When sleep in dust the beauties of the year.
Gay were the dreams of hope, they cheer'd awhile
My glowing fancy, my weak heart,
Fleet is the brightest ray of Cupid's smile,
But everlasting is his smart.

The voice had not concluded when Carite recognized through the trees the figure of Sophronimos, and instantly fainted. He had also perceived her, he flew and raised her in his arms, gazed on her, and could not credit his happiness; he bore her to the rivulet, and a few drops of water sprinkled on her lovely face soon restored her senses. "Are you Carite," exclaimed he, "or a divinity that has assumed her form?" "I am the daughter of Aristos," she mildly replied, "my father is in danger; you alone can save him." "Oh! speak," rejoined Sophronimos in a transport of joy, "say what I am to do, I will

gladly expose my life for his and your service."

Carite then related to him the manner in which he might be of essential service to her country, and rescue her father from impending danger, As she proceeded in her request, delight shone in the eyes of our hero. "Cease to fear," said he with dignity, "I have in that hut a statue which I think cannot fail to satisfy your goddess as well as your countrymen; it belongs to you, fair Carite, but I have a request to make, which is that you will not look at it until it is placed in the temple at Miletus."

Aristos' daughter readily consented; Sophronimos related to her how he had alone escaped from the wreck, and that the box containing his tools had been cast ashore by the waves. He had found in the island water, fruit and marble. Alone in the hut which he had himself erected, he had devoted his time to forming the masterpiece which was to deliver Aristos. "Come," added he, "and behold the asylum where I have long dwelt with no other companion than your image, which I constantly had before my eyes, and ever cherished in my heart."

Carite followed Sophronimos into his hut; every where she saw her name written; every where her initials were entwined with those of her lover. "Forgive me," said he, "if alone in this place, I dared to trace on the walls of thy dwelling the sentiments of my soul; here I entertained no fear of being banished. These words made the tender Carite's eyes fill with tears: she looked at Sophronimos, and almost pressed the hand which held her. "Ah!" said she "it was not I"——she did not conclude, but contemplated a statue which covered with a veil, stood on a sort of altar: "let us hasten," continued she "to join my slaves; that they may bear to the ship that master-piece which I am only to admire at Miletus; you will return with me; and whatever may be the event, we will no more part."

The overjoyed Sophronimos dared to raise Carite's hand to his lips, and did not meet with a repulse. They were proceeding towards the sea shore, when they were met by the slaves and sailors, who, alarmed at the absence of their mistress, had been seeking her for some time.

Carite ordered them to carry carefully the veiled statue on board their ship; she was obeyed; and Sophronimos bade adieu to his hut, but not without first returning thanks to the Sylvan deities who had protected him while in that asylum. He placed all his tools on the altar where the statue had stood, and consecrated them to Pan; then respectfully kissing the threshold of the door, "I shall return hither," he exclaimed, "to expire, if I am not permitted to live for Carite." After this farewell, they entered the ship, and steered towards Miletus.

Happily for Carite, who wished Sophronimos to have restored her father to liberty before she acknowledged her affection, their voyage was not tedious; or if it had proved longer, perhaps the sculptor might have been recompenced by her avowal, before he had by his actions deserved it. By the prudence of Carite, and the respect of Sophronimos, aided by prosperous gales, they arrived at Miletus without having broached the subject.

The name of our hero spread general joy throughout the city. The people, by whom he was beloved, assembled, and decided that the statue had no need of being examined previous to its experiencing the trial on the altar of Venus. All the inhabitants repaired to the temple, and as soon as it was crowded, Carite with faultering steps followed her lover who advanced bearing in his arms the statue covered with a veil. On his arrival he placed it on the altar, with a modest though confident air. The statue remained stationary. He uncovered it, and immediately all the spectators recognized the features of Carite. It was she, it was his beloved maiden whom the sculptor had chosen for the model of his Venus! The portrait of Carite was so indelibly engraven in his heart, that far from her, in his desart island, he had been able to dispense with the original; and in making the resemblance he had fulfilled the condition of the Oracle, who exacted a statue as handsome as Venus.

The goddess, satisfied and void of jealousy, accepted the offering, and manifested her approbation by the mouth of her high priest, and thus the oracle was accomplished. The people, uttering acclamations of joy, now surrounded Sophronimos, and entreated him to choose his recompence. "Restore Aristos to liberty," replied he, "and I shall consider myself amply repaid." All immediately fled to the prison of the old man; but Carite was desirous of being the first to break her father's chains. She embraced him, told him of her happiness, and blushing, bent her eyes on the ground whenever pronouncing the name of Sophronimos. Aristos, his breast filled with gratitude, asked for his liberator, threw himself into his arms, and while tears fell on his furrowed cheek, exclaimed: "My friend, I have been very guilty towards you, but Carite shall repair my crime" After having said these words, he joined the lovers hands amidst universal acclamations of joy; all appeared to share their happiness, while our hero and heroine returned to the temple, and swore to each other eternal fidelity at the foot of that statue, which so truly exemplified the beauty of Carite and the love of Sophronimos.

E.R.

ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF SWEDEN.

As Sweden possesses no work in her own language, which can be called statistical in the strictest acceptation of the word; as almost all foreigners who have written concerning this kingdom, such as Wraxall, Coxe, and Mrs. Wollstonecraft, have incurred the just reproach of being deficient in accuracy; as the memoirs of Canzler, though much to be commended on account of the ample information which they contain upon many subjects, are already out of date and defective in a variety of particulars; as, finally, the *Tableau general de la Suede*, by Catteau, leaves still a great deal to be wished; for these reasons we think we have a right to expect that the public will give a favourable reception to the following account of a country, that has always been deservedly in high esteem throughout all Europe, and which at the present moment engages the particular attention of the world. The Swedes have, indeed, a great number of topographical descriptions of their towns and of particular districts; the Swedish language abounds in detailed notices relative to agriculture, politics, and finance, in celebrated historians and geographers, such as Dalin, Lagerbring, Botin, Fant, Djurberg, and Tuneld, particularly distinguished for his geographical accuracy; but we do not hesitate to assert, that all these different works are nothing more than unconnected materials, the arrangement of which into an interesting statistical account, is reserved for some future writer of judgment; and it is a matter of surprise, that in a nation, so celebrated for patriotism, and in which the love of literature has struck such deep root, no writer has yet undertaken a task at once so useful and laudable. Whilst we wait in expectation of seeing this subject elaborated by a more able pen, we shall in the mean time endeavour in some measure to supply the deficiency, by a selection of various details relative to this important country, extracted from the new edition of Tuze's statistical work, with the commentary of professor Heinze.

The vast country of Sweden, which appears on the map of Europe in a kind of semicircular figure, extends from 55° to 70° N. lat. and from 28° to 48° E. long. To the east, it is bounded by that part of Finland which at present is subject to the empire of Russia; to the west, it borders on Norway, throughout a long extent of boundary; to the north it likewise borders on Norway, and on Norwegian and Russian Lapland; and to the south it is bounded by the Baltic, forming within the recess of its coast the gulph of Finland, which divides it from Livonia: an immense territory, containing about 216,000 square geographical miles. The face of the country is diversified with a great number of high mountains, extensive lakes, and considerable rivers.

Whether its proximity to two large capitals be an advantage or a disadvantage to Sweden, may be questioned. Its small distance from Copenhagen and Petersburg affords it, in time of peace, a ready market for its manufactures and the produce of the country, and in time of war enables it to threaten these cities with a sudden and powerful attack. On the other hand, the natural effect of this dangerous vicinity has been to inspire the two neighbouring powers with the project of extending their boundaries at the expence of Sweden.

In the southermost provinces the air is in general sufficiently temperate; in the others the heat during the summer is excessive, on account of the great length of the days and the reflection of the rays of the sun from the mountains; and during the winter the cold is dry, intense, and rarely interrupted by thaws. Frequent winds purify the atmosphere, the salubrity of which, together with the robust constitutions of the inhabitants, renders instances of extreme longevity common amongst them. If the duration of the winter could be determined with any degree of precision in a country of such vast extent, we might say that it commences about the middle of October, and ends about the middle of May. It has been remarked, that near Helsingfors, in Finland, coaches were used instead of sledges on the Christmas eve of one year, whilst on the 3d of October of another, they had already frost and snow. The first day of May is generally considered as the commencement of spring, and is kept as a kind of festival and rejoicing day amongst the inhabitants, who on this day endeavour to indemnify themselves, by feasting and amusements, for the uncomfortable manner in which they have been obliged to pass their time during the preceding tedious and dreary season. At Stockholm and Stelingfors, tulips are always in bloom at Whitsuntide; in other parts, where the thick forests intercept the rays of the sun, patches of snow are still found in the middle of June.

It is remarkable, that of late years the spring has been scarcely distinguishable in the north of

Europe; it has appeared to be hardly any thing more than a prolongation of the season which it ought to banish. Those who are not acquainted with the northern climates, will scarcely be able to conceive the regret which this change has occasioned. They can form no idea of the voluptuous and vivifying influence of the first fine days of the spring in these climates. An universal metamorphosis takes place; new life and rejuvenescence seem to pervade all nature, animate and inanimate. Whilst, in more southerly latitudes, the plants spring up imperceptibly, and the buds expand by slow degrees, producing in the mind only gently pleasing sensations; here one imagines one sees the roots extend themselves, every leaf unfold itself, and with an admiration that fills the soul with extacy, follows the whole rapid progress of vegetation. The longer and the more profound the sleep of winter has been, the more brilliant appears this resuscitation of nature, and the more powerfully it exerts its influence upon all beings.

Beyond Gefle and Boerneburg, fruit-trees are rarely to be met with; in the rest of Sweden peaches and grapes are with difficulty brought to maturity, and figs can never be made to ripen, unless they have been kept during the winter in a hot-house.

The soil produces all that is requisite for the wants, and even the luxuries of life; it were however to be wished that the inhabitants knew better how to content themselves with the produce of their own country, and to dispense with superfluities imported from abroad, which can only tend to impoverish them, if they become too much habituated to their use. Their horses and oxen are small; the pasturage in the southern provinces, and even in Finland, is however so rich, that their cattle form an article of exportation. The small size of the horses is attributed to the peasants employing them in labour too young, and loading them with burdens disproportionate to their strength, as also to their often galloping with them up acclivities, which in so mountainous a country are very frequent and steep. Their swiftness is such, that it is common for the post-coaches to travel at the rate of a Swedish mile (equal to two French leagues), or more, in an hour, even when the carriage is loaded with a considerable quantity of luggage. During the course of the last fifty years, the breed of sheep has been much improved by means of those imported from Spain and England. Sweden, nevertheless, imports annually a large quantity of foreign wool. Game is very abundant, especially wild fowl, such as wood-cocks, pheasants, &c. which are killed in the forests of the northern provinces, and conveyed during the winter upon sledges to Stockholm and the southern parts of the kingdom, where they are less abundant. The elk, an animal of extraordinary swiftness, and which it is almost impossible to tame, is common in this country, as are also bears and wolves, two species of animals that possess far less courage than is usually imagined; the latter may be kept from approaching men by kindling a small fire, or even by a lighted torch, which travellers fix to the hind part of the sledge. The sea, the rivers, and the lakes abound with such a quantity of fish, that, besides the home consumption, they furnish a very important branch of commerce. The most considerable article of this kind are the herrings, the fishery of which amounts, at an average, to 200,000 tons per annum, and yields, besides the great exportation to foreign countries, a vast quantity of oil. The fish called by the inhabitants strommingar, is taken annually to the amount of 200,000 tons. Attempts have been made to introduce the cultivation of the silk-worm; but they have hitherto not been productive of any material advantage to the country. The attempts that have been made for naturalising the rhubarb-plant have scarcely been more successful. Were it not for the numerous forests with which this land is overshadowed, the produce of the mines would not be very lucrative; nevertheless, the inhabitants are not sufficiently careful to spare their woods, so that the want of timber begins to be felt in many places, and has excited the attention of the government, which has lately adopted various measures in order to induce the inhabitants to plant trees, &c. Turf also begins to be more employed as fuel than formerly, and fortunately it is here very plentiful, and of excellent quality. Some beds of pit coal have likewise been discovered, particularly in Scania, and furnish a new resource to the country. In a land where in many parts the habitations are far distant from each other, and the woods very frequent, it often happens, during the summer, that the peasants are obliged to pass the night in the open air, in woods near to the road In such cases, they kindle a large fire of the branches of trees, round which they lie down to sleep, and frequently neglect to extinguish it before they proceed on their journey in the morning. Hence arise those terrible conflagrations, by which, in some instances, all the branches of whole forests have been consumed; for the trunks of the trees are not attacked by the flames. This practice is very common amongst the peasants, who go into the woods in the spring to catch birds; for these, having often to separate themselves to a great distance from each other, fix upon a place of rendezvous, where they kindle a large fire in the evening, near the places where they know the birds to have their haunts and to build their nests, that they may not have far to go in

order to catch them before sun-rise; and after having slept a couple of hours at their fire, they leave it in the morning, either to burn out of itself, or to communicate to the rest of the forest. The only means of stopping the progress of such a conflagration, is to dig a broad ditch round the place where the forest is in flames, in order to prevent their communicating to the other trees, and to suffer those that are already on fire to burn out. The building of ships, and particularly of small vessels, is carried on with the greatest activity, and large quantities of planks and other requisites for naval architecture are exported.

The cultivation of grain is pretty considerable in Scania, East Gothland, Smaland, Sudermania, Upland, and Finland; but the produce of the harvest is not near sufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants; particularly as the season is seldom favourable enough to ensure a good crop, and as the expenditure of grain in the distilleries is immense. The importation of grain alone from foreign countries costs Sweden annually upwards of a million of dollars. The cultivation of tobacco has succeeded very well throughout the whole country; it grows in the greatest abundance in the neighbourhood of Stockholm and Abo; and perhaps Sweden, at the present moment, does not require any importation of this article from abroad, except in order to have it of a quality superior to that of its own growth. Many orchards of fruit trees have of late been planted, which proves that the country does not as yet abound in fruits; and in fact, horticulture is too much neglected by the peasants. It is rather singular that the best cultivated lands are not to be found near the principal roads, which is, undoubtedly, in part owing to the circumstance, that the ancient inhabitants, whilst exposed to the incursions of the Tartars or Bohemians, thought it prudent to conceal their best pasturages and most cultivated plantations, by choosing the situations behind high mountains, and a considerable distance from the public roads, where they are found at the present day.

If the vegetable kingdom be rather barren in this country, the same cannot be said of the mineral. At Adelfors in Smaland, is a gold mine that has been opened since the year 1738, but which scarcely defrays the expence of working it. Another mine of gold is in the province of Westmania. The most ancient and productive silver mine is that of Sala; it yields annually about 2000 marks of silver, if the accuracy of the returns can be relied upon. The other silver mines are scarcely worth mentioning; but one of the principal sources of wealth to this country consists in its mines of copper, which are not inferior in quality to that of Japan. The most important of these copper-mines is that of Falun, which however has yielded less ore of late years than formerly. The mine of Otvidaberg, in East Gothland, is the second in importance. The iron mines are still more productive and numerous. These are found in all the provinces of the kingdom; the most lucrative are those in Westmania, Wermeland, and Upland, amongst which that of Dannemora and the foundery of Laefsta are particularly to be noticed. The export of this article alone produces to the country a revenue of more than two millions of dollars. Amongst the valuable stones of Sweden, the porphyry, which is of the most superb quality, is the most remarkable. Various kinds of marble are also common; but in general they are inferior to those of Italy. The water of the sea furnishes the kingdom with a quantity of salt, but not sufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants; besides it is unfit for salting provisions, particularly herrings. A great number of mines of sulphur are also found here, and several mineral springs.

The kingdom is divided into five principal divisions, namely, Sweden proper, Gothland, Nordland, Lapland, and Finland; comprehending in all twenty-eight governments. These are reckoned to contain not more more than 105 towns, most of which are very small and thinly inhabited; which affords a presumption that the citizens, who have enriched themselves by commerce, leave the towns to purchase landed possessions. There are very few towns in the northern provinces, and in some governments not a single one.

Sweden possesses in the north of Germany, anterior Pomerania, as far as the river Pene, with the island of Rügen, the town of Weimar, and the bailiwick of Neucloster, situated in the dutchy of Mecklenburg. By that part of Pomerania that extends along the coast of the Baltic, the Swedish territories border on those of Mecklenburg and Prussia. Swedish Pomerania, together with the island of Rugen, form a territory of 1120 square miles in extent, with a population of from 100,000 to 110,000 souls. The climate is tolerably temperate, and the soil in general fertile. It produces all kinds of grain in abundance, and plenty of cattle; the geese of this country are remarkable for their uncommon size. The sea, as well as the rivers and lakes, are plentifully stocked with fish, and a considerable quantity of amber is found on the coasts. This dutchy contains many trading towns, which export merchandize to a very considerable amount; the revenue of the crown is stated to be upwards of 20,000 dollars.

The King of Sweden, in his quality as Duke of Pomerania, has a vote at the Diet of Ratis-

bon. The states of the country consist partly of the nobles who possess fiefs, and partly of the deputies of the towns. The governor, who is nominated by the King, and resides at Stralsund, presides over the regency. The university established at Greifswald has a valuable library, and several of its professors deservedly enjoy a high reputation in the literary world. The number of students is nearly one hundred. The principal causes of the university not being more frequented are, undoubtedly, its vicinity to other more celebrated universities, and its distance from the centre of Germany. It has, however, several Swedish students, and one of the professors is a native of that country.

Sweden has only one colony; namely, the Island of St. Bartholomew, one of the Antilles.

ON COMETS.

A COMET, vulgarly called a blazing star, on account of its appearance, is a very extraordinary sight; for though the number of them be great, yet, on account of the long period of their revolution, they but very seldom appear They are supposed to consist of a very compact and durable substance, capable of the greatest degree of heat and cold without being subject to dissolution, and, like the planets, shining only by reflexion.

By the ancients, Comets were considered as vapours, or meteors; and of this opinion was Aristotle, the celebrated Greek philosopher.—These phenomena were therefore treated with neglect, until the time of Seneca, who observed two very remarkable ones, which he scrupled not to place amongst the celestial bodies, though he owns their motions to be governed by laws not then known.

Dr. Halley declares, that notwithstanding all his researches into the histories of Comets, he found nothing satisfactory; until a Constantinopolitan historian and astronomer, in the year A. D. 1337, pretty accurately described the paths of a Comet amongst the fixed stars. The next Comet which appeared, was in the year 1472, and was observed by Regiomantanus; it was the swiftest of any that have hitherto appeared, and the nearest to the earth. This Comet, so dreaded on account of the magnitude of its body and tail, moved at the rate of forty degrees of a great circle in the heavens, in the space of one day, and was the first of which we have any proper observations. In the year 1577, a remarkable Comet visited this earth, to the study of which Tycho Brahe sedulously applied himself. This great astronomer, after many faithful observations, found that it had no perceptible diurnal parallax; and consequently could not be an aërial vapour. Tycho was succeeded by the sagacious Kepler, who discovered the true physical system of this world.

At length came the prodigious Comet of 1680, which descending almost perpendicularly towards the sun, arose from him again with equal velocity, and was seen for four months together. Not long after, the illustrious Newton demonstrated not only what Kepler had found did necessarily obtain in the planetary system, but also that Comets observe the same law, moving in very long eclipses round the sun, and describing equal areas in equal times.

The revolutions of only two Comets (or the number of years necessary for performing a journey round the sun) are known with any certainty. The one is that which appeared in the years 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, and 1759, and is ascertained to move round the sun in seventy-six years; it will therefore make its appearance in 1835. The other is the Comet seen in 1680, in 1106, in 531, and soon after the death of Julius Cæsar, about forty-four years before Christ. It is mentioned by many historians of those times, and by Pliny in his Natural History, where Augustus Cæsar says concerning it,—"In the very days of our games, a hairy star (Sydus Crinitum) was seen for seven days in that part of the heavens which is under the Septentriones; it arose about the eleventh hour of the day, and was clearly to be seen all over the world." The period of this Comet is therefore ascertained, to be about five hundred and seventy-five years.—Its next appearance will be in the year 2255.

The number of Comets belonging to our system is unknown, but it has been ascertained, that more than four hundred and fifty have been seen, but the number whose orbits are settled with sufficient accuracy for us to ascertain their identity on their re-appearance, is only about fifty-nine. The orbits of most of these are inclined to the plane of the ecliptic in large angles, and in their perihelion they come much nearer the sun than the earth does. Their motions in the heavens are also different from those of the

planets. When a Comet arrives within a certain distance of the sun, it emits a prodigious fume or vapour, called its tail. These tails seem largest and most splendid immediately after they return from the sun, because, being then hottest, they emit the greatest quantity of vapours, and are always opposite those parts which the body of the Comet leaves in its descent, which is agreeable to the nature of smoke and vapour. They also appear broader on their upper part than near the head of the Comet; like all vapours, the higher they rise the more they dilate themselves. The tails of Comets are extremely long, some of them having been computed to be not less than eighty millions of miles in length, and the tail of the Comet, which is now visible, is computed to be three hundred thousand miles long. The celebrated Comet of the year 1680 came so near the sun, that it was not a sixth part of the sun's diameter distant from its surface; and therefore its heat must then be two thousand times hotter than red hot iron. And from thence it took its course from the sun to the distance of above eleven thousand millions of miles, which is at least fourteen times farther than the orbit of Saturn. . . . . .

At their first appearance, Comets are computed to be as near to us as Jupiter, and therefore considered to be less than that planet: the present one, (which has passed its perihelium) is supposed to be eight times larger than our globe, and to move with the amazing velocity of sixteen thousand miles a minute. The conjecture respecting Comets are various. The ancients believed they were harbingers of divine vengeance:—thus Homer—

"A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
"Or trembling sailors on the wat'ry main."

Some of the moderns, particularly Sir Isaac Newton, are of opinion, that they are ordained by Providence to supply the sun at stated periods, with matter peculiar to its nature; and to make up the deficiency which must arise from the continual emission of the particles of light.—These, however, are mere hypotheses. The same also may be said of every thing that can be advanced concerning their being inhabited worlds, for if animals can exist there, they must be creatures very far different from any of which we have the least conception. Some who have indulged themselves in visionary ideas, think they are appointed as the place of torment for the damned; that each Comet is, properly and literally speaking, a hell, from the intolerable and inconceivable heat and cold which alternately takes place in these bodies.

It is supposed by some, that Comets are the means appointed by the Almighty for the destruction of this world, and all the planetary system, by involving the globe of the planets in their atmosphere of water, in their return from the cold regions. Amongst those who have written upon this subject are, Mr. Whiston and the learned Dr. Halley. The former is of opinion, that this world will be destroyed by a general conflagration, occasioned by our globe being involved in the tail of some Comet, after it has been prodigiously heated in its passage from the sun. The latter declares, that it is possible for a Comet to produce some change in the situation and species of the earth's orbit, and in the length of the year, and says, "But may the great God avert a shock or contact of such great bodies, moving with such force, (which however is manifestly by no means impossible,) lest this most beautiful order of things be entirely destroyed, and reduced into its ancient chaos." Indeed, it has been shewn that the Comet of 1680, November 11th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, was at so small a distance from the earth's orbit, that had the earth been near that part of its orbit, God only knows what the consequence might have been! If then a Comet should encounter the earth at its return from the sun, it would undoubtedly consume the earth and all its inhabitants, as so many moths; it might convert the matter of the present earth into a different kind of substance, and render it an habitation fit for beings of a quite different nature from ours.

Yet some circumstances render it very improbable that such an event should happen at all, with regard to the definite time, though it is possible in nature, for the planes of all the Comets' orbits are raised above those of the planets, so that there is but one particular place in the orbit of a Comet where its tail can pass over the orbits of the planets; and it is so many chances to one, that a planet happen to be in that part of its orbit at that particular time. But should any of the Comets approach so near us as to be more attracted by the earth than the sun, we might indeed, by that means, acquire another moon, which would be a change to our advantage, rather than a subject of terror and dismay.

Dr. Halley is of opinion, that the great Comet of 1680, appeared near the time of the general deluge, and that it probably was the occasion of that catastrophe, which he therefore believes the Almighty caused to happen by a natural cause. If a Comet passed near the earth it might undoubtedly raise a very strong tide, the effects of which would be, that it would lay all places under water; and drown the inhabitants so far as it reached. For if so small a body as the moon, at the distance of sixty of the earth's semi-diameters, be able to raise a strong tide of twelve or fifteen feet in height; a Comet as big as the

earth, and coming very near it, would raise a prodigious tide, capable of overflowing all that part of the earth which was nearest to the Comet

But it may be said, this could not drown all places at once, for at the quadratures there would be as great an ebb? But it may be answered, that by the earth's rotation, it would pass over all the countries of the world successively, and therefore in the space of twenty four hours, the whole earth would be involved in water, and all animals as effectually destroyed as if the water had stood one hundred and fifty days upon the earth, which is the time mentioned by scripture; the natural effect of this would be, that by such a prodigious and rapid motion of this vast body of water round the earth in twenty-four hours, all trees must be torn up by the roots, and carried along with the current; all buildings demolished, the rocks, hills, and mountains, dashed in pieces and torn away; all the product of the sea, fishes, shells, teeth, bones, &c. carried along with the flood, thrown upon the earth, or even to the tops of mountains, promiscuously with other bodies; hardly any thing could be found strong enough to withstand its force. The like vast tide would also be raised in the atmosphere, attended with the most violent commotion of the whole body of air, the consequence whereof would be continual rain. In such a case as this it would be impossible for any ark to live at sea, or the strongest man of war that ever was built.

Those, therefore, who suppose the water to be over all the face of the earth at once, must attribute it to a supernatural cause, and not to a Comet, for it is impossible for a natural cause to produce such an effect. It is also necessary, that this flood of waters should be perfectly free from all storms and tempests, for if Noah's ark came to be tossed about in a raging sea, from its structure and magnitude it must inevitably perish, with all its cargo of animals; and if this was granted, it would still be equally difficult to account for another phenomenon, that is, how shells and marine bodies, should be thrown upon the land, or even to the tops of mountains, by such a still water, and many of them buried deep in the earth; this effect is not at all reconcilable with such a supposition. Therefore, it does not appear that both these hypotheses can be true—for the calm sea, necessary for preserving the ark, could move none of the shells; and the rough sea, necessary for transporting the shells, would destroy the ark. The reconciling these things is not easy, but we believe it would be a very difficult affair, to make out how such a great concourse of water should be so very quiet and still, so clear of winds, storms, and tempests, as is here required. Hence we conclude, that the ark and its contents were miraculously preserved from destruction by the power of Omnipotence.

SKETCH OF THE CITY OF COPENHAGEN,

AND OF THE MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS.

The capital of the Danish monarchy contains within it every thing that we elsewhere find scattered through several cities: it has therefore been compared to a giant's head on the shoulders of a dwarf; to which may be added, that it appears to regard with indifference, and perhaps even with a kind of pride, the state of languor which afflicts the other parts of the body.

This city, which is of the third order, and situated on the shore of the Baltic, is 25,200 feet in circuit, within which space are contained more than 80,000 inhabitants; that is to say, the twenty-third part of the population of the state. Here the court and the government reside; here is the principal fortress of the country; the whole fleet, and the marine arsenals; the only university in Denmark and Norway; the bank; the seat of the sovereign tribunal; the principal academies; the only good theatre in Denmark; a superb library; a veterinary school; a school for cadets in the sea and land service; a museum, containing a variety of rare and curious objects; a number of superb edifices, statues, and monuments of every kind.

If Copenhagen is little known to foreigners, if its manners, customs, and amusements, have not yet sufficiently excited their curiosity to merit a particular description, this is not a subject of reproach to a nation, which is little desirous of acting a brilliant part above its strength. It possesses in its own language, as well as in German, several descriptions of the capital; and a topography of Copenhagen, equally learned and accurate, has lately been published by Mr. Professor Nyerup; while a portraiture of the manners of the times daily appears under the title of the Danish Spectator. It is from these authorities principally, as well as from our own private knowledge, that the present sketch is compiled.

It is on the side next the sea that this city presents itself in all its magnificence. It is perceived at the distance of several miles. When we ar-

rive by the passage of the Sound, nothing in the north can equal the prospect presented by the channel which leads to it, and which has Denmark on the right, Sweden on the left, and the capital almost in front. The gothic towers with which it abounds, and which from a distance have a most majestic appearance, and perhaps more attractive than the modern cupolas, engage and fix the attention of travellers by the height of their spires, as well as by the diversity of the brilliant ornaments with which they are decorated. We have perpetually before our eyes, on the coast of Denmark, a continued succession of rich plains, vast forests, meadows, superb mansions, neat villas, and pleasant gardens adorned with all the ornaments of art; while the Swedish shore presents corn-lands, pastures, a mountainous and picturesque coast, and at length the Isle of Hoeen, so celebrated for the observatory of Tycho Brahe. We leave behind us two towns of two different kingdoms, Helsingoen (or Elsineur), with the famous fortress of Cronenburg and Helsingburg, which appear to unite as the navigator proceeds. He seems to sail in the midst of a lake, but soon he discovers the sea, and distinguishes the whole extent of the plain of Copenhagen, its ports filled with vessels, and its environs more fertile in appearance than they are in reality, because the different monuments of art give them too great a relief.

Three objects especially (the late conflagrations having destroyed the others) attract the attention of the distant spectator. The first is the tower of the church of St Saviour, which is ascended by a circular staircase on the outside, ornamented with a handsome balustrade of latten brass; the second, the astonishing height of the steeple of the church of our Lady; and the third, the singular form of the observatory, which perfectly resembles a colossal column.

When we arrive by land on the side of Roschild, we view the reverse of the medal. It is not possible to discover distinctly the city, which, with all its avenues, is hid by a hill, when we are only at the distance of a league and a half, though the tops of the towers had been already perceived at the distance of ten or twelve leagues. Were it not for the goodness of the road, which permits the horses to travel with expedition, it would here certainly be very irksome, as the object of our journey seems to remove from us in proportion as we advance. At length, however, we come suddenly, as it were, upon the city, the sight of which then makes a very forcible impression.

The entrance of London, Paris, Vienna, and many other great cities, promises but little; but here as soon as we have passed the first barrier, we perceive by a certain air of elegance, order, and good taste, that we are entering the capital; and though our surprise is not immediately excited by magnificent buildings, as in the Piazza del Popolo, at Rome, the pleasure we feel increases as we advance, and especially when we approach the New Town, situated at the other extremity, and composed of magnificent palaces; and Frederick Square, which is unique in its kind, from the perfect symmetry of the four palaces that form it, inclosing the beautiful statue placed in the centre, and separated by four broad streets, running in the direction of the four cardinal points.

The foreigner who has conceived but a moderate or mean idea of this metropolis, must be extremely surprised when arriving by sea, he first traverses the New Town, which is such in its kind, that it may be said to have no model. He finds broad straight streets, well paved with footways, kept in excellent condition; handsome edifices on each side, and every where the signs of wealth and magnificence; numerous equipages, elegant liveries, a number of servants, &c. but few foot-passengers, and no crowd or stoppage in this quarter, which seems the asylum of careless ease, without any of that bustle which is usually produced by the vicinity of the court and the custom-house. In short, it resembles in this quietness a square at the west end of London, which appears dull and solitary, compared with Cheapside and other streets in the heart of the city.

There are few cities which contain within them so many agreeable walks as Copenhagen. The rampart, and the boulevard which runs at the foot of it, are in several places planted with handsome trees. These surround the city, and present a prospect equally pleasing and varied. But the King's garden is much to be preferred from the regularity and elegance with which it is laid out, its fountains, statues, &c. Entrance to it is permitted at all hours, and the public find there a recreation beneficial to health.

But this is not the country of frivolous amusements. We find here no booths filled with performers of tricks of strength or dexterity, or exhibitors of wild beasts; no jugglers playing cups and balls, no players on hand-organs, or itinerant musicians. We may sometimes hear a fiddle scraped to assist the mirth of some servant maids and artizans; but the common people in general dance but little, or not at all. They have too much phlegm, or too little money to sacrifice to their pleasures. Their amusements seem all reserved for the festival of St. John, when they go to make merry in the Park, at the distance of two or three leagues from the city, whither flock, as the poet says of the Italian courts,

Donne e donzelle, e brute e belle.

"Women and maidens, homely and handsome."

In winter, the fashionable world assembles at the theatre, at concerts, balls, and clubs. In the summer the theatre is not open, nor are there either concerts or balls, and the city, which is never either very gay or very brilliant, becomes then a dreary solitude to the foreigner who arrives from Paris, or even from Hamburgh, which might indeed be expected, as all persons of fortune are then in the country.

The court, though not mean, is distinguished by a spirit of economy suitable to the moderate resources of the state, and displays no more luxurious splendour than is necessary to the support of its dignity, according to the rank it holds among the European powers.

The numerous clubs, which are not political societies, are frequented by the men as much in summer as in winter; some even have gardens without the city. In these clubs they read the news, make parties at play, converse, &c. Ladies are from time to time admitted, and concerts, balls, and entertainments given. These are an invaluable resource to strangers, who find it very easy to introduce themselves into one or more of these circles, where they find a select society, and the opportunity of making advantageous acquaintances. The entrance may be termed gratuitous to them during several months, as they only pay what they think proper to expend.

It may excite surprise, that the inhabitants of a city intersected with canals situated on the sea, possessing so fine a marine, and having so great a number of pleasant walks and handsome villas on its coasts, should very rarely make parties of pleasure on the water, and seem to have so little taste for this kind of amusement. But Copenhagen, in this respect, resembles several other cities, which despise an advantage with which their situation furnishes them, and which would save them a great expence in carriages. Even the establisment of sea-baths is not of an earlier date than about ten years since.

Though the dress-doll of Paris no longer makes the tour of the North, the fashions of Copenhagen are regulated by the modes of that city, as also by those of London and Berlin. Of these the German journals, embellished with engravings, are the conveyers. The Danish ladies appear half naked as soon as the Parisian *belles* think proper to disembarrass themselves of what they term the superfluity of dress, and again resume their garments as soon as the latter admit the necessity of keeping themselves somewhat warmer. Decency, however, if not rigidly, is at least very generally respected. We find here some courtezans who are rather licentious, a small number of kept women, who are known without being much noticed, and perhaps a dozen women of gallantry. But this is little in a capital which is the residence of a splendid and wealthy court, where there is a numerous body of the military, a great concourse of foreigners, and which is besides a considerable sea-port.

Though the dress of the men has every where within these few years undergone a kind of metamorphosis, it has preserved here more traces of the ancient elegance than in most other great cities.

The police of Copenhagen is admirable both from the vigilance of its magistrates, and the prudence of its regulations. For its institution the city is in a great measure indebted to the influence of the famous Count Struensee, who, notwithstanding many defects, and even crimes, had the good sense to perceive all the importance of this part of the administration, and the courage to effect the changes necessary to bring it to perfection. It was requisite to rouse in some manner a nation lulled to sleep in the happy enjoyment of a long and profound peace, and which had been governed by two sovereigns, one of whom was certainly too much occupied by the interests of the church; and the other, from an effect of the goodness of his character (he was surnamed the affable *le debonnaire*) was perhaps too fearful of innovations.

The pavement is good, and kept in excellent condition; there are almost every where commodious foot-ways. The streets have their names written legibly at each corner; but they are badly lighted. All the houses are distinguished by conspicuous numbers. There are few signs to obstruct the view, or endanger the safety of passengers. Within the last twelve months a paper has been published weekly, which might serve as a model for all the great cities in Europe. It is called the Friend of the Police, (*l'Ami de la Police.*)

Copenhagen, till the year 1794, boasted one of the finest castles in Europe; it was, perhaps, after that of Caserta, the richest and most magnificent palace erected in modern times. This sumptuous edifice, which had already braved the attacks of half a century, became the prey of a conflagration, and was destroyed in a single night. Its mournful ruins are now visited by the curious, in the same manner as they go to admire those of the Colosseum at Rome: they are precious and sacred remains in the eyes of the artist, and even of the philosopher, who beholds in them the futility of human grandeur and human labours.

The spacious *Hall of the Knights*, in this castle, was astonishingly magnificent. Taste and the arts were exhausted in its decoration.

If the Dane of distinction and opulence regrets the only monument which he could oppose with advantage to those of other countries, and which will certainly never be restored to its an-

cient splendor; the citizen of lower rank laments with acuter feelings, the dreadful conflagration which began on the 5th of June 1795, and continued to the 7th, in despite of all the efforts of art, courage, and assiduity.

In all great calamities there is a certain influence of fatality which frequently escapes the most intelligent observers, and which yet, independent of the universal consternation such disasters produce, is one of their principal efficient causes. Without the application of this principle, it would be inconceivable that the means employed on this occasion to extinguish the fire, and which till then had always been found so effectual, should not have been sufficient to stop the progress of the flames.

When the palace was burned, the fire broke out in the fifth story, and soon gained the upper apartments and lofts, in which was a great quantity of timbers, planks, &c. of very dry wood, that had been brought thither to make a general repair of the edifice, and which served to feed the flames, and cause them to spread with extreme rapidity.

The great conflagration which began in the arsenal, a year before that of the castle, broke out in the midst of the most combustible matters, as wood, pit-coal, pitch, rosin, cordage, &c. A strong wind carried these flaming substances to the roofs of the houses already heated by the sun, and principally heaped them upon the steeple of St. Nicholas, the fall of which set fire to a whole quarter of the city, by scattering its burning ruins over it; thus affording an additional proof of the dangerous inconvenience of gothic towers. Thus was reduced to ashes almost a fourth part of the city, that is to say, 943 houses.

But as there is no happiness without alloy, so is there no evil without some indemnification The new streets are in general broader, the new houses better built, and as the quarters which were burned were the least handsome, the city has so much improved in appearance, that in this respect we scarcely any where met with its equal. Immediately after the fire, such measures were taken with respect to the new buildings, as not only ensured their safety and convenience, but contributed to their embellishment. The city was a new phœnix arising more beautiful and brilliant from its ashes

On the road to Copenhagen, coming from Hamburgh, two objects principally merit the attention of travellers; the first is the handsome little town of Christiansfeld, built between Hadersleben and Coldingen by the Moravian brethren, and filled with manufactures; and the other, the mausolea of the Kings of Denmark, at Roschild, one post (eight leagues) from the capital; they are remains of the ancient magnificence.

The expences of the King's household, which amounted to 200,000 rix-dollars, (about 40,000l. sterling) per annum, are now reduced to almost the half, (several of the principal places have in consequence been several years vacant.) Those of the household of the Prince Royal, are still much less in proportion. The chapel, the music of which is extremely good, has appertaining to it nearly fifty individuals. The royal stables are reckoned to contain more than two hundred horses.

The garrison consists of six regiments of infantry, the foot-guard, the horse guard, a corps of artillery, two battalions of light infantry, a corps of marines, and a squadron of hussars, amounting in the whole to more than 10,000 men, when the corps are complete; to which are to be added the city militia, the chief officers of which are appointed by the King, and the colonels and captains rank among the officers of the army.

The fortress of Fredericstadt, supported on the other side by the batteries of the arsenal, defends the entrance of the harbour, where there is besides another battery, and where, in case of necessity, a number of armed flat-bottomed vessels are stationed for its protection. Strangers are not permitted to enter the two arsenals of the marine, without particular permission from the King; the inhabitants themselves are not admitted into them without leave from the commandant of the arsenal. The arsenals are situated at some distance from each other, and, according to the account of those who have seen them, they are superb M. Ramdohr, in his travels, speaks thus of them, though he only treats of a part of these establishments. "We find a number of spacious edifices placed between the ships that are building, the magazines, cranes, bridges, batteries, and finished vessels. It is estimated that there are 1600 carpenters and joiners only; I was taken into a hall where the framings of ships were preparing. The length and breadth of this hall are equal to the dimensions of a ship of the line, (they exceed them) and there being nothing to obstruct the view, as on board a ship, the eye is struck with the vastness of the space. In fine," says the German traveller, after having spoken of the magnificent appearance of the harbour, and his passing along the canals, "after coming out of the arsenals and the magazines, if we would appreciate the human powers, and form an idea of the genius of man, we must go to Copenhagen, and survey the arsenals and the basins."

The sailors are lodged in barracks appropriated to them. These are small houses of one or two stories, forming several streets near the harbour. They contain about 6,000 sailors, together with their families, and some officers set over them to maintain order. The sailors are well paid, and

receive the principal part of their provisions in kind; while the soldiers only receive, including the money for their bread, six sous a day, French money (three pence;) and the grenadiers six sous and a liard. The pay of a commodore is 1848 rix-dollars, and that of a colonel only 1740. A lieutenant in the navy has 192 rix-dollars, and a lieutenant in the army 135

The *Danish Minerva* has an observation with respect to the sailors, which appears to us founded on the strictest truth. "It is," says the author, "a fact generally acknowledged, or, at least easily proved, that there is no nation which has applied itself with more earnestness and success than ours to preserve the health of its sailors, and furnish them with good provisions. The English alone supply theirs with food as wholesome and in equal abundance; but no nation has been more minutely careful in the measures it has taken to maintain order and cleanliness on board its vessels. The same may be said relative to the arrangements made with respect to the sick and wounded. No where is so much care taken to provide them with the necessary clothing, and furnish them with it at a reasonable price. The sailors are not treated like prisoners, who cannot be suffered to go on shore. The list of the deaths that have taken place on board our ships during the last nine years, is a strong testimony in favour of the good treatment of the crews."

Copenhagen possesses a very considerable and richly endowed university; but it is an ancient establishment, which, notwithstanding various reformations and changes, still too evidently bears the marks, manners, and religion, of the age in which it was founded. It is composed of twenty-eight professors; viz. four of theology, five of jurisprudence, five of physic and surgery, the rest are professors of philosophy, in the vague acceptation of that word, for there is only one who gives a course of philosophy, properly so called, while another gives a complete course of French belles lettres. All the sciences are cultivated here, with the exception, perhaps of one or two, and all the professors have made themselves known by learned works; some have even acquired a reputation which has extended throughout Europe. The number of students is estimated to amount to 700, and in general we may affirm that they are well instructed. They undergo strict examinations on several subjects, which even in Germany are too much neglected, as the mathematics, astronomy, the learned languages, &c.

There are different establishments in which a considerable number of students are lodged gratis, and receive a small pension to enable them to prosecute their studies. On their arrival at the university, the scholars frequently bring with them a small sum of money, which has been reserved for them at the school, for the close of their studies This is the produce of ancient legacies, of which there are others that furnish a fund to supply those students who have undergone the requisite examinations, with the means of improving themselves by travelling, and a residence in foreign universities. These usually, during the last year, go to London, or Paris, or even farther; but it is much to be regretted, that they rarely take their course towards Sweden and Russia, and that frequently they do not even visit Norway.

The library of the university is very voluminous, but it is not in fact of great utility. It contains few modern works, and many of the ancient are not complete. It seems to have been adopted as a principle which does not appear to be ill founded, that a library so complete as that of the King, and which may so easily be consulted, is sufficient for such a city as Copenhagen. But what is especially valuable in the library of the university, is a collection of Icelandic manuscripts, many of which have already been published.

The botanic garden contains about seven thousand plants, from every part of the globe. It is daily open to those who apply themselves to the study of that science, and plants are likewise distributed several times in the week to such students as wish to form collections.

The cabinet of natural history is well furnished, and contains many rare specimens; the collection of serpents especially is very considerable. A great number of insects have been presented by the society of Arabian travellers, Niebuhr, &c. The collection of minerals contains almost all the known species, and some others which have not been described. The whole is arranged according to the system of Werner. This cabinet is open to every person once a week.

The university has besides a chemical laboratory, and an anatomical amphitheatre.

The academy of surgery, composed of distinguished and celebrated professors, is independent of the university.

The veterinary school is equally respectable; but it is not yet required in Denmark, as in Austria and Saxony, that all apprenticed farriers shall indiscriminately go through a course of lectures in it: it has been judged sufficient to oblige every diocese to send to it a pupil. The number of scholars in it is usually about forty.

The principal literary societies are, the academy of sciences; the society for promoting the study of the history and languages of the North; the academy of belles lettres; the society of rural economy; the royal society of medicine; the genealogico heraldic society, which is publish-

ing an historical account of the noble families of Denmark, with an engraving of their arms; the society of Icelandic literature, which has for its object the instruction, especially in economical knowledge, of the Icelanders, by publishing its memoirs in their language; the society of Scandinavian literature, established to unite the learned of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, by alternately publishing their labours; and lastly, the new society of literature. All these societies publish works, propose prizes, and prosecuting with zeal and perseverance, their several objects, continually diffuse a variety of knowledge, which has already efficaciously contributed to the state of splendour which has been attained by a small country so little favoured by nature, and which has had to struggle against more than one powerful obstacle.

The superb library of the King is endowed with a fund of three thousand six dollars per annum, for adding to it new and rare books, and has been enriched with two magnificent collections of prints. It may reasonably be presumed, that in a city containing so many men of learning, and in which the study of foreign languages is more cultivated than perhaps any where else, there must be many excellent private libraries, as also, circulating libraries, and reading societies, which subscribe for almost all the new works and journals published in Europe.

The cabinet of curiosities formerly enjoyed a very great reputation, which in fact it still deserves from the valuable things it contains. It therefore is frequently visited by strangers, and receives the encomiums of amateurs. There are also several private collections of curious objects, which there is reason to believe will soon be added to the cabinet of the King, to form a national museum. In fine, if we wish to have a general but precise idea of the present improved state of literature at Copenhagen, it will be sufficient to know, that there are now in that city seventeen or eighteen printers, nearly the same number of booksellers; and that there are published about twenty journals, and almost as many gazettes and periodical publications.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the government to encourage the fine arts, notwithstanding the ancient and admirable establishment of the academy of painting and sculpture, it must be confessed, that with the exception of music, it is not at Copenhagen that we find the greatest number of amateurs and real connoisseurs. It appears that, in general, the less temperate climates of the north are unfavourable to the cultivation of painting and sculpture. From Dresden to Petersburgh these arts are reduced, it may be said, merely to vegetate. Sweden, indeed, boasts her Sergell; to whom Copenhagen, and likewise Petersburgh may oppose some celebrated artists; but these are phenomena which may be compared to planets surrounded by two or three satellites, which may be too easily confounded among the infinite number of common stars. It is, however, enjoined to all persons, whose profession requires a knowledge of drawing, to send regularly their pupils to take lessons at the academy. They cannot even obtain their freedom in these professions till they have submitted to the examination of the academy a drawing made from the work of some eminent master. The last public exhibition of pictures was in 1795. The private collections of paintings are much too insignificant to merit notice, though we sometimes find in them very interesting pictures, principally among the portraits, a taste for which is much the most general.

The King's library contains more than eighty thousand engravings, as also a superb collection of flowers and fruits, painted on vellum, forming four large volumes in folio, and one of a smaller size, monuments of the industry of the last age.

There are at Copenhagen two equestrian statues, one of which decorates the square of the new town, and represents Frederick V. It is a superb piece of sculpture, the work of Saly, who at the time of its erection, published the description of it in French. The writer of the present article saw this Colossus conveyed to the place where it is erected, and is convinced that it is necessary to have witnessed such a spectacle, to form an idea of what may be effected by the aid of machines, and the hands of men, directed by genius. It was a scene the most truly grand and majestic that can be imagined.

At a small distance from the city, is a very beautiful obelisk, erected in memory of the abolition of the feudal rights. One of the most curious edifices is the observatory, finished in 1656, after the plan of the celebrated Longomontanus. Its height is one hundred and fifty feet, and its diameter sixty. A winding ascent, gentle and almost insensible, without a single step, leads to the top, supported on one side by a column of stone, and on the other by the wall of the tower. It is of such a solid construction, and the declivity is so easy, that there are instances of its having been ascended in a carriage.

To give an idea of the commerce of Copenhagen it will be sufficient to say, that in the year 1798 there were three hundred and thirty-eight ships, carrying twenty six thousand one hundred and eighty-three lasts, and navigating in every part of the globe. In 1745 there were only reckoned one hundred and three, but the number has been continually increasing progressively. In the year before last, five thousand nine hun-

dred and ninety-four ships entered the port of Copenhagen, of which two thousand and sixty six were from different foreign ports, two thousand four hundred and ninety from Danish ports, four hundred and fourteen from Norway, nine hundred and twelve from the two duchies, and ninety-two from the East and West Indies.—From 1797 to 1799 more than forty vessels have been annually sent to Iceland. However advantageous to Denmark this commerce may appear, it would doubtless be more so were it not all concentered in the capital, which by attracting to itself every kind of industry prevents its exertion in the provinces, which are in consequence condemned to a languor fatal to the general prosperity.

As to the mechanical professions they do not here afford any subject for praise, nor do the abilities of our artisans merit any particular notice. The establishment of corporations forming a long and fatal chain, which extends from the extremity of the empire far into the north, incessantly presents obstacles to the progress of industry. At Copenhagen, indeed, the example has lately been given of the means which should be employed to destroy this monstrous production of the ages of ignorance, and the moment approaches, when, after considering and regulating the interests of the poor, attention will be seriously directed to the measures proper for favouring the developement and perfecting of talents. A particular society has undertaken to execute the plan which will lead to so desirable an object.

This city, within these ten years, may boast an establishment, the parallel of which is scarcely any where to be found except in some parts of Germany. This is a school for forming tutors for the country schools. The number of pupils which have been sent out or still remain in it amounts to one hundred and fifteen. These apprenticed preceptors are taught, boarded, &c. at a price extremely moderate. Another establishment is soon to be formed for the instruction of those who are to exercise the functions of masters in the Latin schools. The plan of this latter institution has been approved by the King.

As to society and visiting, we may refer to the testimony of Mr. Ramdohr. "In the choice of associates," says that judicious writer, "no regard is had to rank or birth. Every one chuses a circle at his pleasure, and without consulting any thing but his connections and inclinations. Companies are therefore so mixed that even in those which might be expected to consist only of courtiers, we find merchants, literary men, artists, and *vice versa*. The lines of demarkation between the different ranks are very indistinctly drawn. I have seen ministers in the same party with artists, and their ladies with the widow of an apothecary. The brother-in-law of a chamberlain is frequently only a common clerk, and the wife of a marshal of the court, has visited almost every day at the house of the minister of the parish."—But when we come out of Copenhagen we expect to find the environs full of small inns and ale-houses. They are indeed sufficiently numerous, but are neither wretched nor dirty; though they do not present the same cheerfulness nor convenience which we are accustomed to find in the neighbourhood of many other great cities. There are, however, a number of handsome country houses, in which strangers are the better received, as the inhabitants of Copenhagen, being generally able to speak several foreign languages, are extremely hospitable; and it is not necessary for a foreigner to speak the language of the country to be well received; it is sufficient to be able to explain himself in French or German.

Travellers, likewise, should not omit to visit Cronesburg, Elsineur, the manufactory of arms of Count Schimmelmann near Fredensburg, and the cannon foundery of the Prince of Hesse, which are superb and delightful situations.

If we would entirely vary the scene, and turn our view to a soil, manners, and customs absolutely different, we have only to go to the Isle of Amag, which communicates with the city by a bridge, and of which a small part is incorporated with the city itself. This island, which is several leagues in circuit, is perfectly level, and only embellished with two or three small copses, forming as it were one entire kitchen garden, which furnishes Copenhagen with vegetables, and some fine meadows which supply it with milk. The inhabitants of the Isle of Amag are descended from Batavians, who settled there at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Those of the country parts of the island, though they may be said to be at the gates of the city, have preserved their ancient dress, customs, and even, in some villages, considerable remains of their language; without, however, retaining either all the industry or all the economy for which their ancestors were so commendably distinguished.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

WILLIAM MARKHAM, LL D. Archbishop of York, was born in Ireland, we believe, in the year 1718. He was the son of an officer, at that time with his regiment in Ireland, and who was of a Nottinghamshire family: he sent this his eldest son to Westminster school for education. From Westminster he removed to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts in 1742, and that of master in 1745. At school and at college he was distinguished by the elegance of his exercises, and particularly of his Latin verses.

About the year 1750, Dr Markham was appointed first master of Westminster school; and he continued to discharge the laborious duties of that useful and honourable employment until January 1764. During his being master of this school, we can truly assert, that none who preceded him was more truly beloved, or held in greater respect by the youth of that highly esteemed seminary of learning: indeed we have heard numbers of those who were under his care, and who are now in the first situations in the country, mention Dr. Markham with the utmost regard and veneration.

An able first master of Westminster is too prominent a person to be overlooked by those who have the disposal of perferment. We find accordingly that in 1759, Dr. Markham was promoted to the second stall in Durham cathedral, while he held the mastership, and in 1765, to the deanery of Rochester, after he had resigned it. Both promotions were most probably owing to patrons, to whom he had been recommended by his public services.

In 1767 he vacated the deanery of Rochester, and was created dean of Christ Church. The deanery of Christ Church is a dignity of very great importance and responsibility, involving the care both of a college and a cathedral.

In 1769 he was chosen to preach the *Concio ad Clerum* to the synod of the province of Canterbury. On this occasion he demonstrated, with great force of argument and elegance of language that whatever in human knowledge is vain and fanciful, has always been contrary to true religion; while it never opposed that learning which is conformable to reason and nature. He bestowed a just encomium on the character of Newton and his views in philosophy; and at the same time lashed, with deserved severity, the metaphysicians of the French school, who were then attempting to carry their designs into execution, by darkening and perplexing the human understanding, and bringing into contempt whatever had been esteemed sacred in religion, science, or government. The *Concio* was published, together with a Latin speech made on presenting Dr. Thomas as prolocutor to the higher house of convocation.

In January 1771, Dr. Markham was consecrated Bishop of Chester, and in the succeeding month was, in the first establishment for the education of the Prince of Wales, chosen preceptor to his Royal Highness. Dr. Cyril Jackson, the present Dean of Christ Church, was at the same time appointed sub-preceptor.

In June 1776, a new establishment was formed, when Dr. Markham was succeeded by Dr. Hurd, the present Bishop of Worcester, and Dr. Jackson by Dr. Arnold, tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. Why Dr. Markham and Dr. Jackson were not allowed to complete the education of the Prince of Wales, is not generally known: their successors had been elaborated tutors at Cambridge, and they had been distinguished at Oxford. It seems, therfore, that it was intended to afford his Royal Highness the united advantages that might be expected from those who excelled in the different pursuits of the two universities.

This at least is known, that Dr. Markham, in the discharge of his duty, gave great satisfaction to the King, who personally superintended the education of his son, and that he has always retained a very enviable portion of the royal favour. The following anecdote may be mentioned in proof:—Mr. Pitt promised to a friend the deanery of York, when it should become vacant by the death of Dr. Fontayne; but he was obliged to revoke the promise, having found that the King, in consequence of an application from Dr. Markham, intended it for his second son, the Rev. George Markham, who now enjoys it.

On January 20, 1777, Dr Markham was translated to the Archbishopric of York. His life, as it can be viewed by a distant observer, appears to have been an uninterrupted series of uncommon felicity. Distinguished at a great school and an eminent college, over both of which he was afterwards called to preside, and over the former at a very early period of life; advancing in preferments and reputation until he was promoted to a bishopric, and selected for an employment, with the due execution of which the future hap-

piness of his country was intimately connected; afterwards rewarded by the second dignity of the English Church, which he held nearly thirty-one years; the father of a numerous and prosperous family, and continued till within a year or two of his death, in an extreme but vigorous old age, able to feel all the happiness of his situation; what has he not enjoyed of those things which are supposed to constitute the splendid or the solid satisfaction of life? These satisfactions he did enjoy, and he enjoyed them worthily.

In his person the Archbishop of York was tall and graceful; in his manners and address, extremely dignified; and in his conversation, instructive, entertaining, and lively: our best encomiums, however, must fail in delineating his character; yet it is but justice to his memory to assert, that he passed an honourable life in the service of his King, his County, and the Church, with the additional lustre of every social and private virtue; and closed the scene, with a death worthy that high and sacred office which he had so long and deservedly filled.

ESSAY ON LEARNING.

"Perhaps in the same open basket laid,
Down to the street together be convey'd;
Where pepper, odours, frankincense are sold,
And all small wares in wretched rhimes unroll'd"

FRANCIS.

THE following Essay is written by the Rev. H Kett, author of the celebrated work, entitled "Elements of General Knowledge."—It was written in the year 1786, and published in the Olla Podrida, a work orginating and published at Oxford.

IT is melancholy to reflect on the unhappy circumstances which have frequently attended the death of authors. If we turn over the pages of literary history, we shall find that although many have enjoyed the gratification of hearing their own praises, and some have basked in the sunshine of opulent patronage, yet their deaths have been often obscure, and sometimes disastrous. Cicero fell a victim to party-rage; Sidney expired in the field of battle; Crichton fell by assassination; and Otway perished by famine.

The fate of books is oftentimes similar to that of authors. The flattery of dedication, and the testimony of friends, are frequently interposed in vain to force them into popularity and applause. It is not the fashion of the present day to indulge the hangman with the amusement of committing books to the flames; yet they are in many instances condemned to a more ignoble destiny. The grocer, the chemist, and the tallow chandler, with "ruthless and unhallowed hands," tear whole libraries in pieces, and feel as little compunction on the occasion, as the Thracian ladies did, when they dismembered Orpheus. The leaves are distributed among their customers with sundry articles of trade that have little connection with classical fragments, whilst the tradesman, like the Sibyl, cares not a farthing what becomes of them.

Nunquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo
Nec revocare situs aut jungere carmina curat.

VIRGIL.

I was led into this train of thought by receiving a pound of sugar from my neighbour *Tim Tea-tittle*, the grocer, wrapt up in a sheet of letter-press. Tim deals so largely in books, that he has many more than are sufficient for his own use, with which he very bountifully obliges the literati in foreign parts. I remember, just before the American war broke out, my curiosity was excited to know what a large hogshead, which stood at the door contained. I found, on examination, that it was filled with old pamphlets, most of them on subjects of liberty, non-conformity, and whiggism, which Tim was going to ship off for a Yankee shopkeeper in New-England. Whatever sage politicians may have said to the contrary, it it not at all to be doubted, that the importation of this cargo spread the wild-fire of rebellion among the Bostonians, and was the sole cause of the late bloody and expensive war. Although my neighbour Tim is no scholar by profession, yet it is astonishing what a progress he has made in books. He has finished a complete set of the General Councils, and is now hard at work upon the *Ante Nicene* Fathers, whom he cuts up with greater expedition than Dr Priestley himself. Perhaps more logic and metaphysics have passed through his hands than Lord Monboddo ever saw. He would have been a long time dispatching a set of French Reviewers, had he not begun upon them when

the price of coffee was reduced. The other day some young sparks, who belong to a celebrated academy, where every thing is taught, brought him a parcel of Latin classics. He tore off the covers with as much *sang froid* as a nymph of Billingsgate strips an oyster of its shell, and bought Horace and Virgil for three-halfpence per pound. He observed, with a sapient look, "That as for your *Virgil's* translation into Latin, I reckon it no better than waste paper; but if it had been Mr. Dryden's history of the Trojan Horse, I should have kept it for my own reading."

I have been told by learned men, that it is a question much debated in the Universities, whether or no the place ought to agree with the thing placed. Now after all that serious meditation, which so abstruse a point requires, I am determined to decide in the affirmative. For who cannot see the propriety, or rather (as Parson Square would say) the fitness of things, in wrapping up a cheesecake in pastoral, sugar candy in a dedication, or gun-powder in a sermon on the 5th of November?

There never was a time when learning forced itself so much into notice as it does at present. You can no more walk a hundred yards in the street, or go into any house, without seeing some display of it, than you can turn a corner in London without seeing a beggar, or hear a sailor talk without swearing. A man of fashion imperceptibly keeps up his acquaintance with his alphabet, by playing at the noble game of Tetotum, or risking his fortune at an E O table. Book-stalls furnish history; the walls of houses poetry; hand-bills medicine; fire-screens geography, and clocks morality. These are the channels which convey to the porter the knowledge of the constitution, to the apprentice the art of rhyming, to Members of Parliament an acquaintance with our India settlements, and to the fat alderman, wise sayings.

For my own part I am not satisfied with such vulgar means of growing learned, but love to follow literature into her more secret recesses. Fortunately chance has furnished me with the means of doing this, without being driven to the immense *bore* of poring over books, which would only produce the effects of a dose of opium. I have a trunk, which, like the dagger of Hudibras, may be applied to more purposes than one. It is lined with several sheets of the Royal Register, and of course contains much edifying information. During my travels, I watch my trunk with the same fond anxiety which Sancho used to feel for his beloved Dapple. On my arrival at an inn, after having studied the most curious manuscript in the house, the bill of fare, I unlock my magazine of linen, and feast upon delicious scraps of characters, until more substantial food is set on the table. When I travel in company, my associates complain of my taking an unreasonable time to equip myself. They are not aware, that frequently whilst they think I am fluctuating between boots and shoes, I am conjecturing what the initial letters of my fragment stand for, and that instead of changing my linen, I am shifting from the Duke of Marlborough to Lord Chatham.

To those who wish not to forget all that their school-masters taught them, this sort of light reading is to be recommended. It would be no bad plan if all genteel people would furnish their trunks, portmanteaus, caravans, and band-boxes with the beauties of some author that suits their taste. If the *beau monde* should be afraid of injuring their eyes, by these studies, Mademoiselle Abigail, or Monsieur Valet de Chambre, had better be deputed to read trunk-lectures to them. Hoyle on Whist will answer extremely well for old ladies; Tom Jones, or Joseph Andrews for boarding school misses; Ecton's Thesaurus, or the Art of Shooting flying, for parsons; Paterson's Book of Roads, for lawyers on the circuit; and Phillidor on Chess, for the gentlemen of the army.

Pedants may object, that if the above plan should become general, the works of the learned will be no longer treasured up in the libraries of the great. But let them not be alarmed; for they may be certain, that whilst books are considered by a refined age as a species of ornamental furniture, and supply the place of the classics in wood, they will not be driven from their present posts. There is, it must be confessed, great reason to be alarmed at the destruction which threatens some branches of literature. Innumerable enemies are constantly on the watch, to annihilate insipid novels, scurrilous satires, party pamphlets, and indecent songs. If they chance to attract the public eye for a week or two, they cannot escape that destiny which their authors were too much dazzled with their own charming productions to foresee. As weeds by their decay fertilize the soil from which they sprung, so these flimsy and noxious publications do great service to society, by lighting a pipe, embracing a tallow-candle, or forming the basis of a minced pie.

Q.

WAR;—A DREAM.

I LIVED on the frontiers of a province, through which a hundred thousand men were passing: the regular order of their march, the animating voice of martial music, their obedience to the commands of their officers, and the fire of courage which kindled in their eyes, and glowed in their countenances, presented the most awful and interesting spectacle. I began to reflect on the motive which could have gathered so many thousand men together around the same standards. If they are led by virtue, if they strike the brow of the proud tyrants of the earth, I mentally exclaimed, of the lawless oppressors of nations, they deserve our respect and our love, they are the brave defenders of the sacred rights of humanity.

On a sudden this crowd of soldiers halted, and dispersed itself. Still warm with the ideas which their appearance had awakened in my mind, I followed them, and tried from their expressive gestures to guess the sentiments with which they were inspired. What was my astonishment, when I saw those men, children of the same country, and subject to the same power, drawing their swords against each other with relentless animosity. I ran towards one of them, but it was too late, he was tearing his blood stained weapon from the corpse of his friend "Wr tch!" I exclaimed, "do you not spare your companion, your brother?" "He really deserved that name," he answered with a careless accent; "he has fallen like a brave man." "But what harm had he done you, that you punished him so cruelly?" "None at all; he was newly enlisted, we quarrelled: it is our custom that every new comer should give a pledge of valour. He behaved very well, and has got no small honour by his conduct, and we are sorry he suffered himself to be slain. Had he better kept on his guard, he would have avoided the blow, and we should have lived good friends together." "Is it possible," I replied with grief and wonder; "what remorseless barbarity! But you are lost unless you hasten to escape; fly, his companions, his superiors will and must avenge his death." "Avenge his death! never. I have only followed their example, and whoever should refuse to fight would be looked upon as a coward. Glory teaches us not to fear death, and you must plainly perceive, that a man who should shrink from a single combat, cannot be expected to do his duty in a day of action. We call this a pattern of courage." "Yes; but is this courage useful to your country?"—"Oh! one death is nothing; look at those two companies that fight together, and cleverly too!" "What senseless ferocity! do they wear the same uniform only that they might murder each other?" "Not at all; their enmity proceeds from the colour of their facings, and the difference between their buttons." "But they serve beneath the same standard; they march against the same enemy." "Very true but meanwhile they decide private quarrels. They abhor each other still more than they hate that enemy whom they are to meet; every officer is jealous of his superior; but soon we shall attack the ———, and then we shall have warm business"—"What, you are going to seek other victims? But if you continue our present conduct, you will be all destroyed before the day of battle comes." "What is that to us? we live upon death; one cannot make his way but on the corpse of his companion. That is all I know" "What an horrid employment is yours! why do you shed the blood of your friend? why feast upon carnage? Have you never felt the influence of pity? How many orphans, how many widows, will mourn your triumphs! Listen awhile to the dictates of your heart, they will condemn your cruelty." "This is very fine, but I do not understand it; here is the plain truth. I did nothing till I was five feet eight inches high; I was endowed with an ostrich's stomach, fit to devour every thing, and I found it difficult to supply it with food. One day a good-natured serjeant, with a well filled purse and a liberal heart, asked me to follow him to the public house, and after drinking the health of the king, our country, and our friends, till my head began to feel giddy, spread twelve guineas upon the table, and told me they were mine if I would permit him to pin a cockade to my hat. Had my country herself fallen at my feet, and begged with tears my assistance, she would have produced less effect upon me. I shook his hand and was enlisted, and that day was the most pleasant I had ever spent. I had never been able to satisfy my appetite; but now, I feasted abundantly, was admired by all the girls in the neighbourhood, and made as much noise as I pleased. The tables were soon turned, and I experienced the whole weight of slavery: I deserted four times in seven years; defeat or victory were alike indifferent to me; any government suited me: I heard every potentate crying aloud, I will give you bread, provided you shed your blood for me when I shall call you to battle. I then determined to sell it as dear as I could.

"I shall not tell you how many painful and difficult marches we performed, sometimes in the

midst of winter, when cold and hunger oppressed us: how many times I have slept on the snowy ground, exposed to the biting north; yet, I must own, that I have met with many happy moments; I have tasted more than once the delightful joy of vengeance. One day, after spending two months in the midst of incessant dangers and fatigues, we stormed and forced the gates of a fortified town. Whilst breaking open every house, and pillaging the goods of the citizens, I perceived a lovely woman, who, with dishevelled hair, and holding a baby in her arms, attempted to conceal herself. My thirst for plunder immediately turned into a luxurious passion; every thing is allowed in the storming of a place; I killed two companions of mine who wished to seize her before me, stifled the child, whose screams importuned my ears, and, intoxicated with pleasure, set fire to the four corners of the house." "You make me shudder." "What, for that only? why, the human species is like the grass of the fields; it is no sooner cut down, than it grows again. Oh! we showed no mercy: it was forbidden us, we did not let one stone stand upon another. I say nothing of many other heroical deeds, so common among brave soldiers like us. I have twice run the gauntlet, and my own friends, forced to execute the sentence, have caused my blood to stream from my shoulders. But I have been avenged, and my officers, quiet spectators of the correction, have often praised the vigour of my arm. I have at last returned to my first colours, profiting by the amnesty granted to deserters, and hope to rise here quicker than before."—"How so?"—"How so? the war has just begun, and we will take care to keep it up as long as we can. Look at your regiment, newly raised, in a month there will not, perhaps, remain one in twenty of those fine soldiers; then you may be sure that I will volunteer into it, and get a bounty."—"What! is it possible that you should entertain such thoughts?"—"I am not the only one, my companions, my officers think the same, and you know we inherit only from the dead." I looked upon this man with terror, and left him, after advising him to be humane. This advice made him smile, and I hastily rushed away.

On the road I met with a whole company of soldiers, who loudly murmured; still deceived by the inspiration of my heart, I fancied they cursed the horrors of war. "Undoubtedly," I exclaimed, "humanity pleads the cause of those whom you are compelled to murder." "Not at all," one of them replied; "we are sent into a wretched country, where there is nothing else to plunder than the cottages of poor miserable peasants, whilst we leave a rich province, full of gentlemen's seats and opulent villages, which afforded us an inexhaustible source of pillage. But our colonel has incurred the minister's displeasure, and we all bear its weight."

I retired to my own house, and sought a relief in books from the painful ideas which saddened my soul. I chose the famous work of Grotius, and began to read it; but the cool way in which he describes the most cruel actions, and his long and useless definitions of the art of slaughtering our fellow creatures, filled me with disgust. Never was such an important subject so ill treated. What, must the surface of the earth be deluged with blood! and shall we prostitute our praise, by bestowing it upon the being who commits numerous murders in the face of day, because the voice of trumpets, and the thunder of cannons proclaim them aloud to the admiring world! whilst we hang the obscure robber, who stabs his victims whilst shrouded in midnight darkness. This author clads the hideous fiend of war with a mantle of purple, veils the horror that frowns in its features, and crowns its forehead with a diadem. Then, whilst the monster reddens with human gore, he prostrates himself, and hails it as the giver of glory and fame. Who, thought I, will dare to strip this idol of its ornaments, to reveal the terrific spectre who tramples on the gasping corpse of children, maidens, and helpless aged men; who snuffs exulting the scent of slaughter and death, through the vast extent of empires, and hovers over the surface of the ravaged world? I then burned Grotius's book, hoping that this century would not roll over our heads without being honoured with a work of a directly opposite tendency.

Yielding to the melancholy ideas that stole upon me, I threw myself upon a couch; but scarcely had sleep closed my eyes, when I found I was transported into a foreign land, and stood in a wide extended plain. There more than eighty thousand men had spread their beds of straw beneath light and sheltering tents. Such an interesting spectacle had never struck my sight. Here they seemed to enjoy the pristine liberty of the antediluvian ages, far from the corrupted towns where vice and dissipation hold their court. I approached them; but what was my sorrow, when I perceived they were armed with murderous weapons, when I descried a battery of thirty cannons geometrically pointed, and, when looking at myself, I saw I was dressed in regimentals, a knapsack on my back, a long tube which dealt forth death loaded my hands, and the infernal bayonet hung by my side. On a sudden the drums were beaten; like Horace and Demosthenes, I philosophically threw down my arms, and attempted to run away: but I was at

rested, the names of coward, treacherous mortal, astounded my ears; and I was reminded of the oaths I had taken the night before. "Yesterday," they told me, "whilst you were drunk you promised"—"I promised!—Alas! gentlemen, I must have been shamefully intoxicated when I promised to slay my fellow creatures." I was about to make a long speech, to prove that I ought not to be compelled to fight, but they would not hear my reasons, and I was dragged away by the obedient crowd. The thunder of man, which in a day destroys more men than the thunder of Heaven does in ages, gave the signal for the battle. The sky was on a sudden wrapped in flames, then darkened with clouds of smoke. Hissing bullets flew around us; whilst our officers animated and impelled the obedient files of soldiers, who rushed forward to deluge with their blood the heaps of corpses which strewed the field. Compelled to fire my musket, like the rest of my companions, I shot the empty air, and preferred death to killing a fellow creature. Pale with horror, I was forced to proceed; and those who rallied at my fears attempted to drown theirs in strong and intoxicating liquors. What a dreadful scene was spread around me! the blasted abode of the damned could not present a more terrific spectacle. Mournful shrieks, the rattling peals of cannon, the bursting thunder of the bombs deafened our ears, and hardened every heart. Panting bodies lay in the midst of expiring horses; others half crushed beneath the merciless feet of men, dragged themselves along the ground, and, howling with anguish, called in vain for mercy. Here, wan and gory faces, with matted hair, lingered gasping in the expectation of death; and there, despair and suffering, and all the scenes of horror started up by war, all the wounds, the varied torments which it inflicts, burst upon the sight. Nature and humanity were incessantly outraged by sacrilegious hands; the birds of the air flew away struck with dismay; whilst a cloud of hungry ravens watched with screams of exultation each bloody carcase, each mangled limb that strewed the earth. I pursued my way, over the heaps of the wounded, and the teeth of a dying wretch were fastening on my leg, when a man, more impetuous than the fiery courser which he rode, grasping the hair of my uncovered head, lifted high his murderous steel, but a burning cannon ball spared him the trouble of killing me, and scattered afar my lacerated limbs.

No one was ever so glad to be slain as I was at this moment. I soon lost sight of the field of battle, and of those senseless beings, who, led by a deceitful phantom of glory, slaughter each other. The earth assumed the appearance of a small point faintly lighted; whilst I waded rapidly through damp and thick darkness. Instead of the deafening thunders of war, a calm and universal silence reigned around me. Light sport of the winds, I began to feel anxious about my fate, when my feet touched a more solid ground. I then perceived I was become a skeleton of a dazzling whiteness, yet I was not displeased or disgusted with this sudden change. And in reality I cannot conceive why we shrink at the sight of fleshless bones, the timber frame of a building is equally deserving of our admiration as its outward ornaments.

My white skeleton soon found itself in company with other skeletons of the same nature, and equally naked. Our bones clashed together, and formed a loud and far-heard rattling noise, which filled me with an involuntary terror, and made me loath my abode. I viewed the surrounding crowd with anxiety and apprehension. All their motions were quick and rough, and though reduced to the most deplorable state, they held their heads proudly erect. Heavy clouds rolled over us, and darted the flaming arrows of lightning, which shed a red glare over the hovering gloom.

A mild and angelic voice stole upon my ear, and addressed me thus:—"Thou art now in one of the vales where justice tries the guilty mortals; it is called the *Valley of Murderers*." "O God of Heaven! is it possible! my heart is pure; my hands are spotless. I have been forced to join the crowd of the murderers, but I have committed no crime."—"Fear not," replied the voice, "many who are innocent are mixed with these barbarians; but I am sent to comfort them, and tell them, that they are placed here, in order when the last trumpet shall sound, to shame those who wished to drag them into guilt. Justice, the eldest daughter of the Supreme Being, visits this valley once every six thousand years, and five hundred more still remain unexpired." I expressed the impatience of my grief at this intelligence, and the voice thus replied:—"You fancy, perhaps, that ages, years, days, and hours, will roll as slowly as when you inhabited the earth; undeceive yourself, while I speak fifty years are already elapsed." At these words hope cheered my heart, and I observed more attentively the walking skeletons that moved around me. The hardness of their souls still pervaded their bones, and they struck each other as they passed. I then listened to a distant murmur, and distinguished the deep and awful roar of the rapid torrent of ages, which the hand of time poured into the motionless lake of eternity. On a sudden this torrent ceased to flow. Nature paused awhile; a hundred raging thunders burst from the clouds, and a rain of blood fell upon the

guilty. That blood was shed since the birth of the universe, and it deluged every murderer In a few minutes I perceived almost every skeleton covered with stains, which they vainly attempted to wipe away. "Fear none of these spots," said the voice of the comforting angel, "they will be seen on assassins alone; every drop is the blushing image of a murder. It terrifies and condemns them, it betokens grief, remorse, and despair. Behold their fate, the dreadful hour is come."

[*To be continued*]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Page* 216.]

LADIES, who every where else form the charm of society, are misplaced at an epicure's dinner, where the attention must not be divided, but is wholly concentrated on the table, and not on what surrounds it. Also on these important occasions the most silly goose is a personage of more consequence than the most amiable woman. But when the bottle is removed, the fair sex resume their rights with renovated power.

The visit of digestion is a sacred duty which all men who understand good living, and who have not lost their appetite for another occasion, will never omit. The length of their visit in some countries is regulated according to the degree of excellence of the meal in question. I have heard of some that have lasted for three hours; but many amphitryons would willingly dispense with such marks of gratitude.

Servants should be very careful never to remove a course without having been ordered by their master; and he should never give this order until the guests have formally rejected every dish.

There exists in Paris a rule which is made use of in many families, namely, that those who accept an invitation to dinner, and do not come, are fined five hundred francs, and if the excuse be sent eight and forty hours previous to the appointment, the fine is reduced to three hundred.

This rule may appear frivolous, or too severe, to many people; but if we take the trouble of reflecting for a moment, we shall find that the absence of one guest who was anxiously expected, and for which the company had been suited, and the dishes combined, often paralizes a whole party. Young men, in particular, should pay great attention to this truth; as there are many who think themselves disengaged from an invitation by sending a note a few hours previous to the time appointed. But this is a gross and fatal error, into which no real epicure will ever fall.

A general invitation, without fixing any time, is an unmeaning politeness, and many would find themselves much duped if they were taken at their word. The only invitations fit to be accepted are those when the day is mentioned, and even it is better that it should be given in writing. This observation is very important, especially to those who are lately arrived from the country, as it has been the cause of many a squire meeting with a cool reception, and a bad dinner. Those who arrive in London for the first time should be very cautious with respect to invitations.

Dinner being to an epicure the most important action of the day, he cannot possibly pay too scrupulous an attention to every thing which relates to it.

In houses where there are not many servants kept, it is almost as uncivil to arrive too early as too late, where the lady perhaps is not yet prepared to receive her guests.

Late dinners are most comfortable and convenient, as the hurry of business being over, the whole mind may be concentrated on the plate, our reflections need not wander for a moment from what we are eating, and afterwards we may quietly retire to repose.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCE OF CONCEALED LOVE.

A TALE.

HAVE you heard of a damsel who dwelt in the vale,
In a cottage with jessamine bound;
As the shepherds with sorrow relate the sad tale,
Who inhabit the country around?

She was call'd fair Clarissa, the sweet village maid,
Of her beauty the cottagers boast;
'Tis no wonder such charms shepherds hearts should invade,
And secure of fond lovers a host.

On her cheek was depicted the blush of the rose,
'Mid the lily's unsullied fair hue,
And her soft panting bosom did beauties disclose,
Such as nature distributes to few!

Far and near 'mong the villages, hamlets, and plains,
Many miles round the country were seen,
Wealthy tradesmen, rich farmers, and poor low born swains,
With Clarissa to dance on the green.

When across the steep hills, or thro' vallies she stray'd,
Echo bore to Clarissa her name,
And as oft' with some straggling young lambkin she play'd,
A gay shepherd in quest of it came.

On the bark of the willow her name met her eye,
Where the streamlet in soft murmur flow'd;
And the friendly gale wafted each fond lover's sigh,
While her bosom with innocence glow'd.

Ere the high soaring lark carol'd first its shrill song,
And she heard with delight the sweet strain,
To her cottage the shepherds in numbers would throng,
Yet she treated the group with disdain.

One above all the rest strove the damsel to please,
'Twas young William, who dwelt near her cot;
But alas! cruel fate will enforce its decrees,
Disappointment was also his lot.

In the dance he was first, and the sports of the field
To select the fair maid, his fond choice;
'Twas not long ere the swain his affection reveal'd,
But she turn'd with contempt at the voice.

If alone by the rill, in the mead, or the grove
She had stray'd, or the gay flow'ry plain,
He continued to breathe the soft language of love,
And to urge his chaste wish—but in vain.

William's love was sincere, but she own'd not the flame,
The sweet passion seem'd not in her breast;
To her jessamine cottage he never more came,
Gloomy care from that time prov'd his guest.

In seclusion, a wretched existence awhile
Pass'd the dull ling'ring moments of life;
From his pale wither'd cheek fate had banish'd the smile
Of fond hope for the emblem of grief.

Thus oppress'd—nature yielded to care's killing pow'r,
Disappointment his intellect stole;
The lamented effect of th' unfortunate hour
The strong poison of love seiz'd his soul.

Of his senses bereft, hapless William was seen
Where the willow mourns o'er the deep brook;
'Neath its low pending branches in sorrow to lean,
And his cold wat'ry grave to o'erlook.

Fair Clarissa one day rambled early to view,
As the sun gently ting'd the grey morn,
And began to exhale from the meadows the dew,
And the clear glitt'ring drops from the thorn.

Then she stray'd to the brook, 'twas her fav'rite resort;
All was still! not a bird's cheering note:
When the first dismal object, her gazing eye caught,
Was the body of William afloat.

With despair she long dwelt on his pale stiffen'd corse,
And the air rent with heart-piercing sighs;
'Twas conviction of love that impell'd her remorse,
And th' effect of regard in disguise.

Now she wanders the groves, vales, and mountains forlorn,
By repentance her spirits are fled;
By reflection her bosom is constantly torn,
And the damp dismal cave forms her bed.

Poor Clarissa's deserted, the shepherds are fled,
The result of affection conceal'd;
Mark her fate, ye fair damsels! by nature be led,
Let your love be in season reveal'd!

Vale-Place, Oct. 1807. GOBBO.

THE SEVEN SISTERS,
Or the Solitude of Binnorie.

FROM WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

Seven daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other,
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Seven Sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully;
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grove of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven fair maids, and in the shade
They heard the fawns reposing
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left to right—
Of your fair household, father Knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run and cry, "Nay let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plung'd into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those Sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

ADVICE.

Ye wives and ye husbands who both wish to see
Your conjugal scenes from all skirmishes free;
In this doth the secret of harmony lie,
Ne'er begin a duet e'en a half note too high.

Ye ladies, tho' vex'd your mild spirits may be,
Yet kindly beware of a keen repartee;
For peace's soft bosom those arrows must hit,
Which doubly are pointed with anger and wit.

Ye husbands, of argument chiefly beware,
The bane of good humour which frightens the fair;
Where reason's soft tones soon in passion are drown'd,
While happiness trembles, and flies from the sound.

O both have a care of all hasty replies,
On hearing whose discord the bachelor cries,
While snugly he smiles on himself and his cat,
"The sharp notes of marriage are worse than the flat."

In unison sweet let your voices agree,
While both are maintain'd in the natural key;
Thus love shall beat time with a conjugal kiss,
And your skirmish be only the skirmish of bliss.

H.

THE FIRST IDEA OF BEAUTY.

The babe, emerging from its liquid bed,
Now lifts in gelid air its nodding head;
The light's first dawn, with trembling eyelids hails,
With lungs untaught arrests the balmy gales;
Tries its new tongue in tones unknown, and hears
The strange vibration with unpractis'd ears;
Seeks with spread hands the bosom's velvet orbs,
With closing lips the milky fount absorbs;
And, as compress'd, the dulcet streams distil,
Drinks warmth and fragrance from the living rill;
Eyes with mute rapture every waving line,
Prints with its coral lips the Paphian shrine,
And learns, ere long, the perfect form confest,
Ideal beauty, from it mother's breast.

THE NEWS.

FROM METASTASIO.

Oh! sacred to the God of Light,
On thee my angel's name I write;
Blest laurel, eager to impart
The lov'd impression on my heart.

As thou retain'st a changeless hue,
So keep my Chloris changeless too;
And ne'er may hopes so tender prove,
Like thee, unfruitful in my love.

Dear, happy tree! still proudly rise
With nascent verdure to the skies,
For on thy trunk my darling's name shall bloom.
Each Naiad sister, where she laves,
Shall quit her cool translucent waves;
E'en nymphs from mountain nooks, and pendent caves,
And rural godheads, shall combine,
Yearly, to greet thy shadowy shrine,
And mix, in antic dance, beneath thy gloom.

The woody natives of the plain,
Shall yield submissive to thy reign;
Nor firs alone, or climbing pine,
With knotty holm-oaks shall resign,
But Idumæa's palm, distinguish'd tree,
And oaks, in Alpine's wildness, bend to thee.

No leaf but thine,
My ringlets shall entwine;
Be mine at noontide laid
To carol in thy shade;
Reveal the presents from my fair,
And trust love secrets to thy care;
Her chilling rigour thou shalt know,
And share my rapture and my woe.

For thee may April long remain,
And deck with clouds the sky;
May no harsh maid, or faithless swain,
Beneath thy umbrage lie.
No luckless bird of sable wing,
On thy green leaves shall rest;
Here Philomel alone shall sing,
And weave her sacred nest.

EPITAPH BY THE LATE DR. BEATTIE.

Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of clay,
Safe where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee I once have stemm'd the sea of life,
Like thee have languish'd after empty joys,
Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife,
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet for awhile 'gainst Passion's threatful blast,
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, a man, to thee, to all.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF 1806.

A Song, to the Tune of the "Tight little Island."

A short time ago, as we all of us know,
Pitt was plac'd at the head of the nation;
But when he first went, the folks were content
With a terrible Administration.
Oh what an Administration,
There never was such in the nation;
They turn'd out all the good,
Got in *Whig blocks* of wood,
To shew a *Whig* Administration.

The *broad-bottom'd* Lord, never hinted a word
To assist the *thick-headed* taxation;
And the charming Lord P-tty, who trips with Miss Betty,
Got up to the top of the nation.
What a head to an Administration!
A dinner's a grand relaxation;
And though *meat* may be *meet*,
Yet his conduct wasn't *meet*,
When *meeting* the Administration.

If in P-tty's head pops, as himself's, fond of *hops*,
He'd tax all the beer in the nation;
But his tax soon fell dead, on the *bier* it was laid,
To be buried by Administration.
His *pig*-iron a *bore* to the nation:
This head to the Administration
May shine at a ball,
But *took no steps* at all
To *figure in* Administration.

Billy W-ndh-m turned coat, with the wind he changed note,
Nor bluster'd in sermonication;
Nay, they're all chang'd good lack, so that *Grey* turned to *black*,
How *wick*-ed an Administration.
Yet this was the Administration,
Hasted up for the ease of the nation;
And Abb-tt look'd pleased,
While the country was teased
With this terrible Administration.

There was *Sammy* the *brewer*, he thought, to be sure,
A title he'd get for his wrath, Sir;
He fermented away, with his *charges* so gay,
But his *hog's*-head gave nothing but *froth*, Sir.
What an error in Sam's calculations!
What a waste of his drogs and orations!
Like his porter, *all but*,
No more he need strut,
Nor *brew* for the Administration.

Then rubicund Sh-rry, so funny and merry,
Took Somerset-house recreation;
With his balls and his routs, how he laugh'd at the *outs*,
When he'd got *in* the Administration.
No *Trotter* was he in the nation,
He *galloped* away on his station;
For the playhouse was left,
Of its manager 'reft,
While he manag'd the Administration.

Cr-f-rd, Wh-l-ke, and M-rr-y, went out in a hurry,
To get wealth and fame for the nation;
But some how or other, didn't do one or t'other,
But failed, like their Administration.

Hard battles they fought in their stations,
Took convents and fortifications:
From America beat,
They *beat* a retreat,
Turn'd out, like their Administration.

There was Er-sk-ne, got wot, by chance he had got
The noble Lord Chancellor's station;
And there were some more, a precious half score,
Who fool'd with the strength of the nation.
Now I have shewn you this Administration,
Without flattery or depreciation;
If you don't like the *sketch*,
Send it on to *Jack Ketch*
And he'll *hang up* this Administration.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

DRURY-LANE.

On Tuesday evening, October 27th, a new Comedy, called *Time's a Tell Tale*, written by Mr. H. Siddons, was performed at this theatre.—The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir David Delmar.....	Mr RAYMOND.
Sir Arthur Tessel	Mr. RUSSELL.
Captain Blandford.....	Mr ELLISTON.
Old Hardacre	Mr. DOWTON.
Ned Query	Mr. MATHEWS.
Record	Mr. PALMER.
Philip Hardacre	Mr. DE CAMP.
Lady Delmar	Miss MELLON.
Zelida	Mrs. H SIDDONS.
Olivia Windham	Miss DUNCAN.
Miss Venutia	Mrs SPARKS.

We are concerned that we cannot speak of this play with that commendation to which our kindness for its author has strongly disposed us. Mr. H. Siddons is a young man of no common endowments, and no less respectable as an actor than an author. If he has not succeeded therefore according to our expectations in this piece, we are convinced he will succeed better in his next

The present comedy abounds with faults of the first magnitude, and is cast in a dramatic mould exceedingly vicious The plot is a novel plot, and therefore defective. A romantic or poetical plot may sometimes be admitted. The castle may be built in the air; but it must nevertheless be constructed according to the just rules and proportions of regular architecture. Life may be carried into representations beyond probability, but it must still be governed, in its fairy land, by the same laws which restrained it in common nature. The romantic plot is the foundation of some of the most beautiful plays of Shakespeare; but if his wildness bursts beyond nature, it never exceeds reason.

The romantic plot, however, is very different from that chosen by Mr. H. Siddons, which in almost every circumstance, has been selected, and with little taste, from that circulating farrago which breaks forth from the novel shops in periodical abundance.

Fathers, who recover lost children; ladies who give away their fortunes without any probable reason; servants who lend their masters their wages; and masters who, ruined by prodigality, reform at the bare mention of a few commonplace maxims of œconomy; these are but the ordinary tools, and have long been the staple of the novel trade.

The purpose of comedy is to gather life fresh from the stalk; and, by the aid of agreeable fiction, to bring into action the beings of our common nature, and teach, by example, or some inference direct or indirect, an useful moral or lesson of life.

The novel plot always fails in this. It has no justness, no accuracy, no fidelity to nature.

With regard to character, which constitutes the main excellence of comedy, to which fable should always be subordinate, this play is miserably deficient. Fable to the dramatist is the canvass on which he paints; but it is not the picture. It is the field in which his characters

run; the great object which puts them in motion, but it is not the comedy itself. With respect to character, therefore, we mean such as is found in general nature, this piece can produce none. The modern drama, indeed, seems to have laid aside a rule, which our ancient writers, our Farquhar, our Congreve, and Vanburgh, justly considered as the basis of comedy,—that it should not only be an imitation of familiar life, but that such situations and characters should be selected, that though, still within the sphere of common life, the representation should have no less novelty than fidelity. They considered it equally fundamental in this species of writing, as in others, to observe the point where the trite and familiar, the natural and gross, become confounded. They possessed ease without inanity, and strength without coarseness.

If in fable and character this play be defective, it is no less wanting in the grace, ease, and sobriety of appropriate dialogue.

In the language of the stage there are two requisites: It should be a just imitation of that species of dialogue which belongs to the particular mode of character in which the speaker is found: and secondly, it should be selected from this mode of life, with that necessary abridgment and colouring which the effect of the stage demands. If a character, who belongs to one class, speaks in the language of another, we have an example of the first defect; if the redundant flippancy, the grossness, and unmeaning laxity of general conversation be copied, we have an example of the second. Such is the rule with respect to the diction of the stage. In this the present piece is equally deficient. The dialogue is either flippant and means nothing, as in the character of *Query*, or is overcharged and beyond the occasion, as in the parts of *Hardacre* and *Blandford*.

To improve the dialogue, recourse is had to the pitiful expedient of patriotic and moral claptraps All this is wrong, because out of nature—no man talks so in common life—a little leaky patriotism, and unseasonable morals, may occasionally break out in a maiden speech in parliament, or in an election handbill; but such language in common life would be affected, and should not therefore be copied on the stage.

If the fable, character, and dialogue of this piece, therefore, be tried by the *Norma dramatica*, it will be impossible to withhold our censure from its wide deviation —But if, in compliance, perhaps, with the popular taste, we establish a rule more suited to the greater part of our modern dramas, and examine it upon this principle, it will not perhaps be unjust to admit that this comedy is equal to any which have been lately produced. In the present state of the stage, therefore, it is some credit to have been the author of this piece; for as the tenderness due to a living writer compels us to estimate his merit by the standard of his cotemporaries, and not by comparison with other models, we are safe in asserting that Mr H Siddons's piece is fully equal to any that has lately been presented to the public.

COVENT-GARDEN.

After the tragedy of *Isabella*, on Thursday night, October 29th, a new piece was brought out, entitled *Too Friendly by Half*. The principal characters are—

Sir Mathew Meddle..... Mr. MUNDEN.
Colonel Clairville..... Mr. BRUNTON.
General Vanguard..... Mr BLANCHARD.
Tattle..... Mr. FARLEY.
Lady Wrangle..... Mrs. MATTOCKS.

This farce runs on a string of equivoques — The part of *Sir Mathew Meddle* is not ill imagined; that of a man always giving his advice, and regulating every body's conduct by his own. The character of *Lady Wrangle* is copied from *Widow Blackacre*, in *The Plain Dealer*. But the defect of this piece is, that it wants humour.—The dialogue is terse, and somewhat elegant, but it is without point and jest. Nothing is so abominable as gravity in a farce; punning and buffoonery are at all times preferable to melancholy mirth. Comedy ought to represent nature as she really is; farce may be allowed to distort and overcharge, for the sake of humour. Dennis and Dacier were of opinion that comedy allows nothing grave, unless for the purpose of ridicule. This is but true in part —Farce, however, has an unlimited range, and where we expect a laugh it is hard to be disappointed. The author of this piece is unknown; it has not succeeded sufficiently to induce him to break cover.

THE STAGE.

MR. EDITOR,

You must know that I have long thought to distinguish myself as a dramatic poet, and to that end, fancying myself brimful of matter, am incessantly scribbling; and, indeed, flatter myself, had Shakespeare left room for originals, that I could treat some subjects—but no matter. What I here propose is a simple relation of facts, which occurred to me as follows:—

In the beginning of last year my muse after labouring some months, brought forth the first fruits of her genius, a comic opera. Proud of my *coup d'essai*, as papa of the first fruits of connubial affection, I contemplated with rapturous

delight every grace and beauty with which (in my ideas) it abounded; read, or caused it to be read, at every opportunity among my friends and acquaintance, and was complimented profusely by all parties; insomuch, that I began already to think myself a great man, anticipated every advantage that might arise from its success on the stage; sat for my portrait without delay, fully persuaded that I should shortly have the satisfaction to see an engraving of me facing the title-page of *The Monthly Mirror*; but, alas!—However you shall know all.

My opera fell by chance into the hands of an eminent literary gentleman, who read it, and was pleased, without hesitation, to say, that the story was good; that it was neatly and humourously told; characters chastely drawn, and judiciously varied; incidents naturally diverting, songs charming, and introduced with much taste; advised me to present it to the theatre; adding, that if I thought of so doing, he would give me an introductory letter to the Manager. This from him, who (by the way) is a severe critic, gave me every reason to hope that I was now in a fair way to attain the very summit of my wishes. I gladly accepted his offer; and accordingly waited upon the manager, who read the letter, and appointed me to call again, which I did the week following; when he informed me with great coolness, that he had read my piece, and, to my no small mortification, without a single encomium upon it, observed, that it wanted stage-effect; but, provided Crotchet, the composer, thought it worth music, it should have a trial. Crotchet, in his turn, vouchsafed to pronounce it pretty; and, though in its present state not fit for representation, thought it a production of much promise; but the songs, which were by no means suitable to the taste of the day, must be altered. Here, I observed, that the songs of an opera ought, in my opinion, to be expressive of some passionate sentiment, naturally arising from the character, situation, &c. and upon that principle I had written mine. "Why, aye," rejoined Crotchet, "that formerly was the principle adhered to; but we find now that any little episodical ditty, opposite to the situation in which it is introduced, goes off much better than any thing absolutely connected with the business of the piece."—Yielding with deference to the judgment and experience of a professional gentleman, I promised my best endeavours to make them what he would like; and accordingly invoked the muse a second time: who, though very reluctantly at last, furnished me with ballads for bravuras,—comic songs for quartettos, ditties for duettos, and for rondos, short couplets, garnished with fal, la, la,—ti, tum, ti, &c. &c.—all of which were approved.

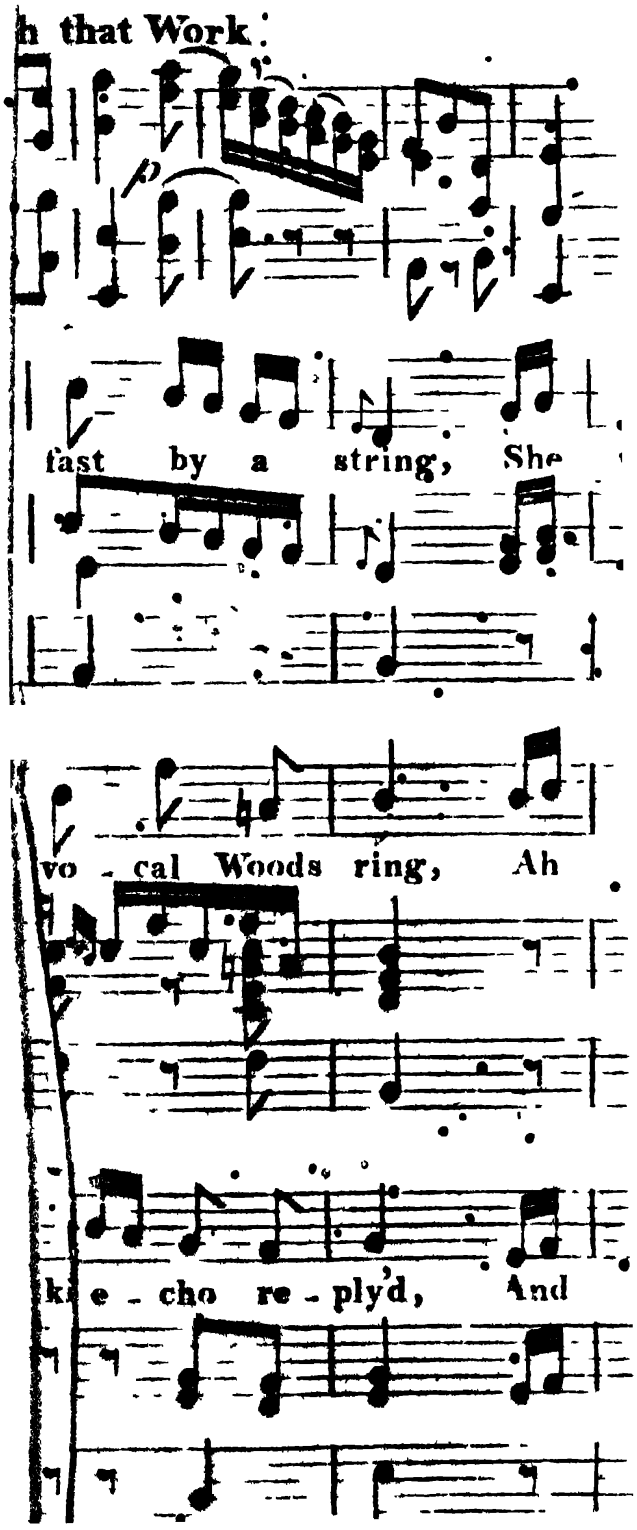
The next persons to encounter were the actors, between whom, the following squabble ensued. *Celia*, the heroine, thought proper to demand a song from the part of *Delia*; upon which, the latter complained grievously, and urged that she was enviously robbed of the best part of the character allotted to her; however, with some address, matters were at length amicably settled between the ladies.

The first of the gentlemen comedians (though as vile a croaker as ever sung *Bobbing Joan* in a country alehouse), was much disconcerted that he had no song; for, added he, I am always well received in a lively duet with the Signora! How we apples swim! Sir, you shall have something—all right so far. Another objected to his part, because, forsooth, there was no breaking of shins over banisters, no lady's toupee to frizzle, no cant phrase, nor any of those chaste eccentricities which the gods admire, and which constitute so considerable a part of the modern drama.

What could I do here but appeal to the manager? who did not chuse to interfere, as Mr. Feignwell was, in his opinion, perfectly acquainted with John Bull, whose taste it was their particular interest to study; and desired therefore, that this gentleman be allowed to arrange the part he was to enact suitable to his own powers: whereupon, some of my best dialogue was to be omitted, and a Merry Andrew, Jew Pedlar, Sailor Jack, Tom Tinker, Tom the —; in short, any thing, as I at last understood, like grimace and buffoonery introduced.

By this time, the poor child of my brain was so mangled and disfigured, that it was with great difficulty, my patron on seeing it again, could recognize a single feature; who therefore, advised me to take it to my own protection, which I consented to do, rather than "turn it forth," as I must have done, "ashamed of my own work, and set no mark upon it."

Now, Sir, as the last consolation we can hope for in cases of this kind, is the commiseration of those who will indulge us with a hearing, I must beg you to excuse this trespass upon your patience; and if you can insert this in your *Fashionable Magazine*, as a word to my brother scribblers, it may prepare them for a similar ordeal; and perhaps in some measure, account for the contemptibly degenerate state, to which that once elegant and delightful species of amusement, called an Opera is reduced; which from a regular and forcefully harmonious composition of poetry and music, aided by the graces of the dance, and embellished with the beauties of art, is become a confused jumble of heterogeneous matter, scarcely worth representation in a booth at Bartholomew Fair.—I am, Sir, &c. VAPID.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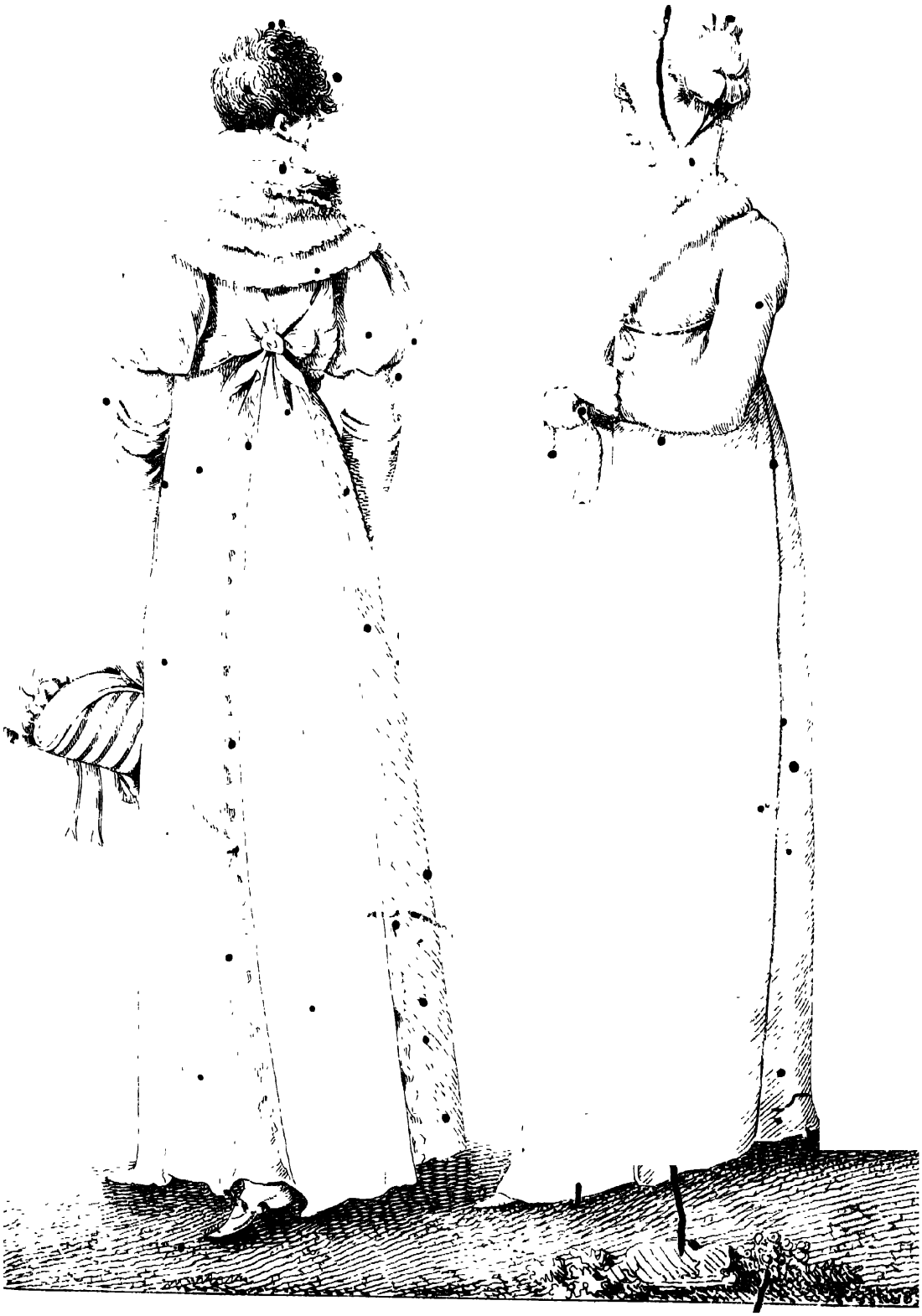
Morning & Evening Dresses in Nov. 1807



FASHIONS

For DECEMBER, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—An Evening Dress.

A simple round gown of white satin, or coloured cloth; triangular front, finished with silver beading. Plain back, brought to a point at the bottom of the waist, which is increased in length. A full short sleeve, with loose slashed ornaments in the Spanish style; the slashes wrought in an elegant pattern of silver embroidery, and severally finished with a small correspondent tassel. The hair bound tight round the head in the Grecian style, twisted in braids behind, the ends formed in a tuft of full curls, and confined with a gold comb, from whence are seen pendent ringlets, similar to those which fall on the left shoulder; in front it is divided over the left temple with the Diana crescent, of pink topaz, above which are a few dishevelled curls. Necklace and earrings of pink topaz, bracelets of linked pearl, with correspondent studs. A Circassian scarf of orange, or crimson, figured or plain, with rich border and fringe at the ends, of colours tastefully varied. This shawl is thrown carelessly round the throat, or across the shoulders, or is formed in a negligent and graceful drapery, by the disposition of the hands. Turkish slippers of white satin; and white kid gloves rucked.

No. 2.—Morning Walking Dress.

A high military vest of French cambric, lawn, or muslin, buttoned down the front; and formed with the chemisette waist, and high collar. Circassian robe-pelisse, of pale olive, dove, puce, or purple, formed of napped velvet, twill sarsnet, kerseymere, or Georgian cloth; bordered with a rich shaded brocade ribband, embroidery in coloured silks, or trimmings of fancy fur. A beaver hat of the same colour as the coat, turned up on the left side, with cockade and band *à-la-militaire*, and ornamented with a crimped willow feather. Hair cropped; coral earrings; York tan gloves; and slippers of red Morocco.

No. 3.

A frock dress of plain cambric, or India muslin; with short Bishop's sleeve, round bosom, and drawn back. A plain drawn tucker of Paris net; the frock trimmed down the sides with the same, or gathered muslin. A French pelerine, of fluted velvet, or plaited lawn, with high ruff; the tippet crossing the bosom in front, is tied in a bow at the bottom of the waist behind. A poke bonnet, of basket willow, or striped velvet, with full bows, and long ends of shaded orange ribband on one side. York tan gloves above the elbow. Turkish slippers of red Morocco.

No. 4.

A Zealand wrap, of crimson Georgian cloth, the bosom and cuffs composed of fluted velvet the same colour. A mountain bonnet trimmed to correspond, and ornamented with a shaded handkerchief; which is formed in a full tuft on the left side, and brought under the chin. A high ruff, of French lace, with scollopped edge, brought to a point in the centre of the bosom. A rich cord and acorn tassel confining the coat round the waist, and tied in front with long ends. The under dress of plain muslin, or French cambric. Shoes of brown velvet, and gloves Limerick kid.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MOST APPROVED AND

ELEGANT FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE fashions for the winter may now be considered fixed as to style; and that intermediate and party-coloured costume which generally distinguishes the decline of autumn is completely laid aside. Articles, combining at once taste, fashion, and utility, are observable in walking and carriage habiliments. In public, a brilliant and endless variety is displayed; and elegance, grace, and beauty may be said to shine unrivalled. We shall, with our accustomed attention, select from their several orders such articles as carry the stamp of fashionable superiority, not only from their own individual elegance, but from their being chosen by females who rank high on the list of *ton*ish celebrity We have not been able to discover much diversity in the construction of mantles and pelisses. They are now considered more fashionable in proportion to their plainness; and although some few are made with robbins and Grecian vests, trimmed with fancy fur, yet the most select and fashionable are in formation like the Turkish robe, with a waistcoat of the same, or composed of an appropriate silk, and breasted *a-la-militaire*. The Maltese mantle of tiger velvet is in general esteem; and the long canonical cloak of crimson, orange, or brown, formed of kerseymere, or Georgian cloth, are both useful, appropriate, and becoming articles. The edges of these are severally ornamented with velvet borders, laid flat; a full cable-twisted cord placed at a little distance from the edge, or with skins happily contrasted with the colour of the mantle. The Parisian fashion of associating colours, is adopted by the British female, though in other respects the Gallic fair have long become copyists of our English style. The coupling of our colours, however, we consider as more chaste and consistent for the season; they still continue the pale lines of summer, while we are uniting the glowing orange, or brilliant coquelicot and morone, with the most tasteful shades of contrasted elegance. In the article of gowns and robes, there is much novelty and attraction. Coloured dresses, variously constructed, and of divers forms and materials, are exhibited; and in full dress, less white garments are distinguishable than have been observable for many years, white dresses being now more generally confined to the morning *costume*. The sable robe is not now considered only as the symbol of sorrow, as an emblem of mournful regret for departed excellence, friendship, or love. The sprightly nymph, the cheerful matron, with fashion's layest offspring, frequently adopt the robe of sombre hue; but the solemnity is removed by borders and trimmings of embroidery, in colours. We have seldom seen a dress combining more taste and beauty than one of black Italian gauze, embroidered round the train, bosom, and sleeves, with a border of wild roses and jessamine, tastefully blended, and worn over a white satin slip. Velvet and superfine cloth dresses, richly embroidered, and formed in the Calypso robe, or Diana vest, stand high in richness and beauty. Lace is let in to every part of this last-mentioned habit, but is most distinguishable down each side, so as to give the appearance of a robe and petticoat. Deep embroidered borders of needle-work are continued round the trains, and across the front of dresses, in representation of the rounded wrap. Bonnets of velvet, of the poke form, cut so as to display the ears, and ornamented with fur, or puckered silk, the colour of the lining of the pelisse, are much in esteem. Figured sarsnet bonnets, with the simple round crown, and turned up in the high crescent form over the left eye, in full puckers, or reversed plaiting; beaver riding-hats, of dove or purple, and otherwise shaded to match the pelisse or mantle; fur caps, and jockey bonnets of purple leather, seamed with bright yellow, or red, are severally selected by the fashionable female. Small half handkerchiefs, in coloured net, with rich borders, are still considered as a becoming change. The corner behind is cut off, and the border continued straight along the back, while the ends which fall on each side the head are finished with an acorn tassel, corresponding with the border; and on the forehead it is formed precisely like the Anne Bullen mob.

The Swedish peasant's jacket and petticoat, is a habit of much attraction and simplicity; combining a sort of rusticity and interest, at once appropriate, and becoming to the youthful wearer. Trains are now very general in the evening dress; and are frequently trimmed entirely round with a broad lace. Muslins are usually worn very clear, and the petticoat so short, as to exhibit the ankle through, which is laced in the sandal style, ornamented with the open-wove stocking. We have seen a dress of this kind composed of blue crape, with trimmings and drapery of silver-net and lilies. The hair still preserves the Grecian and antique style; but is variously and fancifully disposed. Some braid the whole of the hind hair, and curling the ends, form them in full curls over the left eye. Others confine it tight round the head in smooth bands, over which are placed several small braids, which are twisted at the back of the head, like that given in No. 1, of our Prints of Fashion; and some form the hind hair in dishevelled curls, and form it in a becom-

ing disorder on the crown of the head, meeting the curls on the forehead, which are divided so as to discover the left temple and eye-brow; while many prefer the simple crop, curled on the top like those worn by the gentlemen. Morning gowns are often laced behind with coloured cord, and formed with the military front made in similar lacings, and correspondent buttons.

The cap is now chiefly confined to the morning costume; and in this article we see nothing strikingly novel. Turbans seem to be entirely exploded; but hats of frosted satin, or velvet, somewhat in the turban style, may very well supply their place. In these hats the weeping willow feather is usually seen, delicately tipped with silver. Necklaces of seed coral, with gold embossed patent snaps; bracelets, of the same; brooches and earrings to correspond, wrought in antique devices, or in Egyptian characters, are articles of considerable estimation on the list of trinkets. The rainbow diadem, and Ethiopian crescent, are also new and elegant ornaments. Bracelets are now worn of different orders, one of elastic hair, with variegated stud; the other of Scotch pebbles, or mocho stone, set in gold. Slippers of red Morocco are revived in the fashionable world; white satin are considered most elegant in full dress. The prevailing colours are, mixtures of orange, *coquelicot*, green, purple, amber, and rose-pink.

LETTER ON DRESS,

INTRODUCTORY AND DESCRIPTIVE, FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

Portman-square.

You rally me, dear Julia, on my late indisposition, and ask me "if my malady was not of the *heart?*" You tell me, I must be formed of stoical materials to be so long surrounded with men of fashion and elegance, without becoming sensible of their attractions, and that homage I am calculated to inspire! You accuse me, in a want of candour; tell me "that I am a niggard in friendship; and that by concealing my emotions, I rob you of the sacred privilege of participation." Before I enter on the usual subject of fashionable intelligence, I feel bound (in justice to myself) to answer these strangely imagined accusations. And as my preliminary engagement with you necessarily enforces a subject, which however extensive in its nature, must needs admit of a little relief, it will not be amiss if I amuse myself, and satisfy you, by silencing your suggestions. Know then, dear Julia, on my faith and verity, my sickness was not of the heart! This too often rebellious part of the human frame, rests at present in perfect peace and tranquillity; having hitherto resisted all attacks of the arch god!—Thus am I released from one of your accusations, want of candour. Now your charge of stoicism, I am fearful I shall not come off quite so well. But there is merit, you know, Julia, in braving danger; and some ingenuity (when surrounded with flames and darts) in escaping without a wound. True, the men I generally mix with are fashionable, wealthy, and elegant; but do you not know that I retain a spice of the romance in my composition; and a fashionable husband (in the common acceptation of that word) would break my heart in a twelvemonth. Riches, to be sure, is the general magnet of attraction; but I prize the wealth of the heart!

"The smiles of affection are riches to me;" and here I feel that I should be a trifling exacter. Thus, Julia, you will perceive that, I am not only free, but likely to remain so! And Mary assures me, that unless I descend from my stilts, and content myself by taking "man as he is," I shall to a certainty end my days in "single blessedness,"—Amen! and so be it!—at least for the present. And now, dear Julia, let me proceed to tell you, that all the world of fashion is collected in this gay city; while splendid parties, brilliant assemblies, crowded theatres, and dashing equipages seem the order of the day. The town house of my uncle, together with several of our fashionable friends, has been entirely new furnished, and exhibits a most beautiful specimen of the Chinese and Grecian style; while the taste and elegance, distinguishable in female attire, is in conformity with this fashionable standard. Mary has just received accounts of the Parisian fashions; but as they represent nothing striking or novel, I shall content myself by shewing you how we in some instances avoid their absurdities. They tell us that feathers are now "the sign of a complete *negligé*." We have ever considered them the distinguishing mark of full, or at least of half dress, in proportion as they vary in formation, height, and size. The weeping, or crimped willow feather, coloured or plain; and in full dress, tipped or frosted with gold or silver, and dropping towards one side of the head, is a most approved and fashionable ornament with us. They are usually worn with the military, Spanish, or Chinese turban hat, formed of white, purple, or crimson velvet, *appliqued*, or interwoven with small gold or silver stars, and ornamented with corresponding cord and tassels. The *fichu*, in Paris, is disposed so as to conceal the breast, and display the back and shoulders. In this fashion they have, as is now usual, imitated us. The bosom of our robes having been long since so constructed as to shade the bust in front, which has a similar and more simple

feet, while the back and shoulders have been somewhat undecorously and unbecomingly exposed. Within this last month, however, deep lace of a most delicate texture, has been placed across the back, gathered in the centre, and on each shoulder with brooches. When I attempt, dear Julia, to give you a delineation of fashionable attire, I am puzzled with the multiplicity and variety which present themselves to my mind's eye I have endeavoured, however, to execute your commissions to the best of my power; and with this you will receive your ball dress, or *execution robe!* so christened by my sprightly cousin, who joins me in wishing that it may prove a talisman, by which you may slaughter your envious rivals, and lay love at your feet

Your pelisse, I have chosen of fine Georgian cloth; because it is quite as genteel, and more appropriate for your purpose than velvet Your beaver hat, of the military order, cannot fail to please; being likely to form an agreeable association with your present state of affairs. The Chinese scarf you may twist round your figure in a diversity of forms; sometimes disposing it in a graceful drapery for your round muslin, or plain satin dress; at others, forming it as a military sash; each of which will produce an elegant effect on your swan like figure. As we are going to a splendid party this evening, I must hasten to give you a few more samples of fashionable attire, enclose my list of general remarks, and then proceed to my toilet. I believe I have before observed that coloured dresses of various materials, and constructions, are all the rage. White satin, with black net drapery, embroidered in colours, and tastefully disposed, is, however, considered very fashionable and elegant Mary appears this evening in a most beautiful costume after the above design. It is a simple round dress of white satin, with a plain waist, and full short sleeve. The back and shoulders cut very low, and a drapery of black net appearing in front like a large half square. The corner taken off behind, and embroidered all round in a most beautiful border of the cape-heath and myrtle: this drapery is placed across the back, gathered in a pearl brooch of the shell form on the left shoulder; one corner reaching below the knee, where it is finished with a variegated tassel, corresponding with the colours which compose the border. The other is extended plain over the bosom, which it delicately casts into shade. A Chinese diadem and comb, of blended diamonds and pearls, confine and ornament the hair, and compose also the necklace, earrings, and bracelets. She wears the new Turkish slipper of white satin, which is embroidered with the red-heath at the toe. I must not forget to tell you that rings are invariably, and abundantly displayed by us fashionables; three or four are worn on the little finger. They consist of the simple gold hoop, with a small stone in the centre of each, of the diamond, ruby, emerald, and amethyst. The rainbow hoop-ring, formed in similar variety, takes place of the diamond, by way of guard to the wedding ring. But you and I, Julia, have as yet, nothing to do with this last mentioned article; and when we have, I trust that our guard will boast a more auspicious emblem than that of variety. The long sleeve of plaited lawn, which you mention, is considered very elegant and select; and that of net lace, setting close to the arm, with bracelets and ornaments on the outside, is much worn in evening parties. Coloured satin spensers, trimmed with mole, linx, or swansdown, is a useful change; and may be worn with white dresses of almost every construction. We find them a comfortable and becoming shelter from the partial air of the theatres; ours are formed of rose-pink satin, trimmed with gossamer fur. And now, dear Julia, before I take my leave, a word or two for the dear vicarage.—You will make known there, that the long-wished for work of our venerable favourite, the Reverend Percival Stockdale, is just ushered into public, and is entitled "*Lectures on the Great British Poets.*" Several of the literati speak highly of this production; and my uncle (who you know is a most able judge of classical merit) says that it not only contains the most refined and correct criticisms on poets, but exhibits specimens of a truly graceful and poetic mind in the lecturer. That in the one on Spenser, all the enchantments of the most chivalric genius are displayed; and that throughout the whole of the work the reader is led through scenery as romantic as the poet's fairy land, and as interesting as any romance that has charmed the nineteenth century. In dwelling thus on its merits, I shall doubtless secure it a most welcome reception in the libraries of my Truro friends. Adieu, dear Julia! believe me ever, with love unfeigned, your

ELIZA.

Printed by and for JOHN BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant Portrait of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK.
2. THREE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the Fashions of the Month.
3. An ORIGINAL COUNTRY DANCE, composed and set to Music by Mr. GOW.
4. An ORIGINAL WALTZ, composed by Mr. KOLLMAN.
5. An elegant new PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEELY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street Strand, January* 1, 1808.

ALL THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL,

Now in the Royal Palace of Hampton Court, have been most correctly copied, and are now Engraven accurately, and precisely in the style of Outline, under the inspection of the first Artist of the age, and these most valuable Prints, Seven in number, the size Royal Octavo, are given as the Embellishments in

THE SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER

OF

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR

BELL's COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

Published this Day, together with the present Number, at the usual price of 2s. 6d, although the Cartoon Prints alone, may be justly estimated worth Two Guineas.

The following are the Subjects:

1st. The Death of Ananias.
2d. Paul Preaching at Athens.
3d. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
4th. The Charge to Peter.
5th. Elymas the Sorcerer
6th. The Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas.
7th. Peter and John healing the Lame Man in the Temple.

Of these Plates no accurate Engravings have ever been made; the imperfect representations of them, now extant, are only to be had at the most extravagant price The present collection therefore being copied from the Original Pictures, and being complete and faithful, must be esteemed of the highest value to the man of taste, the lover of the Arts, the collector, and to such as value the graphic illustrations of the most beautiful and affecting part of Scriptural History.

The genius of the mighty Raphael is here presented at one view, and those works faithfully represented, which are esteemed the glory of Britain to possess, and the just pride of the ancient school to have produced.

These Engravings are accompanied with Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Details.

The Supplemental Number contains, as usual, Sixty-four Pages of Literary Review, and in it will be developed a most extensive and valuable Plan of Improvement in conducting the future Numbers of BELLE ASSEMBLEE, without abridging or abating single particle of those Attractions which have already raised the Work to such an eminent degree of popularity.

Title-Page and Index to the Volume for 180 given in this Number.

N. B. The New Arrangements, and actual Extraordinary Embellishments to be introduced in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, have been postponed, at the suggestion of many of our Subscribers, till the commencement the New Year, and the completion of the present Volume; and as the present Number, together with Supplement, completes the Volume,—the next Number (being No. 27,) to be published on the first of February, will commence with the New Arrangements.

A correct OUTLINE of Mr. WEST's memorable Historical Picture, "The Death of General Wolfe" will be given as the first Outline in this Number. It is executed under the immediate direction of that illustrious Artist,—and will be a most estimable treasure.

Printed for JOHN BELL, Proprietor of the Messenger, Southampton-street, London.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUTCHESS of BRUNSWICK.

Engraven for La Belle Assemblée No. 5. Published by John Bell proprietor of the weekly Messenger, Jan. 1. 1808.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Twenty-fifth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK.

Her Royal Highness Augusta, Duchess of Brunswick, was born the 31st of July, 1737. She is the Sister of his present Majesty, and, with the exception of our beloved Sovereign, the only surviving issue of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second.

Her Royal Highness was married Jan. 17, 1764, to the Duke and Elector of Brunswick. This marriage, whilst it continued, was eminently happy: it was dissolved by the death of the Duke, who was wounded, at the head of his regiment, in the fatal battle of Jena.

The Duke of Brunswick was one of the first leaders of an hostile army into the territory of France, upon the breaking out of the Revolution: his name was then enrolled amongst the most illustrious commanders of Europe; he had been brought up in the school of the Great Frederick, and was an invincible advocate of the old system of tactics; which disciplined soldiers into mere machines, and made them as passive in the hands of their officers, as the muskets which they bore were instrumental in their own.

The Duke was unfortunately made ridiculous by the Cabinet of Berlin, in being the organ of the most absurd and puffing Manifesto, which was ever issued by an invading General. But he was not only injured by this absurd declaration, but he suffered equally by the vacillating policy of Prussia, in being recalled at the very moment he was about to engage with Dumourier, and compelled to retreat homewards as fast as he had advanced.

This exposure, however, in the eyes of Europe, never weakened the confidence which was reposed in him by the King of Prussia, and indeed by the whole German Empire. When war, therefore, was declared against France, the King of Prussia selected the Duke of Brunswick as his Commander in Chief.—More need not be said: the event of the battle of Jena is too well known; the Duke was wounded early in the engagement; and died, a few weeks after, from the consequences of his wound.

The Duchess had now no refuge but in her native country, England; to which she fortunately escaped. She was received with the warmest affection by her brother, our beloved monarch, her daughter, the Princess of Wales, and by the whole of the royal family.

Her Royal Highness has taken up her residence with the Princess of Wales at Blackheath.

MISS AMBROSE.

THE vice-regal administration of Lord Chesterfield in Ireland, was distinguished in many respects beyond that of any other vice-roy who had preceded him. As a judge and patron of learning, his levees were always crowded with men of letters, and the Castle drawing rooms were enlivened with a constellation of beauties.

Miss Ambrose was universally allowed to be the brightest star in that constellation. She was a Roman Catholic, and descended of one of the eldest families in the kingdom. Her charms and vivacity (which were always tempered with modesty and prudence) furnished his Lordship with many opportunities of complimenting both, with a delicacy peculiar to a nobleman of his refined taste and wit. On the first day of July, the Protestants of Ireland wear orange lilies, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, which was fought on that day, and which is a grand gala at court. On one of these occasions, Miss Ambrose appeared with an orange lily in her bosom, which immediately caught the Viceroy's eye, and called forth the following extemporary lines.

Say, lovely traitor, where's the jest
Of wearing *orange* on thy breast;
Where that same breast uncover'd shows
The *whiteness* of the *rebel* rose?

A few days afterwards, a delegation from the ancient town of Drogheda waited on his Lordship with the freedom of their corporation in a gold box. Miss Ambrose happened to be present: as the box was of the finest workmanship, she jocosely requested that his Lordship would give it to her. "Madam," said he, "you have too much of my *freedom* already." Lord Chesterfield used to say, in allusion to the power of beauty, that she was the only dangerous Papist in Ireland.

Encircled by a crowd of admirers, in the heyday of her bloom, she had the good sense to prefer the hand of a plain worthy baronet (Sir Roger Palmer) to all the wealth and titles that were thrown at her feet. The marriage of this lady was announced in one of the Dublin prints in these words:

"The celebrated Miss Ambrose of this kingdom, has, to the much-envied happiness of *one*, and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the temple of Hymen. Lady Palmer is still alive: and has the second pleasure of seeing herself *young again* in a numerous train of grand children."

EFFECT OF GRATITUDE.

JOHN WILSON, a young man of slender education, was condemned to suffer death for a riot. The contrition he evinced for the crime he had committed, his youth, and good character, induced his Majesty, on the representation of several respectable persons, to extend the most amiable prerogative of the crown, the royal mercy. In a few hours after the reprieve reached the repentant convict, he poured forth the effusions of his grateful heart in the following verses:—

And live I yet, by power divine?
And have I still my course to run?
Again brought back in its decline,
The shadow of my parting sun?

Wond'ring I ask, is this the breast,
Struggling so late with grief and pain?
The eyes which upward look'd for rest,
And dropt their wearied lids again?

The *recent horrors* still appear:
Oh, may they never cease to awe!
Still be the King of Terrors near,
Whom late in all his pomp I saw.

Torture and grief prepar'd his way,
And pointed to a yawning tomb;
Darkness behind eclips'd the day,
And check'd my forward hopes to come

But now the dreadful storm is o'er,
Ended at last the doubtful strife;
And, living, I the hand adore,
That gave me back again my life

God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sins to mourn,
To love my God, I only live.

To thee, benign and sacred power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While, mark'd with blessings, ev'ry hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

T.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

[*Continued from Page 292*]

THE IBEX, OR ROCK-GOAT; AND THE CHAMOIS.

These animals climb and descend precipices that to all other quadrupeds are inaccessible. They inhabit the highest Alps, Pyrenées, and other mountains; they throw themselves down a rock of thirty feet, and light securely on some place just large enough for them to set their feet upon. They strike the rock in their descent three or four times with their feet, to abate the velocity of their flight, and when they have got to the base below they seem immediately fixed and secure.

The ibex will mount a perpendicular rock of fifteen feet high, at three leaps, or rather at three successive bounds of five feet each. It does not appear to have found any footing on the rock, but to touch it merely to be repelled as an elastic substance is from a hard body. Between two rocks near each other, it bounds from the side of one rock to that of the other alternately till it has got to the top.

None but the natives of the countries where they are found, can engage in hunting them; it requires a head that can bear to look down the most tremendous perpendicular precipices without terror, sureness of foot, and such strength and activity in their pursuit as cannot be acquired by others. Sometimes these hunters are overtaken by darkness amidst steep crags, and are obliged to pass the whole night standing, and embraced, in order to support each other, and prevent themselves from sleeping.

BUFFALO.

These animals abound in a domesticated state in many parts of Indostan; large herds of them cross the Tigris and the Euphrates, morning and evening. They swim closely wedged against each other, the herdsman riding on the back of one of them, sometimes standing upright; and if any of the exterior ones swim out of order, stepping lightly from back to back to drive them along, as shepherds' dogs run over the backs of a drove of sheep.

In 1758, John Wesley attempted to try the taste of some animals for music. "I thought," says he, "it would be worth while to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try whether this was the case with other animals of the same species. I accordingly went to the Tower of London, with one who plays on the German flute; he began playing near four or five lions; only one of them (the others not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention; meantime a tiger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any principle of mechanism? can we account for it at all?"

The anonymous writer, from whose paper in a periodical work the above account is taken, adds, "Where is the mystery? Animals are affected by music just as men are who know nothing of the theory, and, like men, some have musical ears and some have not. One dog will howl on hearing a flute or trumpet, whilst another is perfectly indifferent to it. This howling is probably not the effect of pain, as the animal shows no mark of displeasure; he seems to hear it as a vocal accompaniment." This appears to be the case, as we have known dogs to be turned out of churches for howling a discordant accompaniment to the organ during psalm-singing.

DOGS.

There is a chapter in one of our metaphysical writers, showing how dogs make syllogisms. The illustration is decisive. A dog loses sight of his master, and follows him by scent till the road branches into three; he smells at the first and at the second, and then, without smelling farther, gallops along the third.

Dogs have a sense of time, so as to count the days of the week. "My grandfather," says the last mentioned anonymous writer, "had

one who trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to eaten for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well authenticated example. a dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was by him sold in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon a Friday; the Irishman had made him as good a Catholic as he was himself This dog never forsook the sick-bed of his last master, and when he was dead, the dog refused to eat and also died.

"A dog of my acquaintance found a bitch in the streets who had lost her master, and was ready to whelp, he brought her home, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her, which it may be supposed she was not suffered to want during her confinement; for his gallantry his name deserves to be mentioned—it was Pincher Whenever he saw a trunk packing up in the house, he absconded for the next four and twenty hours He was of opinion that home was the best place"

Latham, in his Supplement to his "Synopsis of Birds," says he knows two female swans that for three or four years past have agreed to associate, and have had each a brood yearly, bringing up together about eleven young, they sit by turns, and never quarrel.

Von Troil, in his "Observations on Iceland," mentions the eider-ducks which furnish the well-known soft, light, elastic, and expensive down, of which a couple of handfulls squeezed together are sufficient to fill a quilt, which makes a warm covering like a feather-bed. He says that sometimes two females will lay their eggs in the same nest, and that they always agree remarkably well together

We have not read nor heard of any other species of female bipeds or quadrupeds, which or who conduct themselves in similar circumstances with the like urbanity.

ON THE GENERAL TOPICS OF CONVERSATION.

FROM THE OLLA PODRIDA.

Among the various employments which engage the attention of mankind, it is not unpleasant to consider their topics of conversation Every country has some peculiar to itself, which, as they derive their origin from the establishment of custom, and the predominance of national pride, are permanent in their duration, and extensive in their influence Like standing dishes, they form the most substantial part of the entertainment, and are served up at the tables both of the rich and poor The Dutchman talks incessantly of the bank of Amsterdam, the Italian of the carnival, the Spaniard of a bull fight, and the Englishman of politics and the weather

That these last mentioned topics should gain so great an ascendancy over the Englishman, is by no means a subject of wonder In a country where the administration may be changed in half a year, and the weather may alter in half a minute, the quick and surprising vicissitudes must necessarily rouse the attention, and furnish the most obvious materials for conversation. From the influence of that gravity which is remarked by foreigners to be the characteristic of the inhabitants of Britain, they are disposed to view these endemical subjects in a gloomy light, and to make them the parents of sullen dissatisfaction, and ideal distress John Bull, with a contracted brow, and surly voice, complains, that we have April in July, and that the greatest patriots are shamefully out of place. All this may be very true; but if his Worship could be persuaded to confess his feelings, he would acknowledge that the gratification of complaining is far from inconsiderable, and that if these topics, on which he vents his spleen, were taken from him, little would remain to occupy his mind, or set his tongue in motion

Let us indulge for a moment the whimsical supposition, that our climate was changed for that of Italy, and our government for that of the Turks; the consequences are easy to be foreseen—a general silence would reign throughout the island, from Port Patrick to the Land's End. We should be well qualified for the school of Pythagoras Our silence, indeed, would scarcely be limited like that of his scholars to five years Every house in England would resemble the monastery of La Trappe, where the monks are no better than walking statues. The only talkers among us would be physicians, lawyers, old maids, and travellers. The physician might fatigue us with his *Materia medica*, the lawyer with his

Qui tam actions, the old maid with difficult cases at cards, and the traveller with the dimensions of the Louvre without fear of interruption or contradiction We should look up to them as students do to professors reading lectures, and like poor Dido feel a pleasure in the encouragement of loquacity

Hinc quæ iterum demens audire labores
Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore

"She fondly begs him to repeat once more
"The Trojan story that she heard before;
"Then to distraction charm'd in rapture hung
"On every word, and died upon his tongue"

PITT.

The game at whist would be played with uninterrupted tranquillity, and the cry of silence in the courts of justice might be omitted without the smallest inconvenience. In short, all the English who went abroad would be entitled to the compliment which was paid a nobleman at Paris. A lively French Marquis, after having been a whole evening in his company without hearing him articulate a syllable, remarked, that "Milord Anglois had admirable talents for taciturnity"

Prodigality prevails in town and economy in the country, in more instances than may at first be imagined. In town, such is the number of newspapers, that the coffee-house lounger may sate himself, like a fly in a confectioner's shop, with an endless variety He may see an event set in all possible lights, and may suit it to the complexion of his mind, and the sentiments of his party Such is the advantage of a refined metropolis, where profusion enlarges the dominions of pleasure in every direction, and supplies the greatest dainties to gratify the vitiated appetite of curiosity. In the country, the case is widely different In most genteel families a solitary paper is introduced with the tea-urn and rolls, but certain restraints are laid upon the manner of perusing it; half the news is read the first morning, and half is reserved for the entertainment of the next. This frugal distribution in the parlour is, without doubt, adopted from something similar which takes place in the store-room. The mistress of the family dispenses the proper quantity of pickles and preserves, and then locks the door till the following day. Our affairs in the east are settled at one time; whilst the burgomasters and the Princess of Orange are left to their fate till another. Enough is read to furnish the family with subjects for conversation; and as topics are not numerous, the thread of politics is spun very fine. Little Miss wonders, when she hears papa adjust the affairs of the nation, that he is not a parliament man, and thinks that if the King were ever to hear of him, he would certainly be made prime-minister

There is (if the expression may be allowed) a refinement in our fears. A rational apprehension of impending evil is the mother of security, but the mind that is terrified by remote dangers is weak and ridiculous The imagination is like a magnifying-glass, which by enlarging the dimensions of distant objects, makes them appear formidable. It is the office of reason to place them in proper situations, and to suggest, that we are not exposed to their effects The Neapolitan, who lives at the foot of Vesuvius, has just cause for trembling at the symptoms of an eruption; but he may depend upon it, his vines are in no danger from the volcanos in the moon. The stock-holder may well fear the consequences of the Belgic commotions. The farmer, whose hay is scattered over the meadows, may without the imputation of weakness, be vexed at the torrents of rain. But why should the man, who has no concern but to walk from Cheapside to Whitechapel, apply to his barometer ten times before he ventures out? or be disturbed in his dreams for the safety of the Grand Signior?

A club was once established by certain gentlemen, whose minds were too much polished by their travels not to banish every thing that is interesting to John Bull Among their rules and orders it was enacted, that no mention should be made of the state of the weather or politics, but that all their conversation should turn upon literature and virtù It happened that the president of the club, who was a pretty *petit-maitre* of twenty stone, was attacked by a violent ague He was seized with a cold fit whilst adjusting a dispute between two *dilettanti*, whether the church of *Santa Maria* in Navicelli, was larger than *Santa Maria* in Valicelli This important argument was interrupted by the president's digression in abuse of the English climate, which he declared was calculated for no beings under the sun but draymen and shepherds Some of the fraternity talked peremptorily of expelling him from the society, for breaking the first rule, and introducing a subject which ought to be left to the *canaille*. After great animosity, and abundant altercation, it was finally determined to expunge the rule, because they could not engage a party who were sufficiently refined by *liqueurs* to be freed from the grievance of their English constitutions.

It was once seriously discussed by the French Academy, whether it was possible for a German to be a wit. It would be more

worthy of the sagacity of the same learned body to determine, whether it be possible for an Englishman to be a politician. To form a right decision, let them converse with what order of men they please, and they will find, that the ruling passion is the regulation of the political machine. The ferocity which is natural to islanders may be the reason of our being more disposed to command than obey. Hence it is no uncommon case for a man so far to mistake his abilities, as to talk of rowing the state boat, when he is hardly expert enough to shoe him. All persons of rank have gone as if the secrets of the state would be best entrusted to their discretion, as if their own address qualified them for the most critical situations, and the judgment of their rulers should be suspended until superior sagacity pointed out the right path. Whilst the barber-mayor has fingers among his customers, he talks of managing the *Hanoverians*, and laying on taxes without oppression. The aldermen, at a corporation dinner, do the same over their turbot and venison. To complete the climax, these are the identical points which perplex the understanding of the King and his counsellors in the cabinet.

Notwithstanding the severity of military law, the different orders of society would sustain no injury, if, like a well-disciplined army, they neither broke their ranks, nor mutinied against their officers. A family is a kingdom in miniature; in that domestic, but important sphere of government, every man of common sense is able to preside. The master of a well-regulated house is more beneficial to the state, than a brandy-politic declaimer. To curb the passions, to fix religious principles in the minds of children, and to govern servants with mild authority, all ultimately promote the best interests of the public. Obedience branches out in various relations. The debt which we demand from our dependants, we owe to our governors. Subordination is to a subject, what resignation is to a Christian. They are both admirably well calculated to silence the clamours of party, and to administer the cordial of content. Let the Englishman repress his murmurs, by reflecting that he is a member of a constitution which combines the excellencies of all governments; and that he breathes in a climate which permits him to be exposed to the air more days in a year, and more hours in a day, without inconvenience, than any other in Europe.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page 207.*]

CHAP. XIV.

Of the Cosmetics used for the purpose of beautifying the Skin.

UNDER the general term of cosmetics are comprehended all the expedients invented to preserve its beauty or to correct its defects. All the processes which are used to embellish the skin, to soften it, to maintain its freshness and lustre, to give colour to the complexion, to prevent or efface wrinkles, to whiten or clean the teeth, to stain the hair and the eye-brows—all these processes, I say, form a part of the numerous class of cosmetics. In this chapter we shall treat only of such as immediately relate to the embellishment of the skin; the others will of course be placed in the chapters treating particularly of the cares that ought to be bestowed on each particular part of the body.

Many people may perhaps be disposed to ask,—ought cosmetics to be used at all?

Some authors having demonstrated the inefficacy of many cosmetics, and even the dangerous tendency of others, have thought fit to proscribe them all; they have, therefore, pronounced a severe sentence upon them. Among the rest, certain medical men have adopted this opinion, and because some of the compositions admitted to the toilette of the ladies were either useless or dangerous, they have concluded that none ought to be used, and that water alone might be substituted with advantage in the place of them all.

It is certainly unjust to draw general conclusions from individual facts. Would these same learned doctors proscribe all medicines, because some of them are dangerous? Ought we to renounce the aid of all physicians, because some of them kill their patients? Cer-

tainly not; let us choose the best physicians, the best medicines, and the best cosmetics. But to come to the point.

If there were nothing to do but to oppose authority to authority, I could find an infinite number of writers, ancient and modern, who have recommended the use of the means which art has enabled us to discover, to embellish nature. One of them has not thought it unworthy of the medical science to devote his attention to the care necessary for either preserving or repairing beauty, and has left us a work on that subject.

Another more modern author has observed, "that the skin, resembling a spider's web in texture, is susceptible of the slightest impressions; to moisten, to nourish, to polish it with cosmetic pomatums, mucilages, detergent and bitter ointments, is perfectly suited to its nature."

I read in the work of a third, that beauty cannot exist without the concurrence of the means which ensure the preservation of health. At the same time it requires particular cares, it must be improved, and I might even say, cultivated, for this brilliant production of civilization and luxury does not appear with all its attributes and all its charms in the wild state nor under the influence of laborious professions or chilling penury."

On this subject I could produce a hundred authorities for one on the opposite side; but of what use are authorities when facts themselves speak? Has not every one of us an opportunity of observing the astonishing difference which exists between females who bestow constant and judicious care on the preservation of their beauty, and those who neglect to cultivate their charms? If a fortunate change of circumstances enable a young female of limited means, who scarcely attracted any observation, to attend to the minute details of the toilette, we in a short time behold a new beauty expand in her. How many village girls, with charms somewhat rustic and figures rather coarse, have by means of a residence in the city, and the use of the toilette, presented us with the brilliant spectacle of the most astonishing metamorphosis. And to what cause are these prodigies owing? To the use of cosmetics.

It was thus I beheld the celestial beauty of Sophia dawn forth. It was thus I beheld her charms arrive at the most enchanting perfection. Sophia has now attained her eighteenth spring, and she is an elegant and delicate nymph. Her dark and coarse complexion has acquired lustre and whiteness; her lips, at the same time that they have become more delicate, have assumed the colour of coral; her arm is finely turned, and her hands are as soft as satin.

It is unnecessary to expatiate further on the utility of cosmetics. Let us now present the ladies with an account of those which have the best claim to their confidence and attention.

BALSAM OF MECCA.

The balsam of Mecca, which is likewise called balsam of Judea, white balsam of Constantinople, balsam of Egypt, balsam of Grand Cairo, and opobalsamum, is a liquid resin of a whitish colour approaching to yellow, with a strong smell resembling that of a lemon, and a pungent and aromatic taste.

It is one of the most highly esteemed cosmetics, but it is very dear, and extremely difficult to be procured genuine. What is sold by the name of balsam of Mecca at London and Paris, is made by the perfumers at those cities. "It is," says M. A. Monger, in the Memoirs of the National Institute, "a mixture of the finest turpentine with aromatic oils, whose aroma approaches nearest to that of the genuine balsam. These imitations sell at the rate of twenty-five to thirty-five shillings an ounce, whereas the same quantity of the real balsam of Mecca cannot be procured for less than four guineas."

It is very certain that the balsam of Mecca manufactured in the west of Europe possesses none of the qualities of the genuine balsam; it would therefore be desirable to know how to distinguish them. The following method has been pointed out by a person who has visited at Constantinople. Pour a drop into water, and put into this drop an iron knitting-needle. If the whole of the drop of balsam adheres to the needle, this proves that it has not been adulterated. To ascertain the degree of dependence that is to be placed on this kind of proof, it is necessary to have some of the balsam which we are well assured is genuine.

The ladies of Constantinople, and those of Asia and Egypt hold the opobalsamum in the highest request, and use it to render the skin white, soft and smooth.

The women of the east slightly anoint their hands and face with it at night when they go to bed; next morning minute scales are detached from the skin in every part on which this precious balsam has operated. This renovation of the skin renders it incomparably white.

The Egyptian females make use of it in a different manner. The dark colour of their complexion, it is true, requires a stronger dose. It is at the bath that they anoint themselves with this balsam. They remain in the bath

till they are very warm; they then anoint the face and neck, not slightly like the women of the East, but with an ample and copious ablution, rubbing themselves till the skin has imbibed the whole. They then remain in the bath till the skin is perfectly dry; after which they remain three days with the face and neck impregnated with the balsam. On the third day they again repair to the bath and go through the same process. This operation they repeat several times for the space of a month, during which they take care not to wipe the skin.

The European ladies who have an opportunity of procuring a quantity of this valuable balsam, are more frugal of it, they seldom use it pure, but mix it with other similar substances, and compose a cosmetic balsam which is thought to possess considerable efficacy in preserving the beauty of the skin. The best method of making it is as follows:—

Take equal parts of balsam of Mecca and oil of sweet almonds, recently extracted. Mix these drugs carefully in a glass mortar, till they form a kind of ointment, to three drams of which, previously put into a matrix, pour six ounces of spirit of wine. Leave it to digest till you have extracted a sufficient tincture. Separate this tincture from the oil, and put one ounce of it into eight ounces of the flowers of beans, or others of a similar kind, and you will have an excellent, milky cosmetic.

Others make with it a kind of virgin-milk. For this purpose it is sufficient to dissolve the balsam of Mecca in spirit of wine, or Hungary water; then put a few drops of this solution into lily-water.

The balsam of Mecca, notwithstanding its great reputation has been decried by some. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu describes it as having agreed very ill with her. In a letter written by her at Belgrade, near Constantinople to one of her female friends in London, she says —"As to the balsam of Mecca, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot in conscience advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which, I assure you, is very valuable,) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning, the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and to add to my mortification, Mr. W——y reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However my face is since in *statu quo*; nay, I am told by the ladies here that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. Indeed if one was to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time."

Notwithstanding this mishap which befel Lady Montagu, and which might be owing to a variety of causes, it cannot be denied that the balm of Mecca is used with advantage by the most beautiful women, and that the Turkish ladies, who all make use of it, have, as her ladyship justly observes, the loveliest bloom in the world.

VIRGIN-MILK.

This cosmetic is not a milk, though it bears that appellation. This unmeaning name has been given to several liquids of a very different nature, rendered milky, that is, opaque and whitish, by means of a light precipitate formed and suspended in them.

I have observed that the appellation of virgin-milk has been given to liquids widely differing in their nature, and this assertion I shall maintain. Is it not, indeed, ridiculous, that under the same name one perfumer shall give me an innocent cosmetic and another a noxious drug, or that I may receive both at different times from the same perfumer? For this reason I would exhort the ladies to compose their virgin-milk themselves, which would be the easiest thing in the world.

The virgin-milk which is in most general use, and is the most salutary, is a tincture of gum-benjamin precipitated by water.

To obtain the tincture of benjamin take a certain quantity of that gum, pour spirit of wine upon it, and boil it till it becomes a rich tincture.

Virgin-milk is prepared by pouring a few drops of this tincture into a glass of water, which produces a milky mixture.

This virgin-milk, if the face be washed with it, will give a beautiful rosy colour. To render the skin clear and brilliant, let it dry upon it without wiping.

This tincture of benjamin is likewise recommended for removing spots, freckles, pimples, erysipelations, eruptions, &c; but its efficacy is very doubtful, or rather, for the truth ought

to be spoken, it is incapable of producing any effect in these cases. We shall give in another place directions for preparing more powerful remedies.

The following kinds of virgin-milk are rather more active in their effects:—

1 Take equal parts of gum-benjamin and storax, dissolve them in a sufficient quantity of spirit of wine, which will assume a reddish colour, and emit a very disagreeable smell. Some add to it a small quantity of balm of Mecca; pour a few drops into very pure common water. The ladies make use of it with success for washing their faces.

2 Pound some house-leek in a marble mortar, express the juice and clarify it. When you want to make use of it, put a small quantity of it into a glass, and pour upon it a few drops of spirit of wine; the mixture instantly forms a kind of curdled milk, exceedingly efficacious for rendering the skin smooth, and removing pimples.

3 Take an ounce of rock alum and an ounce of sulphur reduced to a very fine powder, put the whole into a quart bottle, and add to it a pint of rose-water. Shake these substances for half an hour, which will give the water the appearance of milk. Shake the bottle every time before it is used. Steep a cloth in this liquid, leave it all night upon the face, which must afterwards be washed with rose and plantain water.

The name of virgin-milk is likewise applied to a very different liquid; I mean the vinegar of lead precipitated with that of water. This is extolled as a remedy for the eruptive disorders of the skin; but it is repercussive, and of course it is often attended with danger; as a remedy it ought therefore not to be employed without the necessary precautions, but as a cosmetic it should never be used, because it dries the skin and turns it black. It is nevertheless a fact, that most of the liquids sold by the name of virgin-milk are nothing but an extract of lead dissolved in vinegar.

To spare them the dangers attendant on the use of this dangerous drug, I again recommend to the ladies to compose their virgin milk themselves, rather than to apply to the perfumers, who make at least fifteen or twenty different sorts.

[*To be continued.*]

WAR;—A DREAM.

[*Continued from Page 274.*]

He said, and the clouds were split asunder, a spreading lustre issued from the vault of heaven, and the stream of light became so dazzling that the blood-stained multitude sunk to the ground, and vainly sought a refuge in the depth of caverns and abysses. Though still white and untainted, I was struck with a respectful fear, and fell prostrate. The Divine Justice appeared descending through the pure ether. She did not wear the false attributes which our blindness bestows upon her, an angry brow, a sword, and scales; she was clad with a blue mantle strewed with stars of gold: one of her hands wielded a sceptre, composed of a single white flame, whilst the other supported her forehead, marked with sadness at the thought of being compelled to punish. On her brow the Almighty had imprinted his celestial majesty; the noble, though severe expression of her features, inspired a sacred confidence, and she seemed to pity those she was about to condemn. What sublime beauty shone in her features, it created love and veneration, it gave birth to the most acute regret in the breasts of those who had offended her. Surrounded with glory, and seated on the clouds of heaven, she listened to the groans of sorrow and remorse. The sun of truth formed her crown, and the whole extent of this awful scene was illumined by its beams. Time laid his hour-glass at the feet of Justice, and repassing the sand of years, they rolled before us a second time with a rapidity which thought alone could equal. All the dead beheld with terror every portion of their lives, of which a solemn account was required. On the left of the first-born of the Almighty, a faultering voice was heard, the advocate for the guilty, and exerted all its eloquence to justify their actions. This weak voice was termed Politic; all its arguments were false, inhuman, and extravagant. A stronger voice, on the right, refuted those vain speeches, it was called Humanity; whenever it spoke the murderers were struck with terror, owned their guilt, and the full knowledge of truth increased the horrors of their punishment.

Shrinking from the eyes of Justice, all the mighty conquerors of old stood naked and trembling amidst the crowd. A thousand voices

were raised against one single man, whom they pointed out as the author of the crimes they had committed. The name of Alexander the Great was thus so often repeated, that he was commanded to make his appearance. I then perceived a skeleton of rather a diminutive size, red with blood, and his head leaning on one side, coming forward with a faltering step from his hiding place; the murmurs which arose as he passed encreased his confusion. Weak, short, and naked, he presented a pitiful spectacle of humbled pride. "What," exclaimed the celestial judge, "is this he who led you into guilt? whose mandates you obeyed rather than those of equity, humanity, and your own conscience? Contemplate the base idol you worshipped, he now feels and owns his insignificancy. What spell changed you into blood-thirsty slaves, whilst nature cried aloud that you were not intended to serve the ambitious phrenzy of this madman. As for you who contemned my laws, behold what looks of horror your very accomplices cast upon you, but this is not sufficient, you must see the villain with whom you are worthy to be compared." She said, and waved her sceptre; a skeleton of nearly the same size as Alexander, placed himself by his side. He was not quite so deeply stained with blood, but his bones were fractured in several places, and I remarked that the blows of the executioner's iron had wiped away the largest spots. "Behold, Alexander," Justice exclaimed, "behold thy pupil, and thy equal if a crown had fallen to his lot; his courage rivalled thine, but fettered by circumstances, he was compelled to content himself with murdering his fellow citizens during the darkness of night. The mortals who watch over the strict observation of my laws, succeeded in bringing the guilty to the scaffold; there he owned his crimes, and thought himself deserving of the most shameful end. Blind wretch! there exists no difference between thee and this villain; thou art even more unfortunate, for no due punishment has rewarded thy cruel deeds. Power has supported thy iron arm, which crushed and ravaged the world; in the flaming cities which thy intoxication destroyed, thou hast burned my sacred code; thou hast compelled thy victims to adore thee as a god; hast pierced the bosom of friendship. The fame of thy victories has dazzled other monarchs, who followed thy path through blood and ruin. Approach, Cæsar, thou who sheddest tears before the statue of this murderer, longing to deserve the same honour. Neither the genius of Rome, nor the supplications of thy bleeding country, could arrest thy course; thy dagger tore her bosom while her arms were extended to embrace thee. You overthrew the sublime edifices erected by the wisdom of six ages, to rear with their scattered ruins the odious towers of despotism. Your name, like that of Tamerlane, Attilla, Charles XII and Tsaungis Khan, is held in detestation. The genius of these conquerors is now proscribed; the blind multitude alone lose sight of the criminal in the deceitful glory with which he is surrounded.

"Princes, conquerors, generals, warriors, lay down your assumed greatness, ye men of blood, and tremble; you have armed nation against nation, you have fostered the serpent of war, you have gloried in devastation, and must answer for the blood which has been shed at your command. Yet the hardened villains who did not shudder to obey you, whom gold seduced or inclination prompted to become your accomplices, shall meet with the same punishment. What right has a man to inflict death upon another? does not his life belong to his Almighty creator? His destruction is a blow you aim at the supreme Being, tremble, homicides, and prostrate before me. No excuse can shelter your guilt; your brothers' blood calls aloud for vengeance; every gory stain shall be repaid with the devouring flames of remorse during several ages; and regret shall still damp your joy when the clemency of god shall forgive the least criminal amongst you, for each spot is indelible.

"The wish of obtaining the admiration of posterity was the motive of your actions, you exclaim; well, you are doomed to suffer till the happy moment comes when the enlightened world will curse war and those who have kindled its fires: Alexander, thy name must be pronounced with horror by the inhabitants of that earth where thy folly ordered altars to be erected to thine honour; all those who have been led astray by thy example, must be ranked amongst the greatest criminals before a ray of hope of forgiveness can cheer thy heart. Bear thy torments with patience, thou hast already lost the opinion of men, thy exploits are deemed acts of injustice, and the voice of truth begins to thunder against thy modern imitator."

Another skeleton burst from the crowd, and fell prostrate at the feet of Justice. The voice on the left became its interpreter. "O Divine Justice," it exclaimed, "I am entirely covered with blood, it burns, it devours me, and yet I have never slain any man." The voice on the right answered: "Thou hast never slain thy fellow-creatures, but thou hast celebrated the heroes who feasted on death and plunder, thou

last made their names and the bad example of their crimes immortal. Thou hast bound the temples of the murderers with laurels, and pointed to the eyes of mortals a false glory, that stands on the ruins of desolated cities, of polluted altars, and flaming palaces. Was the slaughter of mankind a fit subject for the language of the gods to celebrate? You ought to have bathed the wounds of suffering humanity with your tears; to have employed the vast genius with which nature had endowed your soul to enforce her sacred and eternal rights. Your poems would have then been more sublime and worthy of admiration. By exposing the sons of war to the contempt of nations, and the hatred of posterity, you would have overturned the car of sanguinary fame, and torn the purple mantle from her shoulders Humanity, weeping with joy, would have clasped you to her bosom, the praise of the virtuous and the wise, and the approving smile of Heaven would have repaid your toils But now whilst thy works are read and admired on account of the melody of thy numbers, the abuse thou hast made of thy superior talents shall meet with its due recompense.

Alas! Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, these eminent bards, these cowardly flatterers of lawless power, followed the steps of this disconsolate shade. They were punished, like Homer, for having praised and caressed the monster who signed the proscription of the noblest Roman citizens; for having deceived the world with harmonious but servile numbers, and given the shameful example of calling gods those who wear or usurp a diadem All the historians who concealed truth, all the flatterers who advised those crimes which they feared to commit, all who abused the noble science of eloquence and perverted its end, received the same punishment as though they had shed human blood. They were ranged amidst the foes to humanity, and in reality, Machiavel was in his closet, when wielding his pen, what the ferocious Nero was on his throne

"Appear now, beloved heroes," said Justice, "who have only fought to conquer peace! Ye whose valour has been a shield to the weak, a shelter for virtue and innocence; equally superior to your enemies both in wisdom and true courage Approach, humane warriors, venerable defenders of your country, benefactors of mankind. You mix your tears with the blood which you were compelled to shed; sorrow no more and cease to regret the past; Nature, whose cause you espoused pleads aloud in your favour" She finished, and I beheld Sesostris, Epaminondas, both Scipios, Marcus Aurelius, Charlemagne, and Henry IV. They were spotless; the dazzling beams of the sun of truth streamed around them, and increased the darkness of the stains of the guilty On a sudden Justice nodded, and the latter were plunged into the gulfs of hell, there to dwell in torments till remorse should hasten the rapturous hour of mercy I found myself among the few who were permitted to lift up the hands of gratitude towards Heaven; how joyfully beat my heart, I was freed from the company of the wicked, and mingled with the chosen servants of God whose hymns of praise and adoration gladdened the listening host of the sky.

On a sudden a discharge of artillery burst my slumbers; it was intended to proclaim a victory. The people who only perceive the splendour of a triumph shouted with exultation; whilst I, stealing away from the tumultuous scene of popular rejoicings, retired to a lonely spot, sheltered by distance from the pealing thunders of the cannon, and the intoxication of the multitude; and beneath the wing of peace and silence wrote the foregoing dream still warm in my memory E R.

THE BROTHERS.

A YOUTH who had often bathed in a river in which there were many quicksands, once more ventured in, and narrowly escaped from death. His elder brother, who a few months before had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, won her affections, and married her, and in those months had often wished both wife, and the marriage state far enough, hearing of the danger his brother had been in, said to him: "I am more surprized at your escape, than at the danger you have been in; how could you be so foolish as to trust this dangerous element, because it did not at other times deceive you!"

"Then let it still less be a wonder to you, (said the other) that your wife, since the time

she has been your wife, often gives you cause for repentance; who told you to trust so fickle a sex, as the female, because a pretty girl smiled on you, and for days seemed to think well of you?"

"And what would you have had me do with this sex?"

"Study and learn it well!"

"Fool! it would be like telling a seaman, after he had suffered all storms, to learn the depth and every rock in the fathomless deep; to both purposes one common course of life would not be sufficient, which seldom exceeds eighty or ninety years."

MEINERS' HISTORY OF THE FEMALE SEX.

AMONG the many translations of foreign works which are continually issuing from the press, it is not the most flattering to the literary character of the nation to observe how large a number display a lamentable want of judgment in the selection, and of ability in the execution. This is particularly evident in the productions of German writers, which have been submitted to the public in an English dress. The German language presents a rich mine of literature that yet remains to be explored, most of our translators having confined their researches too near the surface to reach the sterling ore.

It is with the greater pleasure we announce the speedy appearance of a translation from that language, of a work of real merit and utility, and which cannot fail to prove highly interesting to every class of our fair readers. We allude to the "History of the Female Sex," by Professor Meiners, of Gottingen, which has justly obtained a place among the classical productions of his country. The author describes the state of the sex, both in ancient and modern times, among the principal nations of the globe; investigates the causes of its degradation among some, and its power among others; and inquires into the consequences of the influence which it has exercised and still enjoys over society, manners, dress, and public affairs. The number of curious anecdotes with which M. Meiners has interspersed these volumes, together with the fund of information which they contain, render them equally amusing and instructive.

We are happy to know that the translation of this interesting performance will be such as not to disgrace the original. The subjoined extracts, with which we have been favoured, will convince our readers that it is not the work of an inexperienced pen, and will likewise enable them to form some idea of the manner of the author.

ACCOUNT OF THE GAGERS, AN AFRICAN NATION.

"To the nations who formerly, at least, were ruled with despotic power by females, belong the Gagers, the most savage and ferocious of all the cannibal tribes of Africa, and even of the world.

"These Gagers achieved the greatest conquests under the government of queens; from a queen they received their constitution and laws, which, so far from appearing to have been framed by a man, much less by a female, seem more congenial with the nature of the tiger; it is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive that they can ever be observed. It was a queen who commanded her subjects to massacre all their enemies without mercy, and afterwards to quaff their blood, and feast upon their flesh. The same queen ordered that no woman should, on pain of death, be delivered in the camp; that, under the same penalty, no twins, no children with natural infirmities, and, in general, no male infants should be reared; and if some were secreted immediately after the birth, contrary to the laws of this despotic sovereign, that such of them, at least, as cut the upper teeth before the lower, should be dispatched without mercy, because it was predicted that the state of the Gagers would be overthrown by persons of that description. When the queen promulgated this unnatural decree, dooming all the male children of her warriors to destruction, in order to ensure their ready compliance, she directed her only son, an infant at the breast, to be brought forward in the presence of the whole army, threw him into a mortar and pounded him, unmoved by the cries of the infant, or

the horrid spectacle of the mangled relics of the innocent victim. When she had reduced the body of her child to a shapeless mass, she mingled with it various kinds of herbs, powders, leaves, and oils, set it over a fire, and prepared an ointment, which, she declared, would render her invulnerable. This assurance, and the example of their queen, overcame the feelings of nature in all their warriors of both sexes, who followed the standard of this crowned female monster. All the new-born, or infant males in the whole camp were slaughtered, and this practice was continued for many years. Among the negro women to whom Cavazzi administered baptism, some acknowledged, with tears, that they had killed five, others seven, and others again ten children with their own hands.

" Notwithstanding the despotic authority of the legislatrix of the Gagers, she was unable, even by the strictest prohibition, to restrain her warriors from regaling themselves with the flesh of women. Rich and powerful chieftains continued to keep whole flocks of young girls, as they would of lambs, calves, or any other animals, and had some of them daily slaughtered for the table; for the Gagers prefer human flesh to every other species of animal food; and among the different classes of human kind, they hold that of young females in particular estimation "

CHARACTER OF THE WOMEN OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS

" When the men were engaged in distant expeditions, or long-protracted wars, they were always accompanied by their wives and children. These objects, according to the testimony of Tacitus, and all other Roman authors, most powerfully stimulated the valour of the ancient Germans; they were the most solemn witnesses and the warmest panegyrist of their achievements. When the German heroes were wounded, they had recourse to their mothers, or their wives, who sucked, cleansed, or dressed their wounds; all the women of Germany and the North being thoroughly skilled in the virtues of simples. Even during the engagement, wives and mothers mingled with the ranks of the combatants, carrying them refreshments, and renewing their intreaties and exhortations to fight valiantly, that they and their children might not fall into the hands of their foes, and be doomed to inevitable slavery. Wives and daughters, provided with the attire and the arms of men, very often fought most courageously beside their husbands and fathers; and hence the Romans frequently observed the bodies of armed women in the field of battle among the slain. When the German warriors, unable to withstand the attack of a superior enemy, began to yield, the women, by their lamentations and reproaches, very often roused and inflamed their drooping courage to such a degree, that they returned to the charge, and attacked the enemy with redoubled fury, in order to rescue the dear objects of their love, their wives and children, from captivity. When intreaties, tears, and reproaches could not prevail on the dismayed combatants to renew the charge, the women and girls mounted the rampart with which the German camps were surrounded, placing themselves in hostile array against their dastardly brothers and husbands, as well as against the enemy, and with spears and swords making no less havoc among their fugitive countrymen than among their victorious pursuers. When, therefore, the Romans had routed the German armies, after the most obstinate engagements, they had frequently such bloody battles to fight at the ramparts, upon which the wives, sisters, and daughters of the slaughtered warriors had posted themselves, that the conquerors acknowledged they could not have been victorious, had the men displayed the same invincible intrepidity as the women. As the love of liberty overcame the tenderness for husbands and children, so the fear of servitude far outweighed the fear of death in the bosoms of the generous females of all the Celtic nations. When these heroines were surrounded and disarmed, and saw no possibility of escaping the horrors of everlasting slavery, they generally dispatched each other, or hanged themselves, having previously strangled their infants, or dashed out their brains against stones. This valour, and this love of liberty, were perpetuated undiminished among the Celtic fair till the commencement of the present century; and I sincerely hope that these virtues of the mothers may be transmitted unimpaired to the latest generations."

The work here announced will form four handsome volumes, and is expected to appear very soon.

THE DOG OF MELAI.

UNDER the Greeks of the middle age, the art of sculpture, after the famous destruction of their statues, never more ventured powerfully to raise its head. Paintings were the sole ornaments of their temples and palaces; and a hundred pictures were more easily found, than a single statue. The descendants of Phidias and Scopas as much forgot the arts of their forefathers, as the valour of Miltiades and Themistocles was forgotten by them.

During a few years only, under the Emperor Constantine X this art appeared to be flattered with a more favourable destiny He had seen Italy before his ascent to the throne, had preserved his liking to the remains of Roman grandeur he had there seen, and encouraged his subjects to imitate their example — He succeeded! No sooner did the artists perceive that from him might be acquired what artists, particularly natives, so seldom meet with—support and reward, that they immediately collected around him in numbers, embellished his residence, and bowed at his nod

One of the most fortunate of these workmen in metal and marble, was Melonion The fame of his art, and the pureness of his heart were equally great; and he felt not less by the view of a fine form, than by listening to an interesting and affecting tale

Once, about the going down of the sun, as he was preparing to leave off his employment, a man bent double with age, entered his workshop, and begged leave to look at his statues His white hair, a certain sublimity in his eyes, the fire of which age might have diminished, but could not extinguish, his dress simple, rather indifferent than good, but cleanly and decent, the animated look with which he surveyed the masterpieces he beheld, the few observations he made on them, but those few so pointed—all this induced the artist to pay more attention to his visit than he usually did to the daily interrupters of his work The stranger had now viewed all the pieces, and through a particular chance it so happened, they were all dedicated to famous warriors The war with the Arabs, which was alone interrupted by an armistice, never ended by a peace—occupied in particular the contemporaries of Melonion; and the grateful Constantine had destined for many of his generals, monuments of immortality

This singular coincidence did not escape the old man, who having at last finished his examinations, turned himself to Melonion — "All your excellent works (said he) are, as I perceive, dedicated to heroes. To them alone, perhaps, you have devoted your Art?"

"To them, even the least. I love mankind too well to be fond of their destroyers; that you find my workshop so full of their monuments, is merely accidental, and to confess honestly, an accident that occasions me more pain than pleasure. As artists, are we not oftener obliged to follow the commands of our employers than the impulse of our own inclinations? Often, whilst occupied on the exploits and characters of these warriors, my chisel is apt to drop from my hand You will, I hope, believe me, when I tell you, that the bloody marks in this marble, not undesignedly, refer often to their swords."

"Two-fold fame for that artist, who with a head and a hand possesses also a soul! for a deserving being, under whatever form fate had decreed him to appear, you would then willingly employ your chisel?"

"Most certainly, as soon as he is really proved deserving!"

"O that he was! that he was. Neither you nor I will ever have it in our power to be so in a higher degree".

In the eyes of the old man, as he uttered this, tears glistened, and his voice changed from the deliberateness of age, to the eagerness of youth —He proceeded:—

"But the price, artist, which you fix on a monument from your hands?"

"Two thousand golden bezantines."

"Much, very much! yet not more than he is worth."

"And who is this being (asked Melonion, somewhat surprised), of whom you have twice spoken?"

"One more answer, before I discover that. Would you, since you do not confine yourself to heroes, deem a being of a different species, deserving your chisel, if his conduct were otherwise justly deserving of admiration and praise?"

The embarrassment of the statuary encreased at every word of the stranger.

"A being of a different species? What is it you mean?"

"You will be still more astonished when I name him to you".

"So, name him then."

"My dog."

The old man spoke truth—Melonion at the two words appeared thunderstruck—looked doubtfully, now full into the eye of the stranger—now on his miserable dress—now on the ground. This degrading commission alone soon filled him with the idea, that either the stranger was frantic, or, by some one sent, through envy, to deride him. Yet his former sensible conversation contradicted the first suspicion, whilst the noble generous warmth of his tone and look considerably weakened the second—it was, however, a minute at least, before Melonion recovered himself, he then with calmness replied: "You are right, venerable old man! Your proposal really surprises me—it is the first of the kind that has ever been made to me—is it in jest, or in earnest?"

"Really in earnest."

"Have you sufficiently reflected on it?"

"Perfectly."

"And also the expence of the two thousand bezantins?"

"On that also."

"And of the security you must give me, that this work, supposing I undertook it, is not undertaken in vain?"

"On that, this stone shall be your security." He drew, as he said this, a ring from off his finger, the form of which, even without the preceding conversation, would alone have excited the surprise of Melonion. It could not in reality be called any longer a ring, it was only the casket of what once had been one, with some remains of its former splendour. The magnitude of its empty sockets, shewed the worth it had formerly possessed, and the two stones that remained, was a still more certain proof. The artist, who was well acquainted with the worth of jewels, valued one at about four thousand ducats of the present coin, and the other at half of that sum.

No longer could he repress his curiosity and wonder—"Old man!" he exclaimed, as he sprang up, and carefully shutting the already half-closed door; "Old man! I conjure you to tell me who you are? and what you require of me?"

"What I require, you already know; but to discover who I am, requires consideration—at least I must exact from you an oath of the utmost secrecy."

"Which I will make. It is true, an oath I have been used to reserve for things alone of the utmost importance, and indeed without one, my unimpeached character might render you sufficiently easy."

"Not your character, but the tone of your appeal. It is the tone of an unspotted conscience, and that for me is enough. Have you a room less frequented by those who may wish to speak with, or disturb you!—conduct me to it, and your curiosity shall be gratified." Melonion complied with his desire—they sat down, and the stranger thus began:—

"My father was king over the greatest part of Indostan—I, Melai, his eldest son, and the peaceful inheritor of his throne." Astonished and filled with awe, the artist attempted to rise; but the old man grasped his hand, and prevented him with a friendly smile.—"Forbear (said he), it is the lot of monarchs to be flattered in good fortune, censured after death—in misery despised by thousands, and only now and then, from one elevated soul, to meet with sympathy. Be you this last, and I am more than contented. My father (continued he, after a few moments' pause) was a warlike prince, before whom his neighbours trembled, and his subjects were afraid. I was his opposite; for from my youth the chief desires of my heart were peace, and the love of my people. He had grown grey in battle, and regarded his armour as the decorations of a bridegroom. I unwillingly put it on, and never without the most fervent prayer, that I might soon be permitted to lay it off for ever.

"In my forty-eighth year, I yet retained all the fullness of health, all the powers of a youth at twenty,—and at these years I saw a girl prostrate herself at the foot of my throne——A girl, such as I had never yet beheld! A milder eye, a finer form, a more lovely bosom, no artist had ever painted, hardly imagined; and when she began to speak, the tones alone of her voice were powerful, even for those who understood not her language. Before her petition was known, it was granted; and her suit might as well have been unjust, as it proved just, without danger of being lost. Her complaint was against a covetous uncle, who would have sold her to a deformed enervated man, alike cripple in soul and body, as a sacrifice to his lust, or rather an incitement to his desires; and you may easily conceive how my judgment decided.

"But not so easy can you imagine how I felt as she prepared to retire from before my throne. The feelings of a youth of sixteen, who is in danger of being bereaved of his first love, are trifling compared to it. Had not my rank forbid, I had gladly hastened after her, embraced that fine neck before all my subjects, and kissed those lips of coral.

"I called her back once more. As she turned round, it was as the breaking forth of the sun on a lowering day; the clouds disperse, and the bright region around seems to have

been new created. I have declared you free, beautiful Gulmanac, cried I; and as a proof of your freedom, it now rests with you to give even your sovereign, before his people, a favourable answer, or a denial. Would you accept of a place among my women? She blushed."—

'My sovereign has to command!'

"But how then, if he will not command?"

'It then will be the greatest happiness of his slave to anticipate his smallest wishes.'

"From that moment she was the sole arbitress of my heart. I dismissed my whole harem; and Gulmanac from that hour reigned over me, through love, as unlimited as I, by birth-right, over my dominions.

"Soon afterwards they brought me a man, whom they accused of murderous intentions towards his nephew. His defender was, strange enough, the nephew himself. He refuted the accusers so warmly by a relation of the numerous benefits which his uncle had conferred on him; conducted the cause of the accused in so much superior a manner to the defendant himself; shewed so noble a confidence in the virtue of others, such experience, capacity, eloquence, and humanity, that he soon possessed himself of my heart. I drew him from his mediocrity, bestowed on him one honourable post after the other, and found him in every respect so useful, that at last I declared him my first vizier, and conferred on him the name of Ebn Machmud. My son grew up: he was the handsomest youth in the whole kingdom, and the most accomplished in every manly exercise. His soul was also truly worthy of the body it inhabited; he ended fortunately a couple of short campaigns against a neighbouring foe, and when returned with fame and victory, he still remained the modest youth, the dutiful son he was before he went.

"Who would not now have considered me one of the most fortunate of mankind; who would not have imagined my prosperity unalterable? A wife, so lovely and good! a vizier, so experienced and tried! both the more deeply indebted to me, as the lower I found, the higher I had exalted them. A successor to my throne, who appeared to dread, rather than wish my death; subjects who adored me! Peace without, prosperity within, in the middle of a well-spent life, yet with all the powers of youthful health; and lastly, all this connected with that bliss so seldom found in cottages, hardly ever on a throne; with the greatest of all blessings, a conscience without stain! O how much was I then to be envied; how useless appeared to me the parental caution, and the parental ring; but alas, how much too soon was I in want of the latter!

"Notwithstanding the warmth of my love, I yet knew little, or not at all, jealousy, the general failing attendant on this passion. Gulmanac was mistress of my heart, and, greatly as the custom of the country and rank decreed the reverse, also mistress of her freedom. By little chearful suppers, some of my courtiers were often permitted to see her while they attended on us; yes! more than once I laid aside all majesty, and suffered Ebn Machmud to sit by my side, and partake of our meal.

"I have never yet learnt, whether perhaps in the beginning, from some remains of faith and gratitude, Ebn Machmud did not endeavour to suppress those inclinations, which soon mastered his whole heart; but this I unhappily too soon experienced, that a rival is to be feared even by a monarch. For as the vizier, during my government, could not have any hopes of embezzling the best jewel in my crown, the perfidious being conceived the expedient of setting himself up as lord over Indostan. Perhaps he already perceived something in the eyes of the beautiful Gulmanac, which gave to a young fascinating man, a marked preference over the husband of fifty years; perhaps, he also knew the hearts of women, generally speaking, but too well, not to know that by every change of fortune, their affections are also liable to change.

"His endeavours and ideas were now directed towards acquiring a party amongst the populace, and he soon succeeded but too well; for when I before observed, that I was adored by my subjects, I certainly meant merely the greatest part of them. The presumptuous idea of being universally beloved, is madness in any brain, and would be treble madness in the head of a monarch. He will ever give offence to some while he satisfies others; even while he is parentally employed for the welfare of the whole, he will disappoint the expectations, or at least the advantage of individuals. Moreover, with me the discontented party was the smallest, it is true in number, but the most formidable in power,—the party of the warriors. My peaceful government deprived them of the rich plunder which they had often obtained under my father! With displeasure they saw *that* protected through peaceful policy, which they could alone appropriate, and at the same time destroy, under cover of the sword. Their discontents did not escape the observations of Ebn Machmud; he stirred them up to demand war, and higher pay; me he persuaded to deny both; and hardly had the unfortunate No! passed my lips, when he himself—the now unmasked traitor—stood at their head, and talked to me the language of a rebel.

"Necessity forced me now to the most dreadful of all expedients---to a civil war. My loyal subjects collected numerously around me; to my son I appointed the station of field-marshal. Twice he was victorious; in the third action he fell When they brought me his corpse, I threw myself upon it disconsolate; yet one of his most confidential slaves blunted the keen edge of this affliction by the intelligence of a still greater misery. He produced papers, which proved undeniably that Ebn Machmud, by a pretended account of dangers prepared for him by Gulmanac, had shaken the love of my own son towards me; that his breaking with me was only delayed on account of the partition of some provinces; that my son, forced by his army, had unwillingly given the last battle; and in it had fallen, contrary to Machmud's express orders, and solely through the ignorance of one of the enemy's soldiers.

"Had the perfidy of my favourite before wounded my inmost feelings, how much more so must the death and the guilt of my only son! I now took up arms myself; my people appeared to view me at their head with transport; my arms were by far superior to the rebel legions, and the next meeting could not but prove decisive.

"The armies soon met, for passion forced me on, and love goaded Ebn Machmud. Already my right wing was under me victorious; the left was led by Myn Narkuli, a brave warrior, whom my father in anger had once condemned to death, and whose life I had saved. To whom could I more securely entrust myself than to the man who had to thank me for his existence? yet he betrayed me. In the midst of the heat of battle, he went over to the enemy, and with him the greater part of his division; the remainder naturally dispersed; my already victorious army fell into disorder, and a single quarter of an hour precipitated me from power and grandeur into flight and misery.

"With the look and tone of distraction, I flew to the tent of Gulmanac, and conjured her to mount the swiftest horse, and follow me to the nearest fortress. I know, exclaimed I, that there imprisonment, and lastly death, will be our fate; but let us die as we have lived!

"The wretch requested me to submit to the victor; offered herself to entreat his compassion: offered herself——Ah, I know not to what the abandoned creature offered herself! It is enough that I found her also to be unquestionably faithless. It was now no longer in my power to repress my rage; I drew a dagger, and would have stabbed the unworthy wretch. Her fearful shrieks brought several of my officers, and I for the first time perceived, that I no longer was the sovereign before whom every knee bent; only the day before, that being against whom my arm had been uplifted, would have immediately been pierced through with ten daggers; now my arm was arrested, the miserable object removed, and the deadly weapon wrested from me. It was, it is true, with the voice of pacification; it is true it had yet all the appearance of servility, the form of submission; but I too clearly saw through the thin disguise, and no longer confided in any being around me.

"Messenger after messenger informed me of the total rout of my forces, and the nearer approach of Ebn Machmud. I threw myself across my swiftest horse: Who yet loves me, exclaimed I, let him follow me! about fifty out of more than one hundred thousand followed. Most of them were secret enemies of Ebn Machmud: they followed out of hatred to him, not of zeal to me. The fortress in which I intended to take refuge was distant about a day's journey A wood lay between; night was fast approaching; we rode for life or death. The wood was gained—it was midnight—our horses had not power to proceed; we were obliged to halt I now numbered my companions, the fifty were reduced to ten; the remainder, either fatigue or repentance had detained. Bitterly I laughed aloud; spoke not one word, and threw myself on the grass; around me lay my attendants. Sorrow, rage, anxiety, revenge, jealousy, and a hatred of life, possessed me entirely; yet weariness and hunger were still more predominant than either of the other passions. I fell asleep, and when I awoke after a few hours, I perceived by the twilight, that I was alone. How my companions stole away, I know not Not far from me grazed my horse, and at my feet lay my dog

"Enough, and more than enough, have I entertained you with the relation of infamous beings; it is pleasing to myself, that at last I can describe one of a better class. Yet, to make it more easily understood by you, I must first mention what sort of a dog this was.

"Among all the different kinds of hunting, I had preferred the chace of the tiger alone, because it appeared to me the most useful to the welfare of my subjects. At one of these, I saw a very young, but furious dog, lacerated and weltering in his blood; I killed the tiger at the very moment he intended giving the death-stroke to his enemy. The poor animal grieved me; I ordered him to be taken up, and

as I usually carried about me in all those dangerous sports, a most excellent balsam, I poured a few drops of it into the wounds of the dog the alleviation he felt from it changed his hitherto violent cries into a gentle moaning, and in the midst of this moaning, he thankfully licked my hand.

"I reiterated my commands, to take the utmost care of him It was done; the dog recovered, and as I had made repeated enquiries after him, he was brought to me as soon as he was healed. He knew me, and as if he were sensible that I solely had been the preserver of his life, he caressed me so joyfully, and in so pleasing a manner, that he was from that hour my favourite, and to have separated him from me alive, would have been almost an impossibility, so great was the attachment he shewed for me. My companion by day, my guardian by night, he had followed me every where in the camp, and in my flight; I found him still with me when all that had the power of escaping had deserted me.

"Think of it as meanly as you please, the former sovereign of Indostan, now embraced his last faithful friend, more warmly than he would have embraced those who had given him back a throne and empire I then threw myself on my horse, and continued my flight; but no longer towards the fortress, for I was but too sure, that its doors would remain shut to me.

"It appears incredible that a single fugitive could have escaped unknown, through a country of war and tumult; but at the beginning of my flight, I had chosen clothes and turban of the most common sort; my horse was fleet and good, but nothing less than handsome; and in short, I was protected by him in whose power it is to strike the eye of an enemy with blindness, and the arm with impotence, when he intends to save us My plan was thus to steal along as far as Persia; and I might be distant from the frontiers about twenty miles, when I, one evening, applied for shelter in a farm-house, and obtained it I sat at table and ate, or at least pretended I could eat; there entered a young soldier, who came just home from the action, and, as I soon learned, was the son of my host. They welcomed him with acclamations; and their enquiries how every thing stood? how he had fared? on which side he had fought? what the unfortunate? what the new monarch was doing? these, and a thousand other questions, almost deafened the youth He was one of those who, during the battle, had gone over to Machmud: he exalted the liberality of the victor to the utmost, he related, that my capital had joyfully opened its gates to the new sovereign; that he had entered it triumphantly on the side of Gulmanac; and ended by saying, that my head was not worth less than a province During his harangue I sat in such a manner that he could not easily see my face; he appeared to be very curious of doing so, and as he at last from time to time succeeded, he conversed whispering with his father a few moments

"It is true I only understood a few words: but among those few was the word suspicious, and soon after he departed More was not necessary to fill me with apprehensions; I feigned to be sleepy; seized a pretext to go out once more before bed-time; hurried into a garden near to the house; and having mounted my horse, took to flight, leaping over fences and ditches

"I had hardly got a hundred yards before I heard myself called after; and in about a quarter of an hour, I perceived by the glimmer of the moon, some appearances which seemed to be moving about a great way off I remained not a moment in doubt of their being persons who were pursuing me; but I relied on my excellent horse, and not without reason; for I soon could no longer distinguish those appearances; I rode or rather raced the whole night through in this manner; I always purposely avoided the high road, and I soon saw that I had but too much avoided it; for by break of day I found myself in a large sandy plain I grieved for my horse, yet my safety was to me—to me, barbarian—of perhaps greater value than the life of the poor horse, I continued now and then to press him forward; he performed what he could; towards noon, when the sun was at its height, he fell down with fatigue, and without the power of raising himself up again

"And you also forsake me? I cried out, as I loosened his girts and bridle, poor animal! at least with thee thy will expired only with thy ability O! that the base wretches with whom I was surrounded, whom I brought up, whom I nourished—ah, whom I considered as my friends, had only performed their duty half so well"—with tears I left him; I would have sacrificed one of my arms, if through that I could have had it in my power to have helped him; but for myself, there was no where either strength or comfort

"On foot I now continued my flight Necessity constrained me to approach the first village, which after some hours I perceived; I bought here some food, gave myself out for a merchant, who had fallen among robbers, and asked the way to Persia. They answered me, 'that there were two, the one was a high road,

but very much about; the other was considerably nearer, but lonely and dangerous, because it was very easy to lose oneself in the desart, of which I had crossed only a small corner.' I chose the latter, and at the end of the third day, found myself really in that predicament from which they had warned me.

" If the lot of any person, in a desart, without a village, without a guide, without food, without a path, without knowledge or hope, be sufficiently dreadful, how terrible must it be for a prince, trained up in effeminacy, and grown grey in prosperity; who had every care of this kind warded off by his attendants, every misery lightened, every want removed far away from him! And yet, with emaciated body, I dragged myself along one more day and night My strength was at an end; not so was the desart

' The sun now went down, and as I imagined, my last. No singing of birds attended it, for no one thing existed around me, my dog excepted! No redness of the sky followed; for the air was much too clear of vapours No dew fell, for all around was a burning sand. I threw myself sorrowfully down on one of the sand hillocks Here, said I, will I lie; here slumber the eternal sleep! How enfeebled was I! close to me nestled my dog, who looked on me and moaned He also had not eat any thing the whole day, faithfully had I, the day before, divided with him my last morsel of bread I now beat weeping over him, caressed him, and exclaimed, how gladly would I feed you, had I only a few crumbs of bread for myself remaining!—As if he understood the words, as if he had interpreted the tears in my eyes, he regarded me fixedly; licked once more my chin and hands, sprung up quickly, and flew off

" Perhaps, my dear Melonion, it may to you be incredible, but I swear to you, that among all the trials I before and since have suffered, this last was the most severe, the only one which I sunk under—At last even him! I exclaimed; my feelings unmanned me; I sunk down, and lost speech and recollection I know not how long I may have continued laying in that manner, but at least some hours must have elapsed, for it was just as the day began to break, that a pulling and scratching awoke me: I painfully lifted up my breaking eyes, and perceived—my returned friend, whom I had conceived faithless. His mouth was bloody, and at my feet lay an animal, of a species to me unknown, but which looked very much like a rabbit When he perceived that I was awake, he moaned greatly once more; lifted up his booty, and laid it in my lap.—Not one word of my sensations; I am speaking with a man whose eyes inform me what his heart feels

" Undoubtedly what my preserver offered me was no royal dish; yet no one of all those I had formerly, in all the splendour of majesty partaken of, appeared so sumptuous to me, or revived me so efficaciously as this little raw morsel. I now proceeded on my perigrination; saw myself towards afternoon on rather a beaten path, at the day's close on Persian ground, and by times the next morning in a small town. My money still lasted long enough to feed me for a couple of days; an hospitable old man lodged me. I crept, as soon as I had an opportunity, into the most remote corner of the house, and with much trouble, broke out of my father's ring, the first and smallest of the stones; the price I received for it maintained me till I arrived at Ispahan I travelled thither in company, or rather under the protection of a caravan; for during the whole journey I hardly spoke an hundred words, answered every question with a monosyllable, and never proffered one.

" When arrived at Ispahan, we found every street full of people, and in commotion. My companions asked the reason of this tumult; before they could learn it, I already saw it with my own eys; saw it, and my mind had again a trial for all its fortitude, not to betray me It was neither more nor less than the entry of the ambassador from the usurper of my throne. He was mounted on the elephant I used to ride, and the envoy himself had been one of my favourites. How many thousand times had he formerly sworn to me eternal fidelity! he now came to demand my death.

" What I surmised now came to pass. I once, it is true, quite against the general conduct of neighbouring monarchs, in a dangerous rebellion, had been the means of keeping the King of Persia on his throne; yet now, to please the malicious conqueror, he, by public proclamation, set a great reward on my head, and with it so minute a description of my person was given, that any one even at the first view must have known me—supposing that I really had remained the same as I had been on the throne. Yet, minutely as the painter had taken off my likeness, one circumstance had certainly not come under his consideration, nor yet could it,—the alteration which in the interim my misery had occasioned. That unfortunate being, whom his faithful dog had delivered from death, resembled so little the one who had fled from the field of battle, that quite safe from ever being recognised, I could remain a full month at Ispahan.

I then, at my convenience, removed further on, till I came to Constantinople: there I bought a small retired house, and have lived sixteen years, totally secluded from that shameful race of men My economy required but little; my ring from time to time furnished me with that little. Never have I stooped to ask a favour; never have I wished back again the burthen of a throne; never murmured at my fate; never again shed a tear till yesterday, when my companion, my friend and deliverer, my Muskim died He died of old age, still in the last pangs he licked my hand; unwillingly he appeared to die, unwillingly he must have died, for he was separating from me."

The old man faultered here a few seconds, then proceeded:—"My history is drawing towards its close; of eleven stones I have yet two remaining: they are the most precious of them all; of my days, certainly but few remain; the smallest jewel is sufficient for those few. Take the largest, and honour with your chissel a being, which was undoubtedly, only a dog, but if you will speak sincerely, was possessed of nobler feelings than many a man, hero, or conqueror."

During this relation, which partook more of the warmth of the relator, than it is possible for the pen of an historian to express, the eyes of the artist overflowed often, very often, with tears; now that Melar had concluded, Melonion required some minutes before he could dry his cheeks, and find words to speak.

"O monarch!" stammered he at length—

"Not monarch! that I was once. Regard in me now, only the old man"

"Noblest old man, then! how deeply has your fate affected me! with feelings how warm do I thank you, that you will make use of my poor abilities for a subject, which certainly appeared to me at first a debasement, but which now will be to me of more value, than the mausoleum of many a prince—only grant me first two requests."

"Two for one!—Well, then, let me hear; what are they?"

"Keep your stone! Fate has bestowed on me property sufficient. Enough of my former years has been dedicated merely to industry and profit; my next will I devote solely to you, and my own pleasure. This is my first request; and be this my second; well-grounded as your misanthropy appears to be, do not give up entirely your faith in the virtue of man! what by instinct in animals is so often effected, sensibility and reflection can now and then, should it even happen but seldom, be produced with us. I certainly have no crown to offer you as a substitute for the one you have lost; but your last, your heaviest loss, the loss of friend, perhaps it may be in my power to supply

"You?"

"Yes, me! forsake your retirement! Be master of my house; be with me, father and king! contemplate from time to time, with your own eyes, the progress of that monument which is to do honour to your favourite."

The source of which I made use in composing this tale, was at once dried up. I only found related in but very few words, that the old man, after repeated denials, at last had consented to pass the remainder of his life with Melonion; that he never repented, and that a monument of the finest alabaster, to the remembrance of the faithful dog, had really been executed. The signification of it must undoubtedly have appeared to a great number of spectators very obscure, and to no one, in reality, intelligible; but after the death of the monarch, Melonion imparted to many the history and meaning of the monument; and it is said to have been in being at the time when Muhamed made himself master of Constantinople.

M. G.

ON PRINTING.

PRINTING is the best gift that Heaven, in its clemency, has granted man. It will ere long change the face of the universe. From the narrow space of a printer's press issue forth the most exalted and generous ideas, which it will be impossible for man to resist; he will adopt them even against his will, and the result is already visible. Printing had scarcely been discovered, when every thing seemed to assume a general and distinct bent towards perfection Ideas became more pure, despotism was civilized, and humanity held in higher repute; researches were made from all parts; men scrutinized, examined,

and laboured hard in order to overthrow the antient temple of ignorance and error; every attention was paid to the general good, and all undertakings received the seal of utility. Properly to comprehend this truth, one must not confine oneself within a city; but view the whole face of Europe, see the numerous useful establishments which have arisen in every country; cross the seas, and look at America, and meditate on the astonishing change which has there taken place.

America is, perhaps, destined to new mould human kind; its inhabitants may adopt a sublime code of laws, they may perhaps bring the arts and sciences to perfection, and be the representatives of the ancients. In this asylum of liberty, the magnanimous souls of the Greeks may again arise; and this example will prove to the world what man can accomplish, if he will dedicate his courage and understanding to the common good.

The means of arriving at universal happiness are already marked out; the present concern is the expansion of them, and from this, there is but one step to make to put them in practice. Look back and you will find whether ideas of this sort conceived thirty years ago, be not at present realised; and then judge of the strength and sense of human reason. When genius shall have bent against error, the thunder of its majestic voice, what people are there who will not sooner or later hear it, and awake from the lethargy in which they had so long slumbered.

Noble art! thou alone hast been able to counterbalance all the fire-arms of the universe! Thou art the counterpoise of that fatal powder which was going to condemn us all to slavery. Printing! thou mayest truly be deemed an invention from heaven.

The tyrant, surrounded by his guards, defended by two hundred thousand naked swords, insensible to the stings of conscience, will not be so to that of a pen; this dart will find a way to his heart, even in the bosom of grandeur. He would wish to smile and conceal the wound he has received, but it is the convulsion of rage which agitates his lips, and he is punished, let him be ever so powerful. Yes he is, and his children would also be punished by inheriting his detested name, did they not by their actions acquire a different fame.

The labours and succession of several ages will throw light on what is still involved in darkness, and no useful discovery will again be lost.

Printing will immortalize the books that have been dictated by the genius of humanity; and all these accumulated works, and various thoughts improved by reflection will form a general code of laws for nations. Even if nature were no more to produce any of those geniuses of whom she is so sparing, the assiduity of ordinary minds will raise the edifice of physical knowledge.

"The mind of one single man may be exhausted, but not that of mankind," has been said by a poet. Genius seems to walk with giant steps, because the sparks which fly from all parts of the globe, may be united in one focus by the aid of printing, which collects every scattered ray. Posterity will then be much astonished at our ignorance respecting many objects which time will have more clearly developed. From this we may infer that it will be more agreeable to live a thousand years hence than at present, for I have too good an opinion of man, to believe he will reject the truths which crowd around him.

Philosophy is a beacon which spreads afar its light; it has not an active power, yet it directs our course; it only points out the road, it is the wind that must swell the sails, and impel the vessel. True philosophy has never been the cause of troubles or crimes; it is the sublime voice of reason that speaks to the universe, and is only powerful when listened to. Man becomes enlightened unconsciously; he cannot reject truth, when, cut and fashioned like to the diamond, it is unfolded by the hands of genius.

There have been opinions, which, similar to the plague, have travelled round the world; have caused people to perish in the flames in Europe, to be massacred in America; have filled Asia with blood, and spread their ravages as far as the poles of the earth. The plague has had its run, it has only carried away two-thirds of the human race; but these barbarous extravagancies have reigned twelve hundred years, and degraded men beneath the brute creation. Philosophical writers are the benevolent sages who have arrested and disarmed this epidemic disease, more dangerous than the most dreaded calamities.

E R.

ON THE RAGE FOR BUILDING.

When Greece and Rome had emerged from barbarism to an exalted state of civilization, a distinguished place among the arts was given to architecture. The accomplished Pericles, assisted by the refined genius of Phidias, adorned Athens with those temples, theatres, and porticos, which even in ruins have excited the admiration of posterity — After Augustus had established the peace of the Roman world, a similar display of magnificence was exhibited, and equalled, or rather surpassed the glory of Athens. This memorable era of architecture is eminently distinguished by the elegance of the Palatine Temple of Apollo, and the sublimity of the Pantheon.

The progress of refinement from public to private works must necessarily be hasty and immediate, because nothing is more natural to man than imitation, particularly of that which is the object of his wonder and applause. They who daily surveyed such edifices as were remarkable for capaciousness and grandeur, projected the erection of similar structures upon a more confined plan. Their designs were frequently carried to such an excess in the execution, as to pass the limits of convenience and economy, and give a loose to the sallies of ostentation and extravagance. From this source was derived the just indignation with which Demosthenes inveighed against the degenerate Athenians, whose houses eclipsed the public buildings, and were lasting monuments of vanity triumphant over patriotism. The strictures of Horace flow in a similar channel, and plainly indicate that the same preposterous rage for building prevailed among the Romans. Even if we make allowance for the hyperbolical flights of the lyric muse, we must still suppose that vast and continued operations of architects were carried on by land and water, "since a few acres only were left for the exercise of the plough, and the fish were sensible of the contraction of their element."

The transition from the ancients to the moderns is easy and obvious. It must be confessed, that, like servile copyists, we have too closely followed the originals of our great masters, and have delineated their faults as well as their beauties. The contagion of the building-influenza was not peculiar to the Greeks and Romans, but has extended its virulence to this country, where it rages with unabating violence. Neither the acuteness of Pott, nor the erudition of Jebb, are necessary to ascertain its symptoms in various parts of England. Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Brighton, and Margate, bear evident marks of its wide diffusion. The metropolis is manifestly the centre of the disease. In other places, the accumulation is made by occasionally adding house to house, but in London, street is suddenly added to street, and square to square. The adjacent villages in a short time undergo a complete transformation, and bear no more resemblance to their original state, than Phillis the milk-maid does to a Lady Mayoress. The citizen who twenty years ago enjoyed at his country seat pure air, undisturbed retirement, and an extensive prospect, is now surrounded by a populous neighbourhood. The purity of the air is sullied with smoke, and the prospect is cut off by the opposite houses. The retirement is interrupted by the London cries, and the vociferations of the watchmen. In the vicinity of the capital every situation is propitious to the mason and the carpenter. Mansions daily arise upon the marshes of Lambeth, the roads of Kensington, and the hills of Hampstead. The chain of buildings so closely unites the country with the town, that the distinction is lost between Cheapside and St. George's Fields. This idea struck the mind of a child, who lives at Clapham, with so much force, that he observed, "If they go on building at such a rate, London will soon be next door to us."

A strong light is often thrown upon the manners of a people by their proverbial sayings. When the Irish are highly enraged, they express a wish which is not tempered with much of the milk of kindness, by saying, "May the spirit of building come upon you." If an Irishman be once possessed by this demon, it is difficult to stop his progress through brick and mortar, till he exchanges the superintendance of his workmen for the confinement of a prison. But this propensity is not merely visible in the environs of Dublin, or upon the shores of Cork; it is equally a characteristic of the sister kingdom.

England can furnish not a few instances of men of taste who have sold the best oaks of their estates for gilding and girandoles; of fathers who have beggared their families to enjoy the pleasure of seeing green-houses and pineries arise under their inspection; and of

fox-hunters who have begun with a dog-kennel, and ended with a dwelling-house. Enough is every day done by the amateurs of Wyatt and Chambers, to palliate the censure of ostentation and uselessness that is lavishly thrown upon the King's-house at Winchester, and the Radcliffe library at Oxford.

My cousin, Obadiah Project, Esq. formerly a respectable deputy of Farringdon Ward Within, retired into the country, when he had reached his grand climacteric, upon a small estate. While he lived in town, his favourite hobby-horse, which was building, had never carried him farther than to change the situation of a door, or erecting a chimney. On settling in his new habitation, as he was no sportsman, he found himself inclined to turn student. His genius led him to peruse books of architecture. For two years nothing pleased him so much as the *The Builder's Compleat Guide*, *Campbell's Vitruvius*, and *Sandby's Views*. All these heated his imagination with the beauties of palaces, and delighted his eye with the regularity of the orders, for which he felt a vague and confused fondness. He had, perhaps, no more idea of the distinction between a cornice and a colonnade, than the monstrous craws. Unluckily, Sir Maximilian Barleycorn, was his neighbour, who had lately erected a house upon the Italian plan. As my cousin was laying out his garden, he found that the soil was composed of a fine vein of clay. It immediately struck him, that bricks might be procured at a very cheap rate. The force of inclination, combined with rivalship, and encouraged by opportunity, is too powerful for man to resist. He therefore flew to tell his wife of the grand discovery, and inveighed with much warmth against the smallness of their parlour, the badness of the kitchen floor, and the ruinous state of the garrets. She mildly represented that they had no money to throw away upon a new house, and that the old one might cheaply be put into repair. Her remarks had just as much effect, as the advice of the barber and the curate had upon Don Quixote. The next day he played Geoffry Gambado, by taking a ride to consult Mr. Puff, the architect. Mr. Puff was confident that the old house must fall down in a day or two, and proposed the following plan for a new one, which exactly reflected my cousin's ideas. The rooms were to be all cubes. In front, a Venetian door, with a portico supported by brick pillars, with wooden capitals; and six bow windows. A balcony was proposed, but afterwards given up because it was vulgar.—My cousin retired to a neighbouring cottage. The old house was pulled down, and the brick-makers began their operations. Unfortunately the wind happened to blow in such a direction as to create much annoyance with clouds of smoke from the kilns. Whilst my cousin was half suffocated and half buried in rubbish, Sir Maximilian Barleycorn and his lady came to pay a morning visit. They entered the cottage just at the moment when Mrs. Project was setting the boiler upon the fire, and her husband was paring potatoes. They were obliged to perform these offices for themselves, because the only servant for whom they could find room had been turned off that morning for abusing carpenters and masons. Sir Maximilian hastily took his leave, and swore by his knighthood, *that up and down the lowest animals in the creation*. My cousin had calculated, that as he burnt his own bricks for home consumption, they would not be subject to any tax. An excise-man undeceived him before the house was finished, by hinting that he had incurred a heavy penalty, which he was obliged to pay. He contrived, however, to keep up his spirits, by marking the progress of his house, and the improvements around it. Not far from the Venetian door was a horse-pond, which the genius of Project enlarged into a circular piece of water. He requested his friends to suggest the most tasty ornaments. One proposed a shepherd and shepherdess upon a pedestal in the middle. Another observed, that if Farmer Peascod's gander could be placed in it when company came, they would give him credit for keeping a swan. A third, whose notion of things was improved by frequent visits to Vauxhall, was sure that a tin cascade would look very pretty by moonlight. Project, not liking to take up with one good thing, when four were to be had, resolved to adorn his water with them all. He soon after removed into his new habitation, long before the walls were dry. An ague and fever were the consequence of this rash step. His fever was probably increased by Puff's bill, to pay which he sold the greater part of his estate. During his illness, he gradually awoke to a sense of his late imprudence, requested the forgiveness of his wife for not listening to her advice, and begged me to impress his dying injunctions indelibly on my memory, *Never build after you are five and forty; have five years income in hand before you lay a brick; and always calculate the expence at double the estimate.*

Q.

ON GOOD TRAVELLERS.

"The grown Boy, too tall for school,
"With travel finishes the Fool."

GAY'S FABLES

We are informed by Plutarch, that Lycurgus forbad the Spartans from visiting other countries, from an apprehension that they would contract foreign manners, relax their rigid discipline, and grow fond of a form of government different from their own. This law was the result of the most judicious policy, as the comparison made by a Spartan in the course of his travels would necessarily have produced disaffection to his country, and aversion to its establishments. It was therefore the design of the rigid legislator to confirm the prejudices of his subjects, and to cherish that intense flame of patriotism which afterwards blazed out in the most renowned exploits.

So propitious is the British government to the rights of the people, so free is its constitution, and so mild are its laws, that the more intimate our acquaintance with foreign states is, the more reason we find to confirm our predilection for the place of our birth. Our legislature has no necessity, like that of the Spartan republic, to secure the obedience of its subjects by making ignorance an engine of state. But although England may rise superior in the comparison with foreign countries, it is much to be wished that its pre-eminence was more frequently ascertained by cool heads and mature understanding; and that some check was given to the general custom of sending youths abroad at too early an age. Innumerable instances could be adduced to prove, that, so far from any solid advantages being derived from the practice, it is generally pregnant with great and incurable evils. As soon as boys are emancipated from school, or have kept a few terms at the university, they are sent to ramble about the Continent. The critical and highly improper age of nineteen or twenty, is usually destined for this purpose. Their curiosity is eager and indiscriminate, their passions warm and impetuous; their judgment merely beginning to dawn, and of course inadequate to the just comparison between what they have left at home, and what they observe abroad. It is vainly expected by their parents, that the authority of their tutors will restrain the sallies of their sons, and confine their attention to proper objects of improvement. But granting every tutor to be a Mentor, every pupil is not a Telemachus. The gaiety, the follies, and the voluptuousness of the Continent address themselves in such captivating forms to the inclinations of youth, that they soon become deaf to the calls of admonition. No longer confined by the shackles of scholastic or parental restraint, they launch out at once into the wide ocean of fashionable indulgence. The only check which curbs the young gentleman with any force, is the father's threat, to withold the necessary remittances. The son, however, expostulates with some plausibility, and represents that his style of living introduces him into the brilliant circles of the gay and great, among whom alone can be obtained the graces of polished behaviour, and the elegant attainments of genteel life. How much he has improved by such refined intercourse is evident on his return home. He can boast of having employed the most fashionable taylor at Paris, of intriguing with some celebrated Madame, and appearing before the *Lieutenant de Police* for a drunken fray. He may, perhaps, more than once have lost his money at the Ambassador's card-parties, supped in the stables at Chantilli, and been introduced to the Grand Monarque, at Versailles. The acquisitions he has made are such as must establish his character among those who have never travelled, as a *virtuoso* and a *bon vivant*. By great good fortune he may have brought over a Paris watch, a counterfeit Corregio, and a hogshead of genuine Champagne. But it is well if his mind be not furnished with things more useless than those which he has collected for his pocket, his drawing-room, and his cellar. He has, perhaps, established a kind of commercial treaty with our polite neighbours, and has exchanged simplicity for artifice, candour for affectation, steadiness for frivolity, and principle for libertinism. If he has continued long among the votaries of fashion, gallantry, and wit, he must be a perfect Grandison if he return not to his native country in manners a monkey, in attainments a sciolist, and in religion a sceptic.

From the expedition of some travellers, we are not to conclude, that knowledge of the world may be caught with a glance; or, in other words, that they are geniuses who "grasp a system by intuition." They might gain as much information if they skimmed over the Continent with a balloon. The various places they fly through appear like the shifting scenes of a pantomime, which just catch the eye, and obliterate the faint impressions of each other.

We are told of a noble Roman, who could recollect all the articles that had been purchased at an auction, and the names of the several buyers. The memory of our travellers ought to be of equal capacity and retentiveness, considering the short time they allow themselves for the inspection of curiosities

The fact is, these birds of passage consult more for their fame than their improvement. To ride post through Europe is, in their opinion, an atchievement of no small glory Like Powel, the celebrated walker, their object is to go and return in the shortest time possible. It is not easy to determine how they can more profitably employ their whiffling activity than by commencing jockies, expresses, or mail-coachmen.

Ignorance of the modern languages, and particularly the French, is a material obstacle against an Englishman's reaping the desired advantages from his travels It is a common custom to postpone any application to them until a few months before the grand tour is commenced. The scholar vainly supposes that his own moderate diligence, and his master's compendious mode of teaching, will work wonders, by making him a complete linguist From a slight knowledge of the customary forms of address, and a few detached words, the French language is supposed to be very easy No allowance is made for the variety of the irregular verbs, the nice combination of particles, the peculiar turn of fashionable phrases, and the propriety of pronunciation. The great deficiencies in all these particulars are abundantly apparent as soon as *Milord Anglois* lands on the other side of the channel After venturing to tell his friends, to whom he has letters of recommendation, that he is *ravished* to see them, his conversation is at an end. His contracted brow, faltering tongue, and embarrassed air, discover that he labours with ideas which he wants words to express. Even the most just remarks, the most brilliant conceptions of wit, are smothered in their birth To such a distressing case, the observation of Horace will not apply—

"*Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur*"

If he can arrive after much stammering and hesitation at the arrangement of a sentence, it abounds with such blunders and Anglicisms as require all the politeness even of a Frenchman to excuse. Frequent attempts will, without doubt, produce fluency, and constant care will secure correctness; but the misfortune is, that the young traveller is employed by words, when his mind ought to be engaged with things. It is not less unseasonable than ridiculous, that he should be perplexing himself with the distinction between *femme sage* and *sage femme*, when he ought to be examining the amphitheatre at Nismes, or the canal at Languedoc

Ignorance of the languages is a great inducement to the English to associate together when abroad The misfortune of this practice is, that they spend their time in poisoning each other's minds with prejudices against foreigners, of whom they know little from personal experience, and of whom they have not the laudable ambition of knowing more Their more active employments consist in such diversion as they have transplanted from home. They game, play at cricket, and ride races. The Frenchman grins a contemptuous smile at these exhibitions; and shrewdly remarks, that Monsieur John Bull travels more to divert him than to improve himself Rather than give occasion for this ridicule, our young gentlemen had better remain at home, upon their paternal estates, and collect their knowledge of other countries from *Bigdone's Tour*, *Moore's Travels*, or *Kearsley's Guides*. Q.

BARBITO; OR, THE GHOST OF CUENCA.

A SPANISH TALE.

UNDER the reign of Philip the Second, in the environs of Cuenca, in New Castile, on the banks of the river Xucar, dwelt a rich hidalgo, named Don Lopez. He possessed a good heart, a good constitution, a good table, numerous friends, and was in every respect a happy man. He went regularly to church, feared the Inquisition, honoured the king, and was, in short, every thing that a Spaniard ought to be for his salvation, his credit, and his repose.

Each day did Don Lopez bless his fortunate destiny:—"What have I done (said he), that Heaven should overwhelm me with its gifts? I have the honour of belonging to the first nation in the universe; I have shared in its glory; I have fought under the standard of the great commander, and I have seen, at Pa-

via, Francis the First taken prisoner In my private concerns I have nothing to wish for. my wife is virtuous and sedate, my tastes are her's, when she speaks, she utters my exact sentiments; and I even sometimes think that she clothes them in prettier language than I should have done; she even spares me the trouble of scolding our servants, who, I must own, often deserve it. Our only cause for grief is not having any children; but in this life we must resign ourselves to some trouble or other I have some relations to whom I am tenderly attached, who return my attachment, and friends who never leave me: they are a large family who surround me voluntarily, for my happiness and their own; they love me; they are people of good sense: I know not how it is, but they are always of my opinion; for why should they descend to flattery? I give them a dinner, it is true; but is a dinner worth purchasing? Does not one of my guests, the reverend father Ignacio, say, that "*man needs but little*" This worthy prior of the order of St. Jerome, in effect, was continually repeating this adage; yet he particularly distinguished the fowls of Cuenca, and the game of Badajoz, and never mistook the wine of Biscay for that of La Mancha Don Lopez, in the midst of his happiness, had one cause of vexation; he would have wished to procure for those by whom he was surrounded some new unexpected pleasure, which might augment and enliven the sum of earthly felicity which he believed they shared with him. After having long meditated, he at length conceived a plan of giving himself and others the pleasure of a very novel, very extraordinary, very great, and very unexpected surprise. He resolved to disappear; and in a very serious manner too, as those do who depart this life, and are buried. He enjoyed the change which in six months he should behold in the countenances of his dear friends, and kind relatives What a sweet, happy, unexpected, agreeable transition, from the deepest grief to the most lively joy, would they experience, when he should fall amidst them as if from the clouds, and they would hear him say. "Dry up your tears, here I am!"

I suspect from whence he derived the idea of his plan. Not long before, Charles the Fifth had caused himself to be pompously interred in his convent of Estremadura, and this had set poor Lopez's head to work. A new proof of the circumspection which princes ought to maintain in the examples which they hold forth to public notice.

Only one week intervened between the conception and the execution of his project

Don Lopez first confided his intentions to a faithful servant, and afterwards pretended to be taken very ill, and became progressively worse and worse. All the physicians of Cuenca were of opinion that he would not recover, as he refused for a very good reason, to allow himself to be bled, which four of them had ordered as a preliminary prescription, according to the practice of the faculty of Madrid.

At length, wearied with his obstinacy, they abandoned him, and declared him a dead man. His servant, the only person he now allowed to approach him, hastily formed a resemblance of his master with cloth, stuffed with straw; while Don Lopez made his escape by a back staircase, and galloped away towards Cadiz, where he proposed to embark for the Low Countries; while Pedrillo announced his decease to his wife and friends, who were all too much grieved to look at his corpse, and soon he was interred with great pomp in the principal church of Cuenca

All the bells in Cuenca were in motion; surrounded by priests, and followed by numerous mourners, the false Don Lopez was carried to the cathedral, which was hung with black; the five aisles, and all the small chapels, were illuminated The reverend father Ignacio delivered with great emphasis the funeral sermon, and the choristers sang the *de profundis* with such compass of voice, and displayed so much science, that the impression they gave to the congregation is not yet forgotten.

Meanwhile Don Lopez arrived, without any accident, in the Low Countries, and resolved to enter the army, to amuse himself during the period he proposed being absent He found himself just in time to gain the battle of St Quintin, and to lose the little finger of his left hand. This circumstance was even mentioned in the newspapers of those times, but under the name of Don Victorio, as it will easily be conceived, that Don Lopez wished to remain *incognito*. His faithful servant Pedrillo soon joined him, and gave him the account of his funeral, but fearful of deterring him from his project, he concealed a part of the grief which his friends and relatives felt at his loss. Pedrillo, however, did not hide from his master, that when leaving the house, on a plausible pretext, of all those to whom he bade adieu, the one he had the most difficulty to make remain at Cuenca, was Barbito. Barbito was a dog from the Pyrenées, as handsome as brave, as strong as faithful, and whom Lopez had brought up from a puppy. Our traveller felt extremely grateful to his dear Barbito for the attachment he had shewn; as Pedrillo informed him, that since his disappearance the poor

ment of a widow, she must now resume that of a wife; but she was so worthy a woman, and so much attached to her husband, that she was only vexed for a few hours, and afterwards thought of nothing but the happiness she experienced in seeing him again.

Don Lopez's wife was the only person who followed the example of Barbito. The two nephews, who had inherited his fortune, would not acknowledge him; and would only own that he bore some faint resemblance to the defunct. The reverend father, Ignacio, endeavoured to excuse himself, on the plea of having preached his funeral sermon. Don Lopez recovered no part of his possessions; as, independent of the trouble which a retrograde step must have occasioned, the corregidor of Cuenca, the royal assembly of Valentia, and the chancery of Grenada, could not be found to have erred in their decision.

But the little secretary, who supported his book in protecting Don Lopez, had a sister who was first waiting-maid to the King's mistress, Donna Clara de Mendoce, whom at that time Titian was painting in the character of Venus; and the waiting-maid introduced the worthy Lopez and his dog to this celebrated beauty.

The first act of benevolence certainly came from a woman. Donna Clara warmly espoused the hidalgo's cause, and made the most of his adventures, when she related them to the King, from Barbito down to the little finger which he had lost. She would see nothing but his misfortune and his goodness; but his majesty regarded the services of a brave Spaniard, and gave him a pension from his private purse. Don Lopez purchased the little secretary's book, and wrote the above relation to warn those who may wish to adopt a similar whim, to be careful to make themselves recognized by their favourite dog.

E. R.

ON KNOTTING.

Some years ago this art was quite the rage all over England, among women and children of all ranks and ages. At that time almost every female might be seen, from little Miss up to her grandmother, dressed out with her knotting-bag, affectedly busy with her shuttle, and with great importance doing little or nothing. Young raw arms, and old withered ones, were all in motion, with numberless gestures, grimaces, and turns of the head and eyes, as if in a general convulsion. Wherever ladies went, they carried their bags and implements with them, and thus brought their playthings into company.

As it may probably come into fashion again, the following substance of a paper, which was published in Ireland, on the subject, may not prove unentertaining to our fair readers.

Strenua nos exercet inertia.

HOR. lib. i. ep. 11.

"Laborious idleness our time employs."

In the first place, knotting is to be admired for its innocent simplicity. It is pure nature, a little, and but a little improved by art. We may observe that one of the first efforts towards action in the infant state, is that of tying knots on little threads, and bits of packthread. These knots are, by the help of maturer reason, only more regularly and closely arranged, and the shuttle is introduced to give a facility of execution; but the sameness of idea, and strict unity of design, are still preserved, and form a striking instance of true taste in an age when false refinement too generally prevails.

In the next place, it may be demonstrated that it is a profitable species of industry. A young lady, who is very expert at her shuttle, took a yard of thread, and sat down to knot it, chatting to me at the same time, so as to preserve a middle rate of velocity. It was finished in ten minutes, and produced a quarter of a yard of knotting; so that in an hour, one yard and a half may be easily manufactured.

Now, supposing a lady, on a moderate average, to work only six hours out of the twenty-four, there will be a produce of nine yards per day. Out of the days of the year we shall deduct the Sundays and holidays, so as to make the even number of three hundred remain, which will produce two thousand seven hundred yards of knotting; and at the rate of a penny per yard, will amount to the sum of eleven pounds five shillings per annum.

Then to examine the *per contra*, a quarter of an ounce of common thread, of five shillings a pound, was measured, which ran to seventy yards, so that the pound contained four thousand four hundred and eighty. Now, in order to knot this thread, it must be doubled; therefore the two thousand seven hundred yards of knotting, finished in the year, must consume twenty-one thousand six hundred yards of thread, which, according to the above proportion, will be something less than five pounds, which cost about one pound four shillings and two pence, leaving to the fair manufacturer, a net profit of ten pounds and almost eleven-pence sterling, for the work of the year, or rather of only eighteen hundred hours.

Some persons have been puzzled to conceive what becomes of the vast quantity of this commodity which is made; for supposing only ten thousand of the fair sex to be employed according to the days and hours above stated, they would manufacture twenty-seven millions of yards annually; so that after ornamenting all the toilets, quilts, and curtains, besides trimming and festooning those under garments which are hidden, a vast redundancy must still be left, sufficient to form a large export trade to the West India islands, so that the balance will be turned in our favour; and every gentleman may be provided with his rum out of the industry of his wife and daughters.

But the circumstance that charms me most, in this invention, is its elegance. I cannot but think that shirts and smocks are rather unfit for any lady of delicacy to handle. As to millinery matters, they are to be had from the shops at not above four times the price they could be made for at home; and it is a strong proof of humanity to avoid interfering with those who have no other means of getting their bread. Indeed all kinds of needle-work, like poring over books, help to doze the spirits, and ruin those fine eyes which were formed for nobler purposes.

As to knitting stockings, I presume that is quite out of the question. When a young Queen of Spain was going home after her nuptials, she passed through a little town famous for making stockings. A deputation from the poor people immediately waited on her, to beseech her acceptance of some of their finest manufacture; but the Duke of Alva, who escorted her, turned them from her presence in a rage. "Know," says he, "base peasants, that a Queen of Spain has no legs."

All raillery aside, I can see more art in this fashion than men are generally aware of. Besides displaying the roundness of the arm, the whiteness of the hand, and the lustre of the diamond ring, it may be often brought to act in concert with the eyes, and give additional force to their expression. The shuttle is an easy-flowing object, to which the eye may remove with propriety and grace, and helps to give an air of nature to those quick transitions and subtle glances which shoot like lightening to the heart. A look thrown downward on the knot, has all the bewitching effect of genuine modesty, and the very eye-lid may do execution. Sweetly rising again, attended with a smile, it pours a volley of charms on the lover; and even a pretty struggle with some inequality in the thread, may express that alluring kind of inattention which has no small effect on our unaccountable natures.—The use of the shuttle is, in short, more powerful and various than even that of the fan. It takes away the air of still life, which is apt to attend a state of formal inaction, and brings into play those innumerable little graces, which, without some degree of gentle motion, must lie totally concealed.

But I must request my fair readers to observe, that all the effects of this graceful amusement are lost by its being too constantly exhibited. Penelope's web was not more endless than the industry of some of our ladies; so that without rising in the night to undo their work, they may safely promise a disagreeable lover to be kind when they have finished their knotting. An insipid sameness must ever displease, and too eager and indiscriminating a passion for every little fashionable invention, conveys no favourable idea of the understanding.

Few persons know how to dispose of their hands; and if they are laid one over the other, in an awkward manner, it gives an air of stiffness to the whole figure, and puts one in mind of the personages in old family pictures, dressed out in conical hats, ruffs, and furbelows. This is prevented by knotting, which takes away that formality so destructive to all grace. It were to be wished, some amusement could be contrived, of the same kind, for gentlemen, who are equally at a loss in this particular.—Netting, for instance.

It is not every woman who can knot, that is qualified to wield the shuttle. An expression of sentiment can only arise from an informed mind; and the same slight movements, which are capable of displaying grace, are equally adapted to betray inanity. An improved understanding, and cultivated taste, will inspire the whole form, give a dignity to trifles, and

animal had remained stationary beside the clothes of his master. Don Lopez promised that on his return his dog should be fed on rabbits and partridges, and that on the 28th of August, the day on which he had shewn so affecting a mark of his remembrance, he should have an olla podrida for himself.

Those who serve under the standard of Mars run more than one risk. Don Lopez was made a prisoner, by a knight from Lower Brittany, who conducted him to his castle, where he kept him in close confinement until the war was at an end, which did not happen till after the expiration of two tedious years. During the whole of this time Don Lopez did not hear a word of what was going forward in New Castile, and could only see from his prison the tops of the chimnies of Quimper-Corentin

In this interval, a few events had occurred at Cuenca. The grief which every one had felt at the death of Don Lopez was too violent to be of long duration. The worthy Castilian, it must be observed, was prudence itself, and to be certain of finding his house exactly as he had left it, had taken the precaution of bequeathing all he possessed to his wife Donna Beatrice. She was, as we have already said, a virtuous, careful, orderly woman, who had not even deranged a chair out of the place which it had held for fifteen years.

The will was found in the deceased's secretaire; but his beloved nephews, who had reckoned upon inheriting the fortune of their uncle, disputed the validity of the bequest. A lawyer discovered that a comma was inserted where there should have been a full stop, and a particle where a conjunction ought to have been placed. The affair was brought before the corregidor, and from the corregidor to the oydor of the royal audience of Valentia, and from these it was handed to the oydor of the chancery of Grenada; who, on account of the comma, gave it in favour of the nephews.

Thus the affair was settled, and the nephews took immediate possession of Don Lopez's fortune. The house, with a very slender pittance, was all that remained to Donna Beatrice; but as her tastes were simple, and her wants small, as her work-bag remained in the same place, her provision of chocolate in the same cupboard, and her parrot's cage in the same corner, she was only grieved because the loss of her suit made her remember that of her husband.

This news, however, was the theme of conversation in all the surrounding provinces. Don Lopez, once more free, and disgusted with his project, returned to his home with at least as much speed as he had left it. At an inn at Saragossa he was informed of what had happened; he was rather astonished, but he had no doubt that his appearance would give much more astonishment to his nephews, and re-establish every thing in its usual order. Instead of a splendid feast, which he had intended to have caused to be prepared previous to his appearance, in the midst of which he proposed to have fallen as if from the clouds, and to have spread universal joy, he hastily ran home to inform his wife that all that had happened was a joke, which he had not intended should have lasted so long.

He precipitately entered, and found Donna Beatrice seated in the same arm-chair, on the same side, and employed at the same work, always some ornament for our lady of Cuenca. He rushed in with all the impatience of an affectionate husband. Donna Beatrice was, perhaps, thinking of him, but she did not expect to see him, and had no sooner beheld him, than, making the sign of the cross, she fell upon her knees before the image of St James of Compostello. "Oh! my beloved husband," she exclaimed, "do not hurt me, you know I never vexed you." Don Lopez would have approached her, but she continued hiding her face with her hands "Oh, Holy Virgin! do not touch me, my dear husband; return, return: if your soul needs something, I promise to have two masses said for its repose; depart, depart, I beseech you, or you will make me expire with fear."

The good hidalgo seeing that his wife took him for a ghost, and was too much terrified to hearken to him, knew not whether to laugh or cry; but to restore her the sooner to her senses, he determined to run to the convent of St Jerome, and visit the reverend father Ignacio. He found the prior employed in copying for the holy week a sermon written by a missionary of Gallicia, which he intended to apply to his own use; it ran on the appearance which evil spirits may assume in order to tempt the daughters of the lord, and was to be preached in all the nunneries of Cuenca, which amounted to six. Scarcely had Don Lopez entered, and opened his lips to make himself known to his old friend, than the monk, who was wrapped in his subject, and whose mind was not the most resolute, looked at him with a countenance expressive of the utmost dismay. The poor unfortunate ghost, in despair at the state of terror in which he had left his wife, and not less astonished at the stupefaction of Ignacio, pulled him rudely by the sleeve This roused the fat prior, as if he had awakened from his nap after a good dinner; and divided betwixt the fear of the devil, whom he had been attacking in his sermon,

and the figure of Don Lopez, which the devil alone could have assumed, he hastily fled through the door which had remained open, and without looking once behind him, left the field to Don Lopez, or rather, as he imagined, to an evil spirit.

Don Lopez now left the convent, and repaired to the house of his nephews. He first gained access to the youngest, whom he asked whether he did not recognise him? The young man, who did not believe in ghosts, burst into a loud laugh. "Thank God!" said Don Lopez, "I have at length found a reasonable being." He then began to enter into an explanation with his dear nephew, and to relate how his wife and the prior had taken him for what he was not; he assured him he was no spirit, but real flesh and blood, and his loving uncle, the good hidalgo Lopez, who still had a particular affection for him; and concluded by asking for his fortune, which they had taken possession of a great deal too soon. The young man, who was a gay satyrical Andalusian, laughed still louder, and said: "Go your way, good man, you have been wept for"

Don Lopez, at these words, got into a great passion, which it was very natural for a man to do who was really what he said, and yet was treated as an impostor. The noise drew the attention of the elder brother, who soon made his appearance. But our poor Castilian did not meet with a more favourable reception from him; his threats and entreaties were all equally useless. Soon they were surrounded by the servants, and many of the neighbours; one said that it could not be Don Lopez, the hidalgo, for he had been at his funeral; another, that father Ignacio had preached the funeral sermon; and a third, that he had carried a taper in the procession. All agreed that the unknown bore some small resemblance to Don Lopez, but that that made him the more to be feared. A little man, in a black coat, judiciously observed, that it would be right to secure his person, and to take him before the corregidor. This advice was approved of by every body, but more particularly by the nephews. They were proceeding to put it in execution, notwithstanding the very natural fury of our poor hidalgo, when four alguazils entered and seized him in the name of the holy Inquisition, and forced him, not without some resistance, to accompany them to this very respectable tribunal.

We shall not give a detailed account of the examination of Don Lopez, nor the torture which was inflicted on him, in order to make him confess what devil had taken possession of him, and to what order and class it belonged. The good hidalgo displayed great fortitude for the three first glasses of water which he was compelled to swallow; but when they extended him on a table, and fixed an enormous funnel to his lips, to double or treble the fatal beverage, his courage forsook him, and he would have declared himself a devil of any class they had pleased, if a loud noise had not suddenly arisen, which made the dismal vault re-echo, and arrested the attention of the executioners.

The sound of Astolpho's horn, or that of the trumpets of Israel when they caused the downfall of the walls of Jericho, could only be compared with the voices a thousand times repeated, which awakened all the echoes of this dread abode. The familiars fell on their knees, thinking that the day of judgment was come; poor Don Lopez raised himself up; the pen dropped from the hand of the secretary, and the inquisitor grew pale. It was Barbito, the faithful, the furious Barbito. He had traced his master's footsteps, first to the convent of St Jerome, and from thence to the Inquisition; the jailors through fear, and the dogs of the prison through friendship, had allowed him to enter. The impatient, furious animal, seemed to ask for his master, and no sooner perceived him, than he threw every thing down that impeded his progress, leaped on the table, licked his face and hands, and then crouched at his feet. Woe to those who would have dared to molest him!

Barbito in an instant changed the fate of Don Lopez. The most he could before have hoped, would have been imprisonment for life, after having figured at an *auto da fe*; but the dog's testimony was a flash of light which instantly convinced the secretary. He was a little wise man, who was at that time publishing a dissertation on the souls of beasts. Barbito had just arrived in time to confirm his system; he demonstrated to the inquisitor, that the testimony of a dog would never be doubted in any country. What also assisted to exculpate Don Lopez from the imputation of being a devil in disguise, was, that the little man had perceived that he did not smell of sulphur, as was the case with those who usually passed through his hands.

Barbito and his master were immediately conducted by the secretary to Donna Beatrice. This good lady could scarcely support the united emotions of fear and conjugal affection which assailed her; but the hidalgo could not help perceiving that his arrival had somewhat disturbed her. We have already observed, that she was very methodical; for two years she had been accustomed to the garb and deport-

qualities by which it is supported. Every woman is formed for dominion, and to submit to it, is the pride and happiness of man. Not the ungenerous dominion of the shrew, but that gentle, yet unlimited influence over the affections, arising from their numberless, nameless, and bewitching powers. These are by no means peculiar to vice; she seems rather to have stolen them from virtue, when in a fit of remissness; for, to give poignancy to her joys, she is obliged to hide her own features, and assume the air, the language, and the inviting reluctance of her rival. Man loves not vice; he only seeks his own happiness; and, from an honest instinctive gratitude, repays it, wherever found, with affection and tenderness. Would virtue only display the banner of pleasure, the whole male world would go over to her party.

But custom denies the ladies this scene of observation, they can only resort to their own imaginations. We feel, but we cannot describe the powers by which they subdue, captivate, and command. They are too subtile to be clothed in words, and pass directly to the heart, too rapid even for observation. They operate like spells, or charms, and raise the most unaccountable, as well as the most delightful sympathies which the human frame can feel.

The prettiest allegory in the world is that of the Girdle of Venus, which may be exhibited under the single appellation of good-humour. This is undoubtedly the ground, but the embroidering is thus beautifully attempted by Homer, or rather by Pope, though I could wish he had not omitted the *molle hiare* (soft kisses), of Tasso, for they seem to be essentially necessary.

" In this was every art, and every charm,
" To win the wisest, and the coldest warm;
" Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
" The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire;
" Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
" Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

I would recommend the whole passage, which is both amusing and instructive, to the perusal of my fair married readers. Proposing only, that instead of occasionally borrowing this bewitching ornament from Venus, they should wrest it from her as their property, and wear it by night as well as by day.

I never knew a lady without a competent share of pride or ambition. Two noble qualities, if they were called in from trifling pursuits, and employed on the valuable purposes of nature. Pride would then blush at being excelled by the lowest of the sex in that art which does honour to woman, and indeed to human nature, the art of pleasing; and ambition would reject every degree of dominion inferior to that unbounded one, which the exertion of this art must necessarily confer.

It is far from my intention to insist on the trite, and, I hope, needless topics of neatness and good temper. There is but little merit in not being a termagant, or a slattern. Something more than negatives is required. Man is an animal with multifarious appetites; it is a noble point gained to command esteem, but it is paying him much too high a compliment, to treat him as a being consisting only of spirit, or capable of subsisting merely on spiritual food. The senses, the passions, the imagination, all expect their share. Every art of elegance, every power of endearment, should therefore be exerted without reserve. Nothing should be deemed trifling that leads to happiness, nor should coldness or austerity be indulged under the specious name of delicacy. Marriage would then get rid of the dull idea which custom too frequently annexes to it, and appear in the ravishing form of a perfect union of the sexes, under the protection of all laws, not only for mutual comfort and support, but also for the full and free enjoyment of every rapture which their natures are formed to give and receive.

I beg leave to call upon the ladies to do themselves due honour, and assert their rank in the creation. They are intrusted with the happiness of the world, and the stores of pleasure are in their hands. Man is thrown dependent on their bounty, and implores their kindness as the great palliative of pain, the reward for all the toils, the dangers, and the vicissitudes of life. When he has renounced all other sources of joy but one, it were cruel, ungenerous, and unjust to make him a loser by his virtue. Amidst the hurry of artificial pleasures, let not nature be overlooked, nor her gentle dictates disregarded, but let it be the pride and happiness of every married woman to make her husband a virtuous voluptuary.

We shall now, in order to give an example of the good effects which attend the observation of the foregoing maxims, insert a true story of an amiable and respectable pair, as communicated by an old gentleman, who was well acquainted with both the parties.

" Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
" The power of beauty I remember yet."
DRYDEN.

Even at my time of life, it refreshes the imagination and diffuses a kind of vernal cheerfulness over every idea. Its efficacy is

indeed so irresistible, that women have, in my opinion, most of the moral, and much of the natural evil of the world to account for. The potency of their influence may prevent the one, and disarm the other of its sting. How superstition could be so stupid as to attribute witchcraft to old hags, hardly human, is amazing; but it is no more than a natural truth to say, that every amiable woman is a sorceress; fascination is in her eye, magic in her smile, and a legion of little demons in her touch. When virtue deigns to assume the enchanted wand, the arts of Circe are reversed; man starts from the brute into his proper nature, and rises into refinement and bliss.

A CONNUBIAL STORY.

Nec minor est virtus, quam quærere, parta tueri;
Casus inest illic, hoc tuit artis opus.

OVID.

"The glory's more to keep than win the prize,
"Chance may do one, in t'other merit lies.

Sir Edward G. the son of an English Baronet, at the age of eighteen, succeeded to the title and fortune of his father: he thus entered into the fashionable world with every advantage His estate was a clear 3000l. a year, his constitution excellent, and his person handsome. A liberal education had afforded him a large share of knowledge, and his strong understanding had made it all his own. His principles, well turned by nature, had been formed by the strictest rules of honour and virtue. Add to all these, the attractions of the sweetest temper, great vivacity, and a fine address, and you have a sketch of Sir Edward's picture.

Nothing could bid fairer for happiness than such an outset. Great were the expectations of his friends. But I, who knew him best, could perceive, through all his excellences a weak part, which made me fear for him. Joined to a general social affection, and an uncommon tenderness of heart, he possessed a sensibility of female charms which carried him almost to enthusiasm. It was easy to foresee the rock on which this habit of mind, aided by the vigour of a genial constitution, would inevitably hurry a young man of his rank and fortune; and I clearly saw that, with a firmness that no violence could shake, a judgment not to be deceived, and morals which the world's riches could not vitiate, my friend was doomed to be the dupe, the absolute slave of female dominion.

I met him in London, after his return from the tour of Europe. He came back enriched with every valuable acquirement, and his solid understanding polished into genuine elegance. But the pleasure of our interview was not a little abated on my finding that he had brought over with him a lady, with whom he had formed a connexion in Paris and from whom I saw but little prospect of his ever being released. Mademoiselle Duval had every gift of nature and art that was necessary for such a conquest. Besides a considerable share of well-improved good sense, she had great sweetness of temper, and an unaffected desire to please. To a very beautiful person was added a perfect skill in all the arts of decoration. She had a tenderness of aspect and manner very difficult to be resisted, and a modest elegance of address, which flattered his delicacy, and threw a veil over the very nature of vice.

In her fetters I found him, nor could any influence of mine, nor indeed any human means, but her own mercenary mind have ever set him free. Some time after my return to the country, I learned that her repeated infidelities had at last broken his chain. I thought this a good time to remonstrate, but before my letter reached him, his unruly leading passion had resumed its way, and thrown him into the bondage of a celebrated Italian Opera singer, more notorious for her address than for her charms, but whose great proficiency in artifice promised to be more dangerous than even the beauty of La Duval.

But I must introduce my heroine to you. Eliza's family and fortune were good Her person extremely fine, and her face, though far from regular, the most attractive that I ever saw. Besides the most even and whitest teeth, and pouting lips, "like the ruby rose-bud moist with morning dew," about which ten thousand graces revelled, she had a pair of the most charming blue eyes, full of the bewitching softness peculiar to that colour. Her spirits were excellent; her temper sweet; and, added to every polite accomplishment, she possessed a good understanding, and an affectionate heart. Such a young woman could not fail of having admirers. She had indeed, before the age of twenty, declined several offers, which, in the language of the world, were extraordinarily advantageous.

She came with her family to pass a few of the winter months in town, where it was my fortune frequently to escort her to the theatre. One night, to my great surprise, Sir Edward entered the box, just arrived from his country-seat. We met with mutual pleasure; but I soon perceived his attention stealing from me to another object. Eliza struck him; and I fancied I could see in her eyes she was equally smitten. The next morning disclosed his intentions. I opposed them strongly, and pictured

communicate meaning even to the fingers' ends. These maxims are particularly recommended to the younger part of the sex. While they labour to enrich the curtain and the toilet, the mind ought not, surely, to remain unfurnished. They should consider, that all their future value in life depends on the due application of their present hours; and always remember, that Minerva, who was the inventress of the shuttle, was also the goddess of wisdom.

ON ANGER.

ANGER is accompanied by the most absurd, as well as the most injurious consequences, of all the passions. Among fools it is contagious, and often seizes on a whole company infected by a single patient. What imbecility! There is a beautiful and apt allegory in the Persian language, which exhibits this passion in a very contemptuous light —"A shallow puddle, and not the sea, is troubled by the falling of a pebble."

I attribute all the happiness of my life to the instruction of this allegorical adage. In my very extensive travels, I was often the object of anger, from my ignorance of particular customs in particular countries. This anger of strangers I studied to soothe, and not to irritate; and I saw as much folly in appropriating this moral disorder, as I should in giving myself a head-ache because my companion had got one.

Before I began my travels, I was of a very irritable disposition; but, after a very short period, I had found so much opposition to my will, and so much offence to my feelings, in the censure and curiosity of strange nations, that I at length acquired a temperance of toleration which taught me to pity, and not to resent the passions of others; and when to an angry or illiberal observation I reply with complacent language, it is but marking my own superiority of moral temperament, and showing that I am not to be infested with moral as with physical contagion. A philosopher may catch the small-pox from a conversant; but if he catches his passions, he must be a fool.

This invaluable maxim of avoiding moral contagion, by behaving politely to the vulgar, complaisantly to the angry, humbly to the proud, and wisely to the foolish, has conducted me over all the world, through the constant shock of customs, tempers, and opinions, without a single personal quarrel; and I have often met with European travellers, in the eastern parts of the world, who, in a few days' journey, had met with more disasters of quarrel in a single hour than I had done in thirty years travel.

How often does the ignorance of this maxim, in managing the temper, cause the misery of human life! How many unhappy victims of the passion of anger would be relieved by attending to the Persian adage!

What valuable friendships are often dissolved by a reciprocal, or contagious anger, in the interchange of a few unmeaning words! What long and sacred connexions are dissolved between respectable masters and worthy servants, by a hasty expression! What interruptions to social intercourse, among neighbours, are caused by the contagion of ill-humour!

I have always observed, in company, that a soft and soothing reply, made to an angry observation, has carried in it such influential reproof, that the angry person has been abashed and consternated with overwhelming shame, while the complacent and mild conversant, became the idol of every man's esteem.

The practice of the foregoing maxim introduced me to the great secret of human happiness, which was the independence of self on the vice and ignorance of its own species. I attached myself to no nation, that I might follow liberty, peace, security, and pleasure, wherever they appeared. And I gave my applause, my support, and residence to England, because its laws preserved those blessings.

The preceding dissertation is taken from one of the works of a well known traveller, who has visited all Europe, and several parts of Asia, Africa, and America. With some modifications, the maxims it contains appear worthy of attention.

THE CESTUS; OR, GIRDLE OF VENUS.

——*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

OVID.

"Nor need we blush from even a foe to learn."

THE interests of society have been considerably injured by the injudicious conduct of some of our moral writers. They have laid down many general positions of right and wrong, without any precise discrimination of their boundaries, and given authoritative precepts for human conduct, without sufficiently attending to human nature. In attempting to remove the disease, instead of trying the lenient arts of cure, they have frequently made short work, and directly prescribed amputation.

In one important instance, this error has particularly appeared. The fair sex are formed with a propensity to dress and elegance, to gaiety, tenderness, and love. This disposition is their characteristic, and is given them for the best purposes. It is the source of all their influence, and of the highest joys which man can taste. The little excesses of it are undoubtedly foibles, but the want of it is a capital imperfection. Yet, either from spleen, apathy, or affectation, those grave censors have laboured to destroy it in the gross, and have employed for that purpose all the solemnity of learning, and the smartness of ridicule. Every instance of attention to personal attractions, and the minute, but powerful articles of decoration, have been condemned as unpardonable vanity and folly. The tender insinuations, and exquisite blandishments of love, are, according to them, no better than indelicacy or immodesty. Nature, in short, is shown as entirely wrong, and her finest endowments are set at variance with virtue and good sense.

These documents have been particularly injurious to the married state. Women have been led by them into false ideas of themselves, as well as of the other sex, and have been discouraged from the use of those engaging qualities which secure the willing captive in his chains, and from exerting those little tendernesses without which no real happiness can be found. It is much easier to despise than to practise, so that lessons like these have flattered at once their indolence and their ambition. Desirous of being thought above the common character of the sex, superior to trifles, levity, and weakness, and refined into sentimental purity, they have been too easily argued into a contempt of those powerful attractions which have still the most difficult and essential part of their task to perform.

Yet the facts of which they most complain, should, one would imagine, show them their mistake. I mean the many instances of superior, nay, unbounded dominion possessed by those females who associate with our sex without the sanction of the law. But from a partiality too natural, though they see and feel the effects, they cannot divine the cause. Convinced that they themselves are right, they look for it in the depravity of man's disposition, and think he is managed by arts which lie out of the province of modesty; that he sees peculiar charms in vice, and is governed not so much by the woman as the wanton.

Could they but personally observe the conduct of these their formidable rivals, they would soon be undeceived. Were they to look behind the curtain, they would see everything effected by the most natural means, without the aid of any magic, but that which the sex in general possesses. They would be astonished to find that all these mighty powers lie within their own reach, and that the whole secret consists in the proper use of those qualities which they had thrown aside as useless, or condemned as improper. The nature of man would be fairly laid open to their view, and they would learn to touch the springs by which he is actuated. Their knowledge would be founded on experiment, and could, with a slight variation, be adapted to the amiable purposes of virtue.

Scenes of this kind would show them woman in her natural state of superiority; and an amazing one it is! Without strength, property, or dominion, they are all laid at her feet. Weak, tender, and timid, she moves fleets and armies with a nod. Independent of all laws, she rules over the makers of those laws. Her influence is all self-centered, and she has only to call it judiciously into action. She stands the most eminent instance in nature, of a gentle force setting a mighty body in motion. She is a combination of mechanic powers beyond any of Archimedes, and can move the world by a hair, without stirring out of her bed-chamber.

This is the universal prerogative of the sex, and only more conspicuous in one part of it, because necessity forces into action those

him to himself with friendly severity; but he pleaded so well, and so forcibly urged that both his reformation and his happiness depended on Eliza, that I was obliged to submit. I carried his message, and at the same time honestly exhibited his character. The mother hesitated; Eliza was referred to for a decisive answer. With the most modest candour she declared that she saw some strong marks of constancy in the portrait, on which she would venture to rely, and was willing to run the risk. They were married soon after, and went to reside at his seat.

A perverse turn in my own affairs, caused me, about this time to go abroad. The pain of a ten years' absence was however a good deal lessened by the regular accounts I received of my amiable friends being completely happy. As soon as I returned to London, hearing they were in the country, I set out thither immediately.

I got there the second day about three, and was shown into a parlour, where I found my fair friend at work, her eldest girl reading to her, and two sweet little boys playing on the carpet. Our first salutes were scarcely over, when Sir Edward flew into the room, and hung upon my neck. Words were not necessary to tell me their mutual happiness. I have seldom felt more joy. Dinner was served, and, the first hurry of spirits subsiding, my attention was attracted by Eliza. Ladies may laugh, and perhaps not believe me, when I say, that though the day was extremely wet, and no prospect of any company, she came down very elegantly dressed. The whole had an unstudied air, yet I could see that the minutest article was carefully adjusted; I was particularly struck with the beautiful decorations of her head, and, when she drew off her gloves, with a pair of diamond bracelets, which he had lately presented to her. Love had diffused an exquisite tenderness over her features; and an habitual wish of pleasing, animated by success, had so pointed every charm, that though she had been frequently a mother, she was a much finer woman than when I last saw her. My spirits were raised; I shared sincerely in their happiness. The piano-porte succeeded our tea, and I found her improved into a capital performer.

The enraptured husband gazed like a lover; his enamoured regards ran over her various charms; her bright eyes beaming sensibility; her lips breathing sweets, and emitting the most melodious tones; her snow-white tapering fingers rapidly flying over the keys of the instrument, through all the complicated mazes of the most brilliant execution, and her tempting bosom swelling with expression. I am sixty-five, yet I found it convenient to turn my attention for a while towards some historical pictures which were near me. Indeed my worthy friends seemed to have been married but ten days instead of as many years. I withdrew before supper.

A month's stay in this delightful retreat gave me hourly occasions to admire her. Joined to a steady uniformity of purpose, she contrived to throw such an amazing variety in her dress, her manner, the disposal of our hours, and all her little schemes of amusement, that inconstancy itself would have doated on her. By always turning the bright side of domestic life to her husband, she avoided dwelling on the dark one. A cheerful alacrity in her economy made it perceptible only by the effects; and though they lived remarkably well, she had nearly liquidated a debt of six thousand pounds, incurred by his former indiscretions, before he could conceive it possible. Indeed I wondered not at his being happy. He possessed all that La Duval, or the Italian singer could give, and much more; he had affection pure and unalloyed; with a worthy heart besides, which neither of them had to bestow.

The morning I came away, meeting her alone in the garden, I could not avoid paying her some well-deserved compliments on her conduct. "I know, my dear Sir," said she, "you were in pain for me, but with vanity I say it, I found the task full as easy as I had imagined. My husband has too many virtues to be lost. He took a liking to my person; all the rest depended upon myself. I resolved that my appearance should not be impaired by my own fault; my temper I could trust to; and I felt a lively affection, which I hoped, would supply the place of better abilities, and dictate as I proceeded, the means of making him happy. To please and be pleased are, in reality, the mutual cause and effect of each other; so that my labour is a round of pleasure. The business of my toilet, being habitual, is easy, nay, agreeable. I regard my glass as a friend who daily gives me new hints for pleasing the man I love. To you, Sir, I will own, that I love him, in the full extent of the word, with the ardour which he deserves; with the ardour which he requires. Had he met with only the cold return of esteem, Sir Edward would have been far from happy.

"Happiness like mine," continued she, "would be more general, would women but observe two maxims. One is, never to attempt an opposition to nature, but gently to lead it right by flattering the ruling propensity. The other, never to contemn small matters as

trifles, for by them only can our purpose be effected. There is no such thing as a trifle. Minutenesses form the magazine of female power. Connubial delight is accomplished somewhat like a dotted miniature picture. Each single touch is too fine to produce a visible effect, yet, from their frequency, the portrait soon begins to open to the view, and shows how judiciously and happily the pencil was applied."

AN ACCOUNT OF THOMAS WILLIAMS MALKIN,

A CHILD OF EXTRAORDINARY ATTAINMENTS, WHO LATELY DIED AT HACKNEY, IN AMERICA, AT THE AGE OF SIX YEARS AND NINE MONTHS.

THE bare mention of the death of so young a person would, in an ordinary case, be deemed sufficient, but we cannot pass over a circumstance which equally arrests the attention of the moralist, and the sympathy of the philanthropist, without observing how suddenly and unexpectedly the brightest prospects vanish which depend on the precarious tenure of human life, however bright and promising the dawn of intellect, however encouraging the appearances of corporeal stability. With respect to the uncommon child whose early fate we have to lament, the extent of his attainments may excite surprise, and possibly in some minds doubt. Yet we have well-authenticated accounts of juvenile proficiency; and in the present instance there are many and most respectable witnesses to attest, that amiable dispositions and superior talents were never united in a more distinguished manner than in the subject of this biographical sketch. His knowledge of the English language was correct and copious; and his expression, whether in speaking or writing, remarkable as well for fertility as selection. In the Latin he had proceeded so far as to read with ease the more popular parts of Cicero's works. He had made some progress in French; and was so thorough a proficient in geography, as not only to be able, when questioned, to particularize the situation of the principal countries, cities, rivers, &c. but to draw maps from memory, with a neatness and accuracy which could scarcely be credited but by those who are in possession of the specimens. Without any professional assistance, he had acquired considerable execution in the art of drawing; and some of his copies from Raphael's heads, though wanting the precision of the academy students, evinced a fellow-feeling with the style and sentiment of the originals, which seemed likely, had he pursued it, to have ranked him with the more eminent professors of the art.

But the most striking feature in his character was a strength of intellect, and rapidity of comprehension on all subjects, independent of those to which his studies were immediately directed, which increasing with his growth, seemed likely in manhood to have placed more within his reach than usually falls to the lot of humanity to grasp at. He united, in a remarkable manner, the solid and the brilliant; for the powers of his memory kept pace with those of his understanding and imagination; and the character of his mind may be comprized in these few but comprehensive words, that he remembered whatever he had once seen done.

But it may not be uninteresting to particularize the periods of his short life at which the leading traits of his character first presented themselves to observation. He was familiar with the alphabet long before he could speak, as exhibited on counters, a practice very judicious, because very enticing to children, and as expressed in books, to which, from seeing them constantly about him, he shewed an early partiality. At the age of three years, on his birthday, he wrote his first letter to his mother; and though it contained nothing but short expressions of affection, he soon afterwards began to write in a style and on subjects to which childhood in general is a total stranger, and this practice of writing his sentiments on all subjects, he persevered in with a continually increasing expansion and improvement, both as to matter and manner, which we regret that our limits will not allow us to authenticate by specimens. At the time of which we are speaking, (three years old,) he could not only read and spell with unfailing accuracy, but knew the Greek characters, and would have attempted the language, had not the caution of his parents, in this instance, discouraged the forwardness of his inclination. When he was five, he had made considerable advances in Latin, as well as in all the other studies, which he pursued so successively for

nearly two years longer. His study of Latin, in particular, was far removed from that mechanical routine by which scholars of more advanced age too frequently proceed His comparison of the idiom and construction with those of his own and the French language, his acuteness in tracing the etymology, and detecting the component parts of words, hunting them through English and French, and inquiring the forms they assumed in Greek and Italian, with which he was acquainted, proved him to have possessed a mind peculiarly calculated for philological inquiries. Nor was his attention confined to words; he never passed over any passage, the style or subject of which was obscure or difficult, without such an explanation as satisfied his doubts: nor did he ever suffer errors of the press, even the trifling ones of punctuation, to escape, without detecting and correcting them with a pencil he kept for the purpose. Notwithstanding these studious inclinations, he was a child of manly corporeal structure, of unusual liveliness and activity He was by no means grave in his disposition, except in the pursuit of knowledge, from which, however, active sports were successful in detaching him; but the love of all improvement, both of mind and body, no dolence, and the habit of lounging, were totally excluded from the catalogue of his pleasures.

But as mere description, unassisted by anecdote, seldom conveys a lively and accurate idea of character, it will not, we hope, be thought impertinent to mention an observation or two, which may serve to illustrate the turn of his mind On being told by a lady that she would send for him the following day, when he should draw as much as he pleased, he said, "I wish to-morrow would come directly." After a short pause, he added, "Where can to-morrow be now? it must be somewhere; for every thing is in some place." After a little further reflection, he said, "Perhaps to-morrow is in the sun" On meeting with the following aphorism; "Learning is not so much esteemed by wise men, as it is despised by fools," he said, "I think the person who wrote that sentence was himself very foolish; for wise men esteem learning as much as possible, and fools cannot despise it more"

But the most singular instance in which he displayed fertility of imagination, united with the power of making every thing he met with in books and conversation his own, was his invention of an imaginary country, called Allestone, of which he considered himself as king. It resembled Utopia, though he had never heard of that celebrated political romance Of this country he wrote the history, and drew a most curious and ingenious map, giving names of his own invention to the principal cities, rivers, mountains, &c.; and as learning was always the object of his highest respect, he endowed it most liberally with universities, to which he appointed professors by name, with numerous statutes and regulations which would have reflected no disgrace on grave founders

But though in the progress of his short life he was continually employed in laying up stores of knowledge, apparently for purposes which, the event proved, were never to be fulfilled, his last illness, which he supported with a patience and fortitude almost unexampled, amply evinced that he knew how to apply the treasures he had acquired to the solace and relief of his own mind, under circumstances of trial and suffering He frequently beguiled the tedious hours of a sick-bed with the recollections of what he had read, seen, or done, in the days of health; and little points of interest or information, which might have been supposed to have made a transient impression, were as much present to his mind as when they first engaged his attention — When a blister was applied to his stomach, he observed, that, from the appearance of it, he supposed it corresponded with what he had seen called a cataplasm; and one day, when he was at the worst, he desired to know the meaning of the phrase, "a still-born child," which he had once seen in an inscription on a tombstone, though he said the inscription itself was too poor to be worth remembering. He often talked of the period of his recovery, but never with impatience, and the triumph of mind over body continued so complete to the last, that he looked with interest and pleasure at his dissected maps within half an hour of his dissolution Without entering with unnecessary minuteness into the nature of his disorder, it will be interesting to parents in general to be informed, that it afforded no confirmation of the common idea, that early expansion of intellect is unfavourable to the continuance of life. In consequence of the remarkable form of his head, which had been much admired, especially by artists, some doubts had been suggested, to render it desirable to have the head as well as the body examined. From the result of this investigation it appeared, that the brain was unusually large, and in the most perfect and healthy state, and there was more than ordinary probability, from the vigour of his constitution, and the well-proportioned formation of his body, of his arriving at manhood, but for one of those accidents in the

system, to which the old and young, the healthy and infirm, are equally exposed.

His illness lasted from the first to the thirty-first of July; a period which, under such severe sufferings, none but a naturally strong patient could have reached. On the morning of the thirty-first, his medical friends, Dr. Lister and Mr. Toulmin, saw him, and conversed with him, as he with them, after their usual manner; and though they had given little or no encouragement for many days, they did not, on their last visit, (such was the collected state of his mind, and strength of his spirits) apprehend his dissolution to be so near. Soon after eleven o'clock he appeared much exhausted; his breathing became very difficult; his voice, which through his illness had been strong and clear, began to falter.—Still, however, he was firm and composed, without the slightest appearance of dissatisfaction or alarm; he talked at intervals with the most perfect consistency, with his accustomed powers, and usual kindness for those about him, till he could no longer utter a sound. In a few minutes after he had ceased to articulate, and a little before twelve o'clock, he sunk without a struggle or a groan, exciting more admiration under circumstances from which human nature is apt to revolt, than when in the full career of mental and bodily improvement.

Thus ends this short history of a child, whose mind, though his years were few, seemed to have arrived at maturity. His powers of understanding, of memory, of imagination, were all remarkable, and the reasonableness of his mind was such, that he always yielded his own to the wishes of his friends, as much from conviction as compliance. His dispositions were as generous and amiable as his talents were brilliant and universal; and there can be little doubt, that in after-life, whether he had devoted the powers of his mind to the fine arts, to belles-lettres, or to the severer studies, his success would have been pre-eminent, and would have placed him in the estimation of the wise, whatever might be his external condition, high in the catalogue of worthy and useful members of society.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON MAGNETISM.

Among the various powers applied by our wise Creator to effect his purposes, none excite more astonishment than those of Magnetism; which like all the others are known only by their effects—effects useful, peculiar, wonderful!

The natural magnet is a solid mineral substance, of a dark greyish colour, and of a compact and weighty nature. It is found in different soils and situations, but chiefly in iron mines, and possesses the powers of attraction and direction. The artificial magnet is a piece of iron or steel, to which the properties of the natural magnet have been communicated. The name magnet is supposed to have been derived from Magnesia, the province in which the effects of the loadstone were discovered. A true magnet, whether natural or artificial, has the following characteristics:—it attracts iron, and points nearly to the poles of the world; possesses both an attractive and repulsive power within itself; and always inclines or tends to a point below the horizon.

The ancients were totally unacquainted with the nautical use now made of the magnet, having only discovered one of its properties, that called attraction. To Columbus we are indebted for a great part of its present extensive usefulness in navigation; for which benefit his memory must be revered by all lovers of science, and particularly by those persons who are benefited by commercial advantages. The essential properties which cause the phenomena of the magnet have not been ascertained; yet those conjectures formed on the subject, which ascribe its properties and affections to a subtile effluvia, universally disseminated through the earth and its atmosphere, and produced from a central body of a spherical form, appear to be well founded in reason, and are also confirmed by experiment. But the cause of its directive power, and the

variableness of its direction, appear to be almost inscrutable.

The magnet has no particular form, or distinguished external marks, but appears like a stone. Meteorologists have extracted iron from it, but in such scanty proportion, as not to pay the expence of fusion. Modern chemistry has discovered that iron, in its oxyde state, pervades all nature: but the magnet attracts it only in its metallic form.

We will now proceed to examine the known properties and laws of magnetism; in which useful science we shall find much in the extreme subtilty of its nature to admire, much in its elaborate affections to amuse, and in its results every thing to excite our admiration, astonishment and gratitude.

We are already acquainted, by our former investigations, with five kinds of attraction.—First, gravitation, which enables all bodies on the surface of the earth to retain their situations; and, combined with the centrifugal force, causes all the planetary bodies of our system to revolve round the sun at certain distances from that luminary and from each other: secondly, cohesive attraction, which keeps the parts of bodies together, and unites them in close compact: thirdly, chemical attraction, called affinity, which causes certain bodies to distinguish each other in preference to other substances introduced into a compounded mass, and to unite together: fourthly, capillary attraction, which causes fluids to rise in very small tubes (this may be connected with cohesive attraction, being only a different effect perceived of the same cause): fifthly, we have magnetical attraction; the affections of which the experiments we shall have the pleasure of exhibiting will explain.

The tendency of the needle to the north and south, is called its direction. Its variation from due north and south, is called its declination; and its dip below the horizon, its inclination.

EXPERIMENT OF COMMUNICATING THE MAGNETIC VIRTUE.

The magnetic virtue may be communicated to a bar of iron or steel, by placing two natural magnets, in a straight line, the north end of the one opposite to the south end of the other; and at such a distance, that the two ends of the bar to be touched may rest separately upon them: the end designed to point north resting on the south pole of the bar, and *vice versa*. Two other steel bars must be placed in such a manner, that the north end of one and the south end of the other may rest on the middle of the horizontal bar, the end of each being elevated so as to form an acute angle with it. The two oblique bars should be separated, by drawing them contrary ways along the cross bar, towards the natural magnets, keeping them at the same elevation all the way; when removing them from the cross-bar, and bringing their north and south ends in contact, then applying them again to it as before, and repeating this four or five times; after which, performing the same operation with the other surface of the cross-bar, it will have acquired a permanent magnetism and polarity. Small needles for compass boxes do not require this process, but may be rendered magnetic by friction, merely passing them three or four times over a magnet in one direction.

A compass needle while receiving the magnetic virtue is violently agitated; but when it has fully acquired the property, the agitation ceases. A magnet loses nothing of its own strength by a communication of its property to other bodies, but gains some addition to its power by the performance. A north or south pole of a magnet, when applied to a bar or needle, produces the contrary polarity; therefore two magnetic bars should not have the poles of the same description placed together, for that position will diminish their individual power.

Each point of a magnet may be considered as the pole of a smaller one, tending to produce on the points of the magnet a force contrary to its own. The degree of this effort will be greater in proportion to the force of the point, and its nearness to the poles on which it acts; hence, a narrow and long bar of steel is more powerful than a short and broad one.

Whatever may be in reality the cause which produces magnetism, we see that its nature is very subtile and active; by its passing through substances of the most compact nature, and by its virtue remaining unaltered.

EXPERIMENT ON MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.

This fact may be proved by placing a magnet on one piece of cork, and a piece of steel on another, and floating them on water; when, both being unconfined, they will approach each other: and on holding the piece of steel in the hand, the magnet will approach to it with the same velocity as they approached to each other when both were at liberty.

It appears from the foregoing experiment, that the iron being placed near the pole of a magnet becomes possessed of a contrary

power. Their mutual attraction may also be explained by the laws of action and re-action, which are always equal and opposite to each other.

Neither magnetic attraction nor repulsion is affected by an intervening body; but heat weakens the power of magnetism, and sometimes destroys it: yet its property may be restored, though not its power in the same degree as before. May not this circumstance arise from some of the effluvia having gone off in consequence of heat? Iron when red hot is not attracted by the magnet; perhaps its whole affinity with that power has evaporated.

Philosophers have in vain endeavoured to estimate the force with which the magnetic attraction acts at different distances; but as that law has not yet been fully ascertained, all that we can infer from their observations and experiments is—that the magnetic power extends further at one time than at another, and therefore its sphere of action is variable.

A magnet cannot support even its own weight of metal, but its power may be much increased by means of arming, which is thus performed:

TO ARM A MAGNET.

Cut the magnet into a parallelopipedon, and let its two poles be parallel planes: place this magnet in an armour of soft iron, which, having a cross piece, with a hook attached, will support great weights suspended from it. The advantage gained by arming is very considerable, a magnet that will of itself support four or five ounces, will when armed sustain twenty times that weight. The magnet and its armour may be enclosed in any material excepting iron.

The power of a magnet may also be augmented without arming, by simply introducing another piece of iron below that it at first supports; as is evident on presenting to it a piece of iron heavier than it can sustain, and afterwards holding underneath another piece at a small distance from the former, when the magnet will support what before it could not lift. The cause of this is assigned by Cavallo to the last piece becoming magnetic, and so increasing the attraction of the first piece, and in the following manner. The end of a piece of iron which is presented near the north pole of a magnet becomes possessed of the south, while the other extremity possesses the north polarity. Again, the second piece being held near to the north pole of the first piece of iron, acquires a south polarity. This must increase the north power of the first piece, when its south power must also be augmented in the same degree, and thus it is that the magnet supports a greater weight by the communication. That this is the true cause of its increased power of attraction is evident by placing the south pole of another magnet below the piece of iron; when the same effect takes place. Presenting the north pole of a magnet to the first piece of iron produces a contrary effect; for it diminishes the power of the first magnet.

EXPERIMENT ON THE INCREASING POWER OF A MAGNET.

Suspend a magnet by a hook from some fixed point, and attach as much iron to it as it will support together, with a scale, which must also be affixed: and you will find that every day you may put additional weight in the scale, and the magnet will support it; which shews that its power is constantly increasing.

It is supposed that the iron, becoming magnetic, increases the power of the magnet in the manner before described. When the iron is removed from the magnet, the power of the latter is rendered weaker than it was before the experiment was made. This illustrates the theory of Æpinus, that the magnetic fluid is unequally distributed in a magnet which has a fixed polarity, one pole being overcharged, while the other is undercharged with it: and that there is always a strong attraction between these contrary poles, in consequence of this unequal distribution of power; but when a piece of iron is presented to either, that, by its becoming possessed of a contrary polarity to that of the magnet, the power of each end on the other is weakened by the communication, and thereby its individual power increased; for there is in every magnet a strong attraction between its poles; but when another substance, or a magnet, is presented to either, the effect is stronger by being drawn from the contrary pole. Hence we may suppose, that a magnet becomes continually weaker when left alone, so that it is necessary either to place it in armour, or leave a piece of steel or iron on its poles; because at these points the powers are at the greatest distance from each other's effects.

It is not more extraordinary than true, that the magnetic power may be acquired without the application of a magnet, and by friction be made to communicate that power to iron or steel. Rubbing one piece of iron on another will produce evidences of the magnetic virtue; and even a certain position of either, long continued, will render that effect permanent. The famous philosopher of our

country, Dr Gilbert, in the sixteenth century, observed that the small bars of a window which were placed obliquely to the horizon, and nearly north and south, by remaining in that situation for many years became magnetic. The polarity thus communicated may be from the earth and its atmosphere; for all the effects of magnetism evince that the power is derived from those sources, though the peculiar directive power cannot be traced to its primary natural cause. The particles of iron being universally diffused through all animated nature, as well as in all substances in the earth, may not a magnet have some effect on the animal economy? As this universal diffusion of iron fully justifies the idea that the magnetic fluid is one of the elements of the earth and its atmosphere, may we not also conceive the magnetic effluvia to be equally disseminated through the globe, in such bodies as do not exhibit any evidences of its existence; and that its visible effects result from that equilibrium being destroyed?

EXPERIMENT ON THE ACTION OF THE POLES ON EACH OTHER.

The dipping needle serves to shew the action of the two different poles on each other, for on presenting the north pole of a magnet to the south pole of the needle, it is attracted; but if we present the same pole of the magnet to the north pole of the needle, it is then repelled and flies from the magnet. Strew steel filings on a piece of glass, and put the north pole of a magnet under it, they will then rise on the paper, but on holding the north pole of another magnet directly over these filings, they will immediately fall. Dip the north pole of one magnet and the south pole of another in steel filings, and bring the ends of the bars toward each other; then the filings will unite. But dip the two north poles and bring them in contact, and the filings will recede from each other.

Two magnets placed in a straight line at a small distance from each other, the south pole of one opposed to the north pole of the other, with a pane of glass over them; on sprinkling steel filings, and tapping the glass to produce a little motion in the filings, they will arrange themselves in the direction of the magnetic fluid; those lying between the two poles, and near the axis, being disposed in straight lines, going from the north pole of one magnet to the south pole of the other. Reverse the order of the magnets, by placing the two poles of the same name opposite, and the filings will be arranged in curves receding from each other.

OF THE DECLINATION OF THE NEEDLE.

The north pole of the magnet, in every part of the world, points nearly north, yet it very seldom shews that direction exactly. Hence the magnetic meridian seldom coincides with the observed meridian of any place on our globe, but generally varies either to the east or west. This variation is not uniform at different places, nor does it always agree even in the same place, at London, for instance, in the year 1040 it was 11° east, but now it is 23° west. This variation is always reckoned from the north, neither east or west. The directive power or magnetism, though generally exhibited by a touched needle, is also evident in small bars of steel or iron freely suspended; as may be seen by fine pieces of either floating on the surface of water; but to exhibit this property, they must remain some hours, when they will point nearly, if not exactly, north and south.

The directive property of the magnet, according to Dr Halley's hypothesis, is supposed to arise from the current of the magnetic fluid issuing from a central magnetic globe, which passing through the earth and its atmosphere, causes light bodies to move with it.

To account for the direction of the magnet being variable, and this variation not regular at the same place, nor in an uniform degree at the same time at different places, various hypothesis have been formed, and some truly curious and interesting experiments have been made to illustrate them, of which number the following appears the most ingenious and satisfactory.

Messrs de la Hire, senior and junior, formed a globe out of a very large magnet, and by suspending it, found its poles; they next traced out its equatorial and meridional circles. The globe was about a foot in diameter, and weighed one hundred pounds. Placing it due north and south, and in a position that answered for the latitude of the place of observation, they perceived its declension east and west, in regard to situations of places on it. From these remarks they inferred that the magnetic fluid is diffused through the whole earth, and obeys the universal laws of magnetism; yet they do not explain the causes of the different variations of it at the same place. The regular declination observed on the magnetic globe was owing to the equality of contexture in its parts, and the varying magnetic force at different places on its surface. But as the contexture of the earth is very irregular, perhaps that circumstance, united with the numerous processes carrying on within it,

is the cause of the variation. Perceiving that the regular variation on the magnetic globe arose from its uniform contexture, we may infer that the inconstancy of the variation of the needle on the globe of our earth arises from the inequality of its parts. No perfectly satisfactory hypothesis having yet been formed respecting the variation of the needle that can be authenticated by facts, it is impossible to foretel what this irregularity will be at a future time at any particular place, or other circumstances depending on that knowledge, though derived from the experience of a long continued series of observations.

The ingenious Mr Canton discovered a new variation of the magnetic needle, which he communicated to the Royal Society. Observing the direction of a touched needle for a whole day, he perceived that it was never perfectly at rest; that its western declination from the pole was greatest in the morning, and least at night; about noon in a medium of its diurnal variation. He offers the following rational solution of these phenomena, founded on the known fact, that a magnet when heated loses something of its natural force. He supposes the direction of the needle to be occasioned by the attraction of the magnetic fluid, and that the attraction is strongest where the heat is weakest; therefore that the needle at sun-rise with us is not so forcibly impelled towards the east, because the magnetic force is lessened by the sun's influence; consequently the needle points rather more westerly at that time. When the sun is on our meridian, the variation is not changed, the action of the sun on each side of us being then equal; towards evening the needle points more easterly, because it naturally points to the part within its range the least heated by the sun.

EXPERIMENT.

This effect may be understood by heating a magnet, and placing it on one side of a needle, and another magnet in its natural state on the other side, when the needle will decline from the heated one. Mr. Canton perceived, from repeated experiments, that the diurnal variation of the needle was about 20 minutes of a degree, from sun-rise to sun-set.

OF THE DIP OF THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE

The needle has a dip, or inclination; the cause of which, like every other peculiar characteristic of this curious phenomenon, is unknown. It may be seen, by placing an untouched needle on a pivot, and presenting a magnet to it, when it will incline towards a point below our horizon. To counteract this effect, the mechanist who constructs compases, files off part of the inclining end, and by that means balances the needle on the pivot. The inclination of the needle is as variable as its declination. It also varies at different parts of the earth at the same time. The idea of the inclination having reference to latitude only is a mistake, it being as irregular in that respect as the declination; for at Paris in 1800 it was 72° 25′ north, and at Siena 18° south. No doubt these variations depend on the same causes as those of the direction of the needle.

THEORY OF MAGNETISM.

The whole that can be inferred of the nature of the phenomena of the magnet, is briefly this:—that it attracts bodies in the earth; and that it has a directive power which is variable, arising perhaps from the unequal diffusion of the magnetic power in the earth and atmosphere, depending on the different constitutional circumstances of each of them, together with the effects of heat and cold on that power. Its attraction is evident on bodies on the earth; and we know that the earth contains bodies of this attractive nature, for from the earth they are procured; and we must suppose its direction depends on the inequality of attraction in the earth. The variation in that direction may also depend on the parts which contain the attractive power being more or less heated. These natural and hidden causes being incalculable by us, we never must expect to arrive at a perfect knowledge or estimation of them.

The magnetic fluid may be either formed of two kinds of elements united by affinity; these elements having a greater tendency to each other than to themselves: or the phenomena perceived of attraction and repulsion, in the former case, may be produced by the endeavour of the disturbed effluvium to place itself in equilibrium, and in the latter form its natural repulsion to itself. The directive power of the needle, and the mode of constructing compasses, are so well known, that it would be superfluous to introduce them here.

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Page* 207]

THE USELESS TOAST.

MR. R——, was one of the most celebrated epicures of his time. Being very rich he needed nothing but a good appetite to satisfy it to the fullest extent; and his house was always well stored with every delicacy which money could procure He would devour a pigeon-pye with the same ease as if it were a twopenny cheese-cake, swallow truffles like so many cherries, and eat a fricasseed chicken for his luncheon. But his wife, who doubtless feared widowhood, incessantly contradicted him and thwarted him in all his tastes; so much so, that in order to enjoy himself at his ease he was obliged to shut himself up, and not allow her admittance, in order that he might, without any obstacle, yield himself up to the delights of epicurism At length, however, he fell ill; and the remedy prescribed by the faculty was a strong dose of medicine, and a strict regimen This was for our epicure the most unwelcome order in the world, and he would certainly have very ill complied with it, had it not been for the vigilance of Mrs R——, who took possession of all his keys, and assuming the station of his nurse, made him act completely according to her wishes, as is always the case with those who are confined to their beds. The medicines were of service; Mr. R—— was much relieved, and judged to be in a state of convalescence. At length he was permitted to eat; and the physician, well aware of his weak side, scrupulously ordered the exact quantity of food he should take, which consisted for the first time of a soft egg, and one round of toast Mr R—— would rather that the egg should have been laid by an ostrich than a fowl, but he consoled himself in thinking of the toast; he caused the largest loaf that could be procured to be bought, so that when made it was more than a yard long, and weighed nearly a pound. Mrs. R—— would have interfered but without success, as he only followed the physician's ordinance. The egg was ushered in with great solemnity, and placed on the sick man's bed, who proposed himself a great enjoyment; but, fatal misfortune, he sipped the white with so much avidity that he swallowed the yolk! O dire calamity; deplorable precipitation, which rendered the delicious toast completely useless; and Mrs. R—— gravely caused it to be taken away with the egg-shell. The despair into which this occurrence plunged Mr R—— very nearly made him have a relapse, and he only recovered his good humour at the next indigestion.

A PLAN FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CULINARY ART.

It would be highly beneficial to the culinary art, that all the new discoveries and inventions which take place during the period of each year, should be carefully recorded for the increase of our present enjoyment, and for the advantage of future generations. A periodical work of this nature, which, to avoid the frequent expence of stamp duties (which often paralizes thought even in its birth) need only appear once a month, would be of infinite utility. All that the genius of good living each day delights to invent, would be faithfully recorded; the progress of each ingenious artist would be made known, and their constant efforts to deserve public approbation; added to which a long list of all kind of provisions would be given, and the whole to conclude with an account of all the celebrated indigestions that have taken place, with their causes and effects. This work might also become a channel of correspondence between the epicures of every country. It would establish a medium of communication between all large cities for every thing relating to cookery; each town already celebrated by its alimentary productions, or that wished to acquire a name, would exert all its abilities to merit a place in the proposed publication

This monthly course of emulation, in which each town would seek to cut a figure, by sparing no pains to outdo their rivals, would very speedily bring about a visible amelioration in all the productions of the culinary system; poultry would be more carefully fattened, pastry kneaded more scientifically, game more skilfully selected, and not whether old or young, tender or tough, indiscriminately put to the spit; pickles and preserves would be more cautiously prepared; in short, the glory of each town and country would be interested that nothing beneath the standard of mediocrity should reach the capital; for this periodical work would exercise on these productions a criticism as severe, though far more impartial than the Reviews is on every publication, and Newspapers on our most favourite comedians

An undertaking on the above plan would insure success, for every town and city would take an interest in its support, and every true born epicure would joyfully contribute something to its improvement. But a considerable sum would be required to establish a work of this kind, as it would need a very extensive correspondence, and numerous travellers must be kept at a high salary, in order to make discoveries, and these must be men scientifically acquainted with the art. It is true that this advance would soon be repaid with interest as many celebrated provincial epicures, animated with the zeal of furthering so glorious a cause, stimulated with the hope of being made honourable mention of in this work, would not delay in offering themselves as gratuitous travellers. Subscribers would come in crowds, and the Editor's table would daily be covered with exquisite dainties which, as presents, would shower upon them from every quarter. We do not applaud ourselves a little for having conceived this plan, and hope that some of our readers will put it in execution; but while waiting in the hope of our wishes being realized, we will in our next give an account of a few discoveries that have been lately made on the Continent, and which our correspondents have kindly forwarded to us.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

STAY, sylvan friend, with plenty blest,
Who sport'st the niggard's icy breast,
And all alone, at early morn,
You brush the thicket, trace the lawn,
List to what sings Amianto.

To thee the friendly hint is sent,
Where more than meets the ear is meant;
The while, with dog and gun, you roam,
Think on your townsman, far from home,
Deny'd the sports of winter.

When Easter chicks begin to crow,
And azure decks the mountain sloe;
When forest trees wear sickly hues,
And agues wait on evening dews,
Lay up health, nor stint her:

Prepare the ham, the cheek, the chine,
Nor spare the produce of the vine;
Fill, fill thy stores with brightest coal,
And something for the Christmas bowl,
To cheer thy friend in winter.

The reaper's moon and harvest past,
Rude blows the equinoctial blast,
Ah! now, my rural friend, beware,
This season claims thy utmost care;
Health bids thee store, nor stint her.

Survey thy cot, secure thy roof,
Soon make it rain and tempest proof;
So when the sable cloud falls low,
Thy heart shall yield the pleasing glow,
That soothes the rage of winter.

Re-furbish up thy warm surtout,
The buckskin glove and friendly boot;
And let the hat that shields thy head,
Around its ample cover spread,
This do for health, nor stint her:

Above the rest, be this your care,
Use exercise and morning air;
And this you'll find of such avail,
While city tops look thin and pale,
You'll wear the rose in winter.

THE FILBERT.

NAY gather not that filbert, Nicholas,
There is a maggot there, it is his house,
His castle—oh commit no burglary!
Strip him not naked, 'tis his clothes, his shell,
His bones, the very armour of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!
It were an easy thing to crack that nut,
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth—
So easily all things may be destroyed!
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
There were two great men once amused themselves
With watching maggots run their wriggling race,
And wagering on their speed; but Nick, to us
It were no sport to see the pampered worm
Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,
Like to some barber's leathern powder bag
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers
Spruce Beau, or Lady fair, or Doctor grave.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath nature's wisdom for the worm ordained;

Increase not thou the number! him the mouse,
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shells defence,
May from his native tenement eject;
Him may the nut-hatch, piercing with strong bill,
Unwittingly destroy, or to his hoard
The squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his dangers and his foes
As this poor maggot hath, and when I muse
Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
The maggot knows not—Nicholas, methinks
It were a happy metamorphosis
To be enkernelled thus: never to hear
Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
Kings, jacobines, and tax-commissioners;
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The filbert-tree, and rock'd me to my rest;
And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! the perfection this
Of comfort! it were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, aldermanic bliss,
And stoic independence of mankind.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

AWAY with your fiction of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove;
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breaking glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers whose bosoms with fantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love.

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be dispos'd from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks—those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm, that man, since his birth,
From Adam, till now, has with wretchedness strove;
Some portion of Paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past,
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove,—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of love.

SONG.

DEAR Chloe, let not pride devour
That little, vain, affected heart;
Because I said the fairest flower
Ne'er breathed the sweets thy lips impart

Nor spoil that face with airs so silly,
Nor point those lovely eyes with scorn;
Because I swore the rose and lily
Ne'er gave such beauties to the morn

Yes! thou art like—so like the flower,
Its warning fate should fill with sorrow;
The blooming plaything of an hour,
But pluck'd, and torn, and dead to-morrow.

WOMAN.

THE pride of the hero—the theme of the bard,
Whom valour and genius rival to guard;
The soother of grief, of pleasure the zest,
Refining the passions that rage in his breast;
Shall not Man, whom these virtues were giv'n to bless,
Sweet Woman! thy charms and perfections confess?
When the Deity bade his new planet descend,
And deign'd in the system the orb to commend,
Benignant beheld creation's vast frame,
And Man, his own image, there destin'd to reign;
He saw the sole void in the mighty design,
And Woman perfected—proclaim'd all divine,
Hence ye sophists, who vain would Omniscience controul,
And in Woman's bright form deny dwells soul;
By prejudice blinded, fair science ye veil,
From minds that would soar where ye could not prevail:
Then assume that no sense the fair statues possess,
And weakly assign them to folly and dress.

But oft, like a meteor, the spirit bursts bright,
Sheds a radiance that dazzles with awe and delight;
Freed from trammels of ignorance, Woman ascends,
And the sage to her lesson delighted attends.
In the contest of wit—a sweet victor she shines,
And from custom, not weakness, stern learning resigns.
In Greece, when refinement first smil'd upon Man,
When Art her new model and statue began;
When Credulity gave each perfection a form,
And bade them the fanes of her worship adorn.
What symbols chose sages, whom still we admire,
What emblems for virtues they wrote to inspire!
Thy form, lovely Woman, embodied each thought,
And sculptors ador'd the fair marble they wrought.
Ev'n now, when religion has beam'd on the mind,
And no longer we worship the fair-ones enshrin'd,
What heart but yields homage to honour and truth,
As they charm in the person of beauty and youth.
That breast so repellent to reason's controul,
In the test of her converse to mark not a soul;
To him be the regions of dullness assign'd,
Not thou, lovely Woman, but he wants a mind

TO LOVE.

While all to sing thee, gentle passion,
Each Muse's aid implore,
Since thou art now, 'tis said, in fashion,
Receive one Laureat more.

Spirit of life! thy boundless sway
Erects the warrior's plume,
When thund'ring vollies dim the day,
And threat his instant doom.

Cold though the courtier's bosom be,
Distrustful of each friend,
It glows, auspicious Love! to thee—
To thee his brows unbend.

The plodding cit whose vigils still
At int'rest's shrine are paid,
Through his dense soul feels passion thrill,
To sooth the toils of trade.

The Poet—wild enthusiast—tunes
Thy harp's sweet chords alone:
The player Romeo assumes
And feels his flame at home.

Long, mighty Love, here smiling reign,
Where Freedom's banners wave,
Thy chaste delights shall ever claim
The valour of the brave.

While tyrants iron sceptres sway,
While abject vassals groan,
Long may thy pow'r, 'mid Time's decay,
Beam on our happier throne.

SONNET.

Cold is the senseless heart that never strove
With the wild tumults of a real flame,
Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,
Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love
The pathless vale, the long forsaken grove,
The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name,
With ivy mantled o'er. For empty fame
Let him amidst the rabble toil, or rove
In search of plunder far to Western clime.
Give me to waste the hours in amorous play
With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme,
Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,
And all the prodigality of charms,
Form'd to enslave my heart, and grace my lay!

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Hail, pensive virgin! ever hail!
Oft have I met thee in the vale,
And oft inscribed a song to thee,
When musing near yon aged tree:
Nor serious, silent Solitude,
Did'st thou despise my numbers rude
Remote from man, in shady dell,
Thou hearst the loud funereal bell,
Or from the thronged city far,
At evening counts each little star;
Or by the pale moon's silver light,
O'er hill and forest takes thy flight.
Sweet nun, who haunts the lonely lane,
Teach me that life is short and vain,
That grandeur, pageantry, and pow'r,
Will vanish all at death's dread hour;
That beauty's roses soon decay,
Like oderiferous flow'rs in May;
Teach me to weep for others woe,
O cause the tender tear to flow!
Fair woodland nymph! when all is still,
Thou climb'st the high adjacent hill,
And oft by Thames's rushy side,
Delight'st to hear the smooth waves glide;
Sister of Peace and Piety,
Sweet nun, I long to visit thee.

THE CALENDAR.*

JANUARIUS.

THE fyrst six yeres of mannes byrth and aege,
May well be compared to Janyuere
For in this month is no strength nor courage
More than in a chylde of the aege of six yere.

FEBRUARIUS.

The other six yeres is like February
In the ende thereof beguyneth the sprynge,
That tyme children is most apt and redy
To receyve chatysement, nurture, and lernynge.

MARTIUS.

Marche betokeneth the six yeres followynge
Araying the erthe with pleasant verdure
That season youth thought for nothynge,
And wothout thought dooth his sporte and pleasure.

APRILIS.

The next six yere maketh foure and twenty
And figured is to joly Aprill
That tyme of pleasures man hath most plenty
Fresshe and louying his lustes to fulfyll

MAIUS.

As in the month of Maye all thing in mygth
So at thirty yeres man is in chyef lykyng
Pleasant and lusty to every mannes sygth
In beaute and strength to women pleasying

JUNIUS.

In June all thyng falleth to rypenesse
And so dooth man at thirty-six yere old
And studyeth for to acquire rychesse
And taketh a wife to keepe his houscholde.

JULIUS.

At forty yere of aege or elles never
Is ony man endewed with wysdome
For than forth his myght fayleth ever
As in July doth every blossome.

AUGUSTUS.

The goddess of the erthe is gadred evermore
In August so at forty eight yere
Man ought to gather some goodes in store
To susteyne aege that than draweth nere.

SEPTEMBER

Lete no man thynke for to gather plenty
Yf at fifty four yere he have hone
No more than yf his barne were empty
In Septembre when all his corne is gone.

OCTOBER.

By Octobre betokeneth sixty yere
That age hastely dooth man assayle
Yf he have outgh than it dooth appere
To lyve quyetly after his travayle.

NOVEMBER.

Wan man is at sixty six yere olde
Which lykened is to bareyne Novembre
He waxeth unweldy sekely and cold
Than his soule helth is time to remembre.

DECEMBER.

The yere by Decembre taketh his ende
And so dooth man of threescore and twelve
Nature with aege wyll him on message sende
Tho' tyme is come that he must go hymselve

* From a Sarum black-letter Missal, which appears to have been printed in the reign of Henry II I send you these quaint lines, which are subjoined to the calendar. As books of that early date are now become rare, perhaps these verses will be esteemed a curiosity by general readers. H.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
Now tell me the reason I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage;—
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!
And he hath not forgotten my age.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR DECEMBER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Tuesday, November 17th, was produced at this theatre for the first time, a new Opera, from the pen of Mr. Dibdin, entitled *Two Faces under a Hood.*

The public have been so much indebted to this gentleman for a pleasant laugh at the theatre, that it would be but justice to pardon him greater errors than he is called to plead guilty to in the present piece.

It is perhaps not the best of his dramas, but it most certainly is not the worst. It has the raciness of its parent soil, the smack of its original growth, in as strong a manner as any of the other productions of this gentleman; but it has not (we will be bold enough to say) that exaggerated caricature, and pleasing eccentricity which, with all their grotesque violations of nature, never failed to please us better than the studied attempts at seriousness and dramatic skill which have of late been frequent with the writers of this school.

Why will Mr. Dibdin relinquish his old habit of punning? It was extremely amusing, and made us laugh heartily. He has not the grace or dignity to be serious, and he fails when he ceases to be comical.

The plot of this piece is nothing worth mentioning. 'It is a female disguise, which commences with a straw bonnet and a stuff gown, and is set to rights again by the assumption of a silk and muslin one.' This is scarcely an incident, much less a plot; but this is all the plot which is shewn in the action.

There was no character, properly so called, in which a general humour was exhibited in action. Liston was, as usual, a simpleton; Fawcett a droll; and Simmons a foolish town clerk.

The great excellence of this Opera is its music, which is principally the composition of Shield. His part of it is at once scientific and simple, tender without weakness, and simple without monotony.

The fine solos on the bassoon, flute, and harp, were ably executed by the orchestra, and the accompaniments on the harpsichord and organ were performed, for the most part, with judgment and precision; but we were disappointed in not finding the whole of the music to be new, and originally composed for the Opera. This may be concluded from an ambiguous line in the title-page of the book sold at the theatre, viz.—"The *Overture* and *New Music* composed by Mr. Shield;" and even if several of the melodies could not be traced to former tunes, the manner in which they have been adapted to the new words would shew that Mr. Shield cannot have originally composed them. In several of the songs the metre of the poetry does not naturally correspond with that of the music, and the awkward pronunciation of many words which arises from it cannot please a discerning hearer.

However, in other points of consideration, this Opera is of a very respectable kind. For such well composed, and equally well executed sestets, chorusses, trios, and duets, are not generally to be met with in English Operas; and almost every song, from those in the *bravura* style, to the *pretty* ones in the style of a Vauxhall song, with the *ron dow dow* is good in all its kind. Mrs Dickons shews in this piece that she is not only a very respectable singer, but also a very elegant and judicious actress; but if she could hear the effect of her good and powerful voice at a distance, she would find that she has no occasion to aim at loudness, which sometimes takes away the higher finish of a passage, or overstrains a note—with the most natural flow of her voice she has power enough.

Mr. Incledon has not so many opportunities of shewing his abilities to advantage in this Opera as Mrs. Dickons, but in the song, "*The blast of war may loudly blow*," with the finale after it, and in other difficult pieces, he maintains his usual respectability.

Mr Bellamy has a beautiful ballad which he sung delightfully, and was rewarded with an encore and great applause. The good effects however, of this song and several others, would have been much encreased if the band had been less *fierce* in their accompaniments. We were disappointed that Mr Shield had not made more use of this performer's powers, as he possesses an extensive and melodious voice, with a full even tone, which enables him to give a new character to our bass songs, by adding to the strength and expression of the English school, the taste and elegance of the Italian.

Mrs C. Kemble performed as well as her part would admit; and Miss Bolton sung with sweetness and taste.

DRURY-LANE.

A new tragedy, entitled *Faulkener* was brought forward at this theatre on Wednesday, December 10th. The following are the principal

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Faulkener.....Mr. ELLISTON,
Count Orsini ....Mr POWELL.
Stanley .....Mr H SIODONS.
Benedetto.....Mr PALMER.
Countess Orsini...Mrs POWELL.
Lauretta.....Mrs H. SIDDONS.

This play is ascribed to Mr Godwin; but, we are persuaded, without reason. Mr Godwin is a gentleman of an eccentric but vigorous mind; a writer perhaps not very conversant with the Muse of Tragedy, but who has never been suspected of failing in his intimacy with Common Sense If Mr. Godwin, however, be the author of the present piece, he must be an alien to the society of both,—an outcast both of Poetry and Prose,—a wanderer on the wide wastes of folly,—not indeed without a home,—for he found one at that welcome Hospital of Fools,—that long established ecclesiastical Board of Dullness,—yclept Drury-Lane.

In the name of wonder, what do the managers mean by this rank fraud upon the public? Have they no name in their livered tribe of fools,—no worn out stump of authorship,——no tucker of terce pantomime prose,—no miserable compiler of old rhimes for old music, a larcener without the merit of that brave theft which compensates for its disgrace in its dexterity,—have they none of these (or have their slaves rebelled against them) that they should attempt to sink down a popular and splendid name, by so heavy a charge as making him the Author of this Tragedy. We have no patience with this trick.

The principal *figurante* in the tragedy is *Arnolfa*, Countess of Orsini; a lady to whom England had the honour of giving birth, and Italy a husband. It appears, by her own confession, that she had been guilty of some gallantries in her youth; that she had some share in the private history of Charles II a monarch who seems to have possessed as many mistresses as King Priam, and who, from his fame in secret amours, has the honour of being imputed father to most of the illustrious families of European bastards.

The Countess, however, seems fairly entitled to have her portrait suspended in the "Gallery of Beauties at Hampton-Court," and to rank with Polly Horton, Nell Gwynne, and the Duchess of Portsmouth. We should have been happy to see her any where but in this tragedy.

It seems that this worthy matron had a son by an English gentleman of the name of *Faulkener*, previous to her becoming the mistress of *Charles*, and wife of *Count Orsini*.—This son (from whom she conceals herself as a parent) she protects in the character of a benefactress; and the piece is set in motion by the anxiety of *Faulkener* to discover his mother, and the eagerness of his mother to conceal herself.

After going over the old ground of intrigue, and a course of much common-place plotting, *Faulkener* is seized in his mother's bed-chamber, and taken to trial for the murder of *Benedetto*, a fellow who seems introduced for little purpose, but who, as being the first of them dispatched out of the way, is to be ranked as the most pleasing character in the play.

Faulkener is tried in a manner more ridiculous than solemn—in a scene in which the majesty of justice is sullied by ribaldry and nonsense—He is acquitted of course. Now enters his mother, and discovers herself, much in the same manner in which the *butcher's* wife, in the *Citizen*, develops the mystery of his birth to her son *Tom*.

Whilst *Faulkener* is in an agony of filial affection, and the jailiness and disgrace are hastening to an equal crisis, Mr. *Stanley* walks in, in an erect posture, and an easy tone. This gentleman has not much to say for himself; he mentions however, with much *sang froid*, a trifling circumstance—"that he has cut the throat of *Orsini*, and that his *relict* may now again take to her maiden's."

One word more—The language of this play is the flattest prose we ever remember in a piece styling itself tragedy

THE STAGE.

THE knowledge of human nature has been retarded by the difficulty of making just experiments—The materials of this study are commonly gathered from reflection on our own feelings, or from observations on the conduct of others. Each of these methods is exposed to difficulty, and consequently to error.

Natural philosophers possess great advantages over moralists and metaphysicians, in so far as the subjects of their inquiries belong to the senses, are external, material, and often permanent. Here they can retain them in their presence till they have examined their motion, parts, or composition. they can have recourse to them for a renewal of their im-

pressions when they grow languid or obscure, or when they feel their minds vigorous, and disposed to philosophize. But passions are excited independent of our volition, and arise or subside without our desire or concurrence Compassion is never awakened but by the view of pain or of sorrow. Resentment is never kindled but by actual suffering, or by the view of injustice.

Will anger, jealousy, and revenge, attend the summons of the dispassionate sage, that he may examine their conduct and dismiss them? Will pride and ambition obey the voice of the humble hermit, and assist him in explaining the principles of human nature? Or by what powerful spell can the abstracted philosopher, whose passions are all chastened and subdued, whose heart never throbs with desire, prevail with the tender affections to appear at his unkindly command, and submit the delicacy of their features to the rigour of strict inquiry. The philosopher, accustomed to moderate his passions, rather than indulge them, is of all men least able to provoke their violence; and, in order to succeed in his researches, he must recall emotions felt by him at some former period; or he must seize them impression, and mark their operations at the very moment they are accidentally excited — Thus, with other obvious disadvantages, he will often lose the opportunity of a happy mood, unable to avail himself of those animating returns of vivacity and attention essential to genius, but independent of the will.

Observations made, while the mind is inflamed, are difficult in the execution, incomplete, and erroneous. Eager passions admit no partners, and endure no rivals in their authority. The moment reflection, or any foreign or opposing principle, begins to operate, they are either exceedingly exasperated, agitating the mind, and leaving it no leisure for speculation; or, if they are unable to maintain their ascendant, they become cool and indistinct, their aspect grows dim, and observations made during their decline are imperfect. The passions are swift and evanescent; we cannot arrest their celerity, nor suspend them in the mind during pleasure. You are moved by a strong affection: seize the opportunity, let none of its motions escape you, and observe every sentiment it excites. You cannot. While the passion prevails you have no leisure for speculation; and be assured it has suffered abatement, if you have time to philosophize.

But you proceed by recollection. Still, however, your observations are limited, and your theory partial. To be acquainted with the nature of any passion, we must know by what combination of feelings it is excited, to what temperament it is allied; in what proportion it gathers force and swiftness; what propensities, and what associations of thought either retard or accelerate its impetuosity; and how it may be opposed, weakened, or suppressed. But, if these circumstances escape the most vigilant and abstracted attention, when the mind is actually agitated, how can they be recollected when the passion is entirely quieted? Moreover, every passion is compounded of inferior and subordinate feelings, essential to its existence, in their own nature nicely and minutely varied, but whose different shades and gradations are difficult to be discerned — To these we must be acutely attentive, to mark how they are combined, blended, or opposed; how they are suddenly extinguished, in a moment renewed, and again extinguished. But these fleet volatile feelings, perceived only when the mind is affected, elude the most dexterous and active memory. Add to this, that an object suggested by memory is ever fainter and less distinct than an actual perception, especially if the object to be renewed is of a spiritual nature, a thought, a sentiment, or internal sensation

Even allowing the possibility of accurate observation, our theories will continue partial and inadequate. We have only one view of the subject, and know not what aspects it may assume, or what powers it may possess in the constitution of another. No principle has been more variously treated, nor has given rise to a greater number of systems, than that by which we are denominated moral agents, and determine the merit or demerit of human actions. But this can scarcely proceed from any other cause than the diversity of our feelings, and the necessity we are under of measuring the dispositions of others by our own. Even this moral principle, though a competent judge of the virtue and propriety of human actions, is apt to mislead us in our inquiries concerning the structure and dispositions of the mind. Desirous of avoiding the rebuke of this severe and vigilant censor, we are ready to extenuate every blameable quality, and magnify what we approve.

[*To be continued*]

hionable Walking Dresses in Dec. 1807.

Engraven for the 25th Number of B. Belle Assemblée. Published January.
Bell, proprietor of the weekly Messenger, Southampton Street.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE

FASHIONS

For JANUARY, 1808.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION

No. 1.—A Morning Dress.

A round cambric gown, a walking length, with short full sleeve, and puckered cuff, buttoned or laced down the back, and made high round the neck, with a full frill of lace. A military stock, edged round the chin with the same. A figured Chinese scarf, the colour American green, twisted round the figure in the style of antique drapery. Melon bonnet the same colour, striped, and trimmed to correspond with the scarf. Hair in irregular curls on the forehead. Earrings of gold or topaz. Long York tan, or Limerick gloves, above the elbow. Slippers of yellow Morocco. This dress, divested of the bonnet, is considered genteel *negligé* for any period of the day.

No. 2.—A Morning Walking, or Carriage Habiliment.

A simple breakfast robe of Indian muslin, or cambric; with plain high collar, and long sleeve. Plain chemisette front, buttoned down the bosom. A Calypso wrap of morone velvet, or kerseymere, trimmed entirely round with white ermine, or swansdown. Spanish hanging-sleeve, suspended from the back, and falling over the left shoulder, terminating in a round point below the elbow. This ornament is lined throughout with skin the same as the trimming. A mountain hat of white imperial beaver, or fur, tied under the chin with a ribband the colour of the coat. Gloves and shoes of American green, or buff. Cropt hair, confined with a band, and curled over the left eye.

No. 3.—A Ball Dress in the Parisian Style.

A Neapolitan robe and petticoat, of white, or coloured satin, made quite plain. Armorial vest of white satin, beaded in gold stripes. A cestus *à-la-Cleopatra*, composed of wrought gold and amethysts. Hanging sleeve, gathered in front of the arm, with brooches of the same. The hair confined from the roots, the ends flowing in irregular curls, leaving the forehead and temples exposed. An Indian *casque* of tissue, with amethyst ornaments. A long veil of gossamer gauze, rounded at the end, and embroidered in a delicate border of silver, or silk, flowing from the centre of the crown, over the right shoulder, and forming a drapery in front of the figure by the attitude of the left hand. Pear ear-rings of amethyst or pearl. Necklace of pearl, with amethyst star in the centre. White satin slippers, edged with silver beading, and white kid gloves above the elbow.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MOST ELEGANT AND *SELECT FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.*

The multiplicity and variety, beauty and elegance, which distinguish the costume of our British fair, was never more appropriate and becoming than at the present period. The most happy assemblage of the ancient and modern is apparent in almost every article of fashionable decoration. Taste and judgment are in unison with each other, and have selected and combined whatever has appeared most worthy of perpetuity. The cold weather has impelled the adoption of such articles of attire as are calculated to dispense warmth and nourishment. In the theatres, and even in the drawing-room, the votaries of fashion can no longer boast their wonted display—their courage yields to necessity;—and the scarf, mantle, Indian shawl, and French cloak, now shelters their hitherto exposed shoulders. The endless variety which is exhibited in this and every other article of fashionable attire, will oblige us to a more careful selection of such, as rank the first in taste and elegance.

We shall, with our accustomed attention and fidelity, endeavour at a delineation which shall be found worthy the consideration of our fair correspondents In the articles of mantles and pelisses there is much novelty and elegance; and they are constructed in the most fanciful forms. The simple cardinal and hood are now confined to those females who have passed their meridian. Those worn by the more youthful fair, are usually formed of light green, purple, or morone kerseymere, variously constructed; those termed the Zealand mantle, the Calypso wrap, and the Spanish mantle and spenser, are the most novel, and rank very high on the list of fashionable articles; these mantles are formed with high full collars, and deep pointed capes, somewhat in the style of the ancient hanging-sleeve; and are cut in a fanciful and varied manner in the skirt, so as to wrap in a graceful unstudied style about the figure. They are often trimmed with skin; but a large silk cord, the colour of the mantle, placed at a little distance from the edge, and the points ornamented with tassels to correspond, is considered more chastely elegant. Indeed we think *fur* is better associated with velvet, satin, or sarsnet There is not a sufficient degree of contrast between these trimmings and cloth, or kerseymere—and the silk cords, or Trafalgar trimmings, are a bright relief, and have a more light effect Fancy furs, and coats of dark morone, are become so general, as to be admitted no place in an elegant selection In the style of dress gowns, we have a crowd of information; at the head of which may be properly placed robes of superfine cloth, embroidered round the bottom, on the bosom, and sleeves, in wreaths of leaves, composed of shaded velvet. We have seen them of buff, with leaves of shaded purple velvet, each leaf veined to nature For full-dress, these borders are often of gold or silver, embossed, or in spangles; and a ridicule, fancifully formed of the same material as the robe, and bordered up the seams to correspond, is a general and fashionable appendage. French cloaks or capuchins, the same as the dress, are frequently thrown over the shoulders; and relinquished as occasion may require. The comfort and utility, as well as taste and richness, of these elegant garbs, will ensure them a ready adoption amidst the females of rank and fashion The Polish vest, formed of the above-mentioned material, and trimmed with skin, worn with a short train-petticoat of silver muslin, or tissue, with correspondent turban *à-la-Chinese*, is a style of costume particularly attractive and becoming. This vest is not more than a yard in length from the top of the back. It approaches only to the shoulder in front, from whence it flows loose like the Turkish robe, and discovers a waist of the same silver tissue as composes the petticoat, fastened at the bottom with a silver cord and tassel Slippers of pale orange velvet, with silver rosettes, were worn with this uncommonly elegant habit—orange being the colour of which the vest was composed Zealand robes are another article which exhibits much novelty. These are composed of black crape, muslin, or Paris net, tambourèd in large spots of *coquelicot*, crimson, or orange. The robe flows open on the left side the figure, and the front breadth being rounded, discovers a petticoat of plain white satin, and meeting the other side of the robe, which flows in a square train, is clasped from the waist to the knee with silver or topaz studs. The waist and sleeve of this dress are usually worn plain, and over a satin under-waist. No trimming but Trafalgar, or a border of netting of floss silk. The colour of the spots can be advantageously associated with this animated and singularly attractive costume. Although white dresses are less general this winter than we remember them for many years, yet are they not wholly exploded In the morning habit, they admit of no favourable substitute; and amidst the diversity of coloured robes, which present themselves at dinner and evening parties, we still observe the *virgin hue*, venturing, like the modest snow-drop, amidst its more splendid companions, and attracting by its own native purity. Gold and silver brocade ribbands are used to ornament these spotless garbs; and a most delicate article in gossamer gauze is formed in draperies over white or coloured satin slips. Both in England and Paris, the hair is variously dispersed, in the antique style, ornamented with coronets, diadems, tiaras of flowers, and bandeaux of gold laurel, and constitute the most fashionable full dress. In the morning habit, the net handkerchief, the peasants' hood, and the quartered cap of lace, over white or coloured satin, are more appropriate, and bespeaks that proper distinction which manifests a correct taste Bonnets and hats are considered most fashionable composed of united kerseymere and velvet, of contrasted shades. They are generally formed to fit the head, and constructed high and full in front. The woodman's hat of Georgian cloth, the colour of the coat or mantle, and trimmed with fur, is both a seasonable and unique appendage to the out-door costume. French pokes of grey velvet, and fluted satin, constructed so as to shade one side of the face, exposing the adverse ear, and confined under the chin with velvet cut in the form of a handkerchief,

is considered an article of great style and elegance. Fancy hats, of the Spanish or turban form, composed of silver embossed satin or tissue, with Arcola feathers of an orange colour, are often seen, both in public theatres and in evening parties. The Argus feather also sometimes ornaments the hair; and placed in the form of a band, has a unique and attractive effect. There are some few articles in the style of trinkets, which, from their peculiar novelty and fashion, are worthy of notice. The most striking of these is a bandeau of silver filagree, in form of a snake, the head of which is richly embossed, and the eyes composed of rubies, brilliants, or emeralds. This elegant ornament is passed round the forehead, confining the hair, which otherwise falls in dishevelled curls. Sometimes it binds an half handkerchief on the head, and gives, thus disposed, an effect at once original and attractive. Bracelets are worn of the same material and construction—and we here take occasion to remark, that this ornament is not now confined to one design only, but frequently we see rows of pearl, bands of gold, hair, &c. ornamenting the wrist upwards, in the true Indian style. Shells imitated to nature, are seen suspended from rich gold chains, and brooches of the same ornament the bosom of dresses. Seals innumerable, and of various composition, are suspended from the watch by chains of gold filagree, &c. and are usually seen in full dress, on the outside of the robe. Some ladies wear the watch in sight with the morning habit; but this we consider unappropriate and inconsistent with this style of costume.

The most fashionable colours for the season are, American green, morone, orange, purple, *coquelicot*, and light brown.

LETTER ON DRESS,

INTRODUCTORY AND DESCRIPTIVE, FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

I am exceedingly pleased, dear Julia, that you were so perfectly satisfied with my execution of your commissions; and that the several articles of adornment, which accompanied my last address, were so well adapted to your taste and figure.

Is not this, dear girl, a convincing proof how perfectly you live in my memory? since I can so well appropriate colours to your complexion, style to your countenance, and drapery to your form. But not in these external instances alone is Julia's image impressed on her friend. The sweet openness of her disposition, the accomplishments of her mind, and the endowments of her heart, proved by experience, and endeared by early love, have fixed an impression which time can never efface, nor absence render less lively. Remember, therefore, dear friend, that I consider myself engaged to you by the sacred claims of affection, in any way that I can be serviceable to you. On this principle I shall consider myself most pleasantly employed in selecting your *bridal paraphernalia*; for as I read of your hero's return to England with added laurels, I conclude it will not be long ere they are blended with *the roses of love*, and offered *a willing sacrifice* at the altar of HYMEN!—Be sure let me hear in due time when this prodigious event is likely to take place!—I love dearly to choose *wedding clothes*. There is a sort of pleasant association in the mind, when engaged in this employ, occasioned possibly by the enlivening hope that our *turn may come next!* Ah! Heaven only knows when my turn will come! for, as I told you in my last—I am very nice—and good men, you know, were ever a rare commodity! Nor have I seen one to please me better than sousy John—who, though very fashionable, and quite a man of the world, yet unites that rare assemblage of sensibility, principle, and worth. But the sentiment we feel for each other is merely *Platonic*, Julia; he loves me as a brother—nothing more. Indeed, what more would be heard of by my uncle and aunt?—John is heir to a large fortune and ancient knighthood—and poor me! to what am I heir but the ancient virtues of my dear and venerated family. I am proud of the inheritance, Julia, and will never disgrace it. Mary pretends to much astrological knowledge, and assures me, it is ordained that she is to be *doubly related to me*. Dear, generous girl!—But remember, Julia, not a word of this nonsense to a living soul, I beseech you; for, on my faith, John has said nothing *very particular* to me. and for myself—I do not even think of *love*, and therefore must be very far from *matrimony*, the *latter* (as I argue) requiring the indispensable accompaniment of the *former*. I send you by this packet a long list on the old subject of fashionable intelligence; and shall conclude this epistle with a few more elegant annexations, selected from the good magazine of taste. We drove yesterday to all the celebrated haunts of fashionable display, and were dazzled with the brilliant exhibitions of female decoration which were offered to our view. Amidst the diversity, we were much attracted by the novelty, elegance, and convenience, of a mantle, and pelisse, on an entirely new construction. The first of these is termed, the *Emigré* mantle, or Brazilian cloak. It is formed of purple velvet embossed on a topaz

satin ground, and buttons down the front, where it is not more than three-quarters of a yard in length, from the throat; but is gradually sloped to a round point on the left side of the figure, and reaches at this termination nearly to the bottom of the petticoat. It is constructed with a high puckered collar, and two deep printed capes, which fall over each shoulder. The whole is terminated with a rich and deep fringe, shaded to suit with the colours of the pelisse. I need not observe that this mantle is properly confined to females of rank and affluence, both from its singularity and expence. The pelisse is composed of superfine mazarine cloth, with a Spanish vest and spenser; a high collar, and pointed capes, sitting full round the neck. The whole trimmed with rich silk Trafalgar of the same colour. What constitutes the ingenuity and convenience of this elegant garb is, that the coat and spenser being made separate, they may be worn apart; and by a little judicious arrangement, appear as three distinct articles. We are engaged next week to a splendid ball and supper, which will be given by the Marchioness of D——. Mary has received a *carte blanche* for the occasion, and intends mustering a strong party of *belles* and *beaux*. Her attire for the evening will consist of a round robe of white undrest crape, worn over white satin; the drapery, &c ornamented with a border of the scarlet geranium in raised velvet. Her hair will be confined in the *antique style*, and decorated in front with a *toque* of the same flowers designed to nature. Her earrings, bracelets, and armulets of brilliants; and slippers of pale green satin, with silver rosettes. My dress is composed of pale green gauze over white satin. It is formed in a simple round gown, meeting within one-eighth the bottom of the petticoat, where it is cut in five deep vandykes; trimmed with silver beading or fringe, and each point terminated with correspondent tassels. I wear my hair in a large twisted braid at the back of my head, and in simple curls in front, divided on the forehead with a coronet of pearl, which compose also many other ornaments. We have each a French opera fan, of carved amber, uncommonly elegant—a present from my aunt.

At Lady L——'s concert last evening, was the Countess P——, whose illustrious marriage I formerly named to you. She appeared to great advantage in a Byzantian robe of white gossamer satin, with a petticoat of silver tissue. She wore ornaments of blended emeralds and pearl, and her hair was folded round her head in the Eastern style, while the ends fell in irregular glossy ringlets on one of her well formed shoulders. I believe I have before told you, that Indian shawl dresses are considered very fashionable and attractive garbs. They are formed in simple round dresses, with short trains, bordered round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, with correspondent trimmings. Some are worn with a long sleeve of the same, which is confined on the arm and wrist with the treble bracelet. Others choose a short sleeve of white satin, either in the Spanish slash, frock, or bishop form. The backs of dresses are cut lower than ever, but are frequently shaded with broad point lace, placed flat from shoulder to shoulder. The waist is visibly increased in length. You must wear no other than white kid gloves in evening parties. Not even the light Limerick, or pale tan, are now admitted in this style of costume.

And now, dear Julia, fare thee well!—I shall hope soon to hear of the progress, and felicitate you on the happy issue of *your love*, although I cannot entertain you with any account of *my own*. Keep, therefore, no circumstance on that, or any other subject which concerns you, from your ever faithful and affectionate

ELIZA.

London: Printed by and for JOHN BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand*

SUPPLEMENT

TO

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR THE THIRD VOLUME.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

ALL THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.

1. THE DEATH OF ANANIAS.
2. PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.
3. THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.
4. THE CHARGE TO PETER.
5. ELYMAS THE SORCERER.
6. THE SACRIFICE TO PAUL & BARNABAS.
7. PETER AND JOHN HEALING THE LAME MAN IN THE TEMPLE.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN BELL, PROPRIETOR OF THE WEEKLY MESSENGER,

SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND.

1807.

ON account of an accident which occurred in the printing of two of the Cartoons, viz. the "Charge to Peter," and the "Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas," we are prevented from including them in the Supplement, according to our promise.—Our Subscribers, however, may rest assured, that they will be presented gratis in the next Number of the Magazine; which will likewise contain an outline of the "Death of General Wolfe;" all being in addition to the usual decorations.

ALL THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL,

NOW IN HAMPTON-COURT.

No. I.

THE DEATH OF ANANIAS.

Acts of the Apostles, Chap. V. Verses 3, 4, 5.

"*But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan fill'ed thy heart to lye to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land?—While it remained, was it not thine? And after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thy heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.*

"*And Ananias hearing these words, fell down, and gave up the ghost.—And great fear came on all those that heard these things.*"

THE moment of time which Raphael has chosen in this Composition, is that in which the apostle Peter, by the divine inspiration of the holy ghost, detects the fraud of Ananias, and upbraids him in the above language of scripture.—Struck with the consciousness of his guilt, he replies not.—Smitten by the immediate hand of death, his fall is sudden and terrible.—The figures, on each side of him, are evidently impressed with a consciousness that the judgment of heaven has overtaken him.—The characters which form the other groups, as yet ignorant of this awful event, are employed in presenting their first alms and offerings, their goods and their money, to the fathers of the primitive church.—On one side, the apostles are receiving the contributions of the pious; on the other, they are distributing them amongst the poor; whilst Peter, and his brethren in the centre, appear from their thought and action, more immediately connected with the awful scene before them.

In this composition Raphael has employed no more figures than were necessary to bring home the subject with its due character and force, and to shew the state of the church at the first dawn of christianity.—The composition is divided into three leading groups—The centre is composed of the apostles, amongst whom the principal figure is Peter.—He stands erect and firm, with a full confidence in his divine office, and the power to punish guilt in HIM who sent him—His mantle is thrown around him with surprising simplicity and dignity.—He stretches forth his hand, and points with his finger towards the falling Ananias, denouncing the terrible judgment of God, and the awful example which was required in this early state of the church, to repel every approach of corruption and fraud.—A kind of divine austerity pervades the group around him; and, in the whole works of Raphael, there is nothing, perhaps, which more evidently marks the sublimity of his genius than the composition of this single group. The accuracy with which he has conceived the several characters; the propriety with which he has brought them forward in their due stations and respective dignities; the expression which he has given them, at once so majestically severe, so serenely firm; and, above all, the noble simplicity with which the whole is crowned, are points of excellence which the pencil of Raphael has never carried farther.

In the disposition of this group, we see the unaspiring, the incorrupt, the simple, and unpatronized state of the early church; a few rails, and a common scaffold newly put together, separate the Christian fathers from the surrounding groups.—From this simple platform they are delivering the word of truth, and dispensing the punishment of heaven upon the guilty—So correct, so simple, so deeply founded in nature and truth were the taste and judgment of Raphael.

The composition of this group, together with the falling Ananias, who is so finely connected with the figures in the centre by the action of Peter, forms what Raphael intended should be the climax of this subject, and that which should distinguish it from all others.

No. II.

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

Vide—Acts of the Apostles, Chap. 17.

THE moment of time which Raphael has chosen in this composition, is that in which Paul rises in the midst of Mount Mars.—He is surrounded by the different sects of Philosophers which then divided Athens, and all the heads of the various schools in which science and wisdom were taught in that illustrious seat of learning.—We here see the Epicurean, and the Stoic Philosopher; the Peripatetic, and the disciple of Epictetus; the Cynic, and the Areopagite.

When we consider what must have been the feelings of Paul at this moment; what must have been the energies of his mind in order to meet the situation in which he was thrown, when he beholds himself in the most cultivated city of the ancient world, and in the midst of the most polished people,—a people justly proud of their pre-eminence in every branch of Philosophy and Art; when we consider that he was promulgating, for the first time, the obscure and unknown doctrines of Christianity, of which it was one of its principal triumphs that it set at nought all the efforts of human learning, and placed the virtues of the man against every talent of the scholar; when we consider that this chosen Apostle of the Gentiles was now entering, for the first time, upon the great objects of his mission, that of confounding idolatry and crushing paganism wherever he went; when we consider likewise, that he was attacking it in its chosen citadel and school, where it reigned in all its triumph of pomp and magnificence, surrounded and defended by philosophy and science, and supported and decorated with all the splendour and glory that could be derived from the art and genius of man,—when we reflect, we say, upon this glorious, but no less trying situation, in which Paul was cast, to combat with all human learning in defence of its own prejudice and in aid of its own power, we are naturally led to ask what must have been his feelings, what the energies of his mind at this moment?—There is a sufficient answer to the question in the figure which Raphael has given us of Paul in the present composition.—We see him placed firmly and immovably upon both feet, like a column under that new fabric he was about to raise.—Both arms are lifted up; his action is at once simple and full, of almost colossal strength; his countenance is firm, steadfast, and replete with expression: and each attitude and motion carry the stamp and reflect the qualities of that divine faith which he was now promulgating in all its first pureness and simplicity —This figure, as a work of art, leaves us nothing to wish or expect beyond it.

Let us now turn to the characters of his audience.—How wonderful has been the variety and discrimination of Raphael in this part of his composition.—The leading figure in this group is that of the Philosopher who stands forward in the centre of the Picture.—Not his countenance and action only, but even his drapery bespeaks his character and his feelings.—He is evidently occupied in full thought, in tranquil reasoning and the contemplation of objects now first starting upon his mind.—The serene and thinking mind is well marked by the grand flow and broad folds of the drapery, and the placidity of his aspect denotes the soul of the Philosopher —This figure is finely contrasted with the group disputing amongst themselves—The turbulence of controversy is well shewn in the confused folds of the drapery; and the scoffers and the hearers are characterized with equal skill and choice—The half yielding convert, leaning on his crutch, is nobly expressive of a wavering faith, and the countenances of Damaris and Dionysius leave us no doubt of their conviction. It is by reasoning upon these principles of science which governed the choice of Raphael in this composition, that we are led to a conviction, that as a work of art, in the higher qualities of design, expression, and composition, it has never been excelled by the pencil of man.

No. III.

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

Saint Luke, Chap. V. Verses 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

"*And he went into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him, that he would thrust out a little from the land, and he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.*

"*Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.*

"*And Simon answering, said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing, nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net.*

"*And when they had thus done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake.*

"*And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them; and they came and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.*

"*When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!*

"*For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken.*

"*And so was also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.*

"*And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him.*"

THE sublimity of this scene, and the wonderful accuracy with which Raphael has represented it in all its respective features, will be better conceived by a due attention to the verses, which we have extracted from the Holy Testament.

The boat in which our Saviour is placed, is in the act of sinking from the immense quantity of fish on board, and whilst Peter, in evident terror, falls upon his knees, and begs Jesus "to depart from him as a sinful man," our Lord answers him, in the memorable words, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

The address of Peter and the answer of our Saviour constitute the main and leading action of the present composition. They are connected with those in the other boat by the raised hand of James who points towards it, as if asking permission to assist them in hauling their net; and the Partners, in the adjoining boat, fall into the principal group by the disposition of their bodies and faces, which are turned towards Simon Peter and our Lord.

In propriety, therefore, this composition can be said to form but one single group.

The figure of Peter is most divinely characteristic of his feelings at the moment; his countenance is equally divided betwixt hope and terror, and his attitude of supplication is impressed with an equal warmth of gratitude and reluctant awe at the presence of our Saviour.—The attitude of Jesus is calm and dignified; there is that grace and divinity in his aspect which are peculiar to the Christ of Raphael. His action is beautifully contrasted with the impetuous terror of Peter; and the sober and simple flow of his drapery is in strict unison with his other qualities.

In the back ground is a beautiful and expansive landscape, in which the architecture introduced, is strictly that of the age and country.—In the fore ground are some birds that haunt the sea, for the introduction of which Raphael has been condemned by superficial judges. There are likewise shells, and sea-weeds, scattered upon the shore.

It was the great praise of Raphael that he always preserved the features of genuine nature, and never, by pursuing the ideal too far, suffered his representations to be carried out of the ordinary bounds and occurrences of life.—His delineation of the scene before him was thus required to possess every necessary appearance and local image of the Lake of Tiberias at the period in which this miracle was wrought —Where the reality was so dignified of what use was fancy? It is by preserving these general incidents of local scenery, and the characteristics of our common creation, that the sublime is rendered just and accurate, and the beautiful touching.

No. IV.

PETER AND JOHN.

Acts of the Apostles, Chap. 3, Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

"*Now Peter and John went up together into the Temple at the hour of prayer.*

"*And a certain man, lame from his mother's womb, was carried, whom they daily laid at the gate of the Temple, which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them who entered into the Temple.*

"*Who seeing Peter and John about to go into the Temple, asked an alms.*

"*And Peter fastening his eyes upon him, with John, said, Look on us.*

"*And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them.*

"*Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee—In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.*"

The above scriptural account which is given of the miracle wrought by Peter and John in the Temple, has been followed in all its leading circumstances by Raphael in this Cartoon.

The moment of time is that in which Peter takes the cripple by the right hand, and lifts him up.—Never has the pencil expressed a more just or divine feeling than that which at this moment is painted in the countenance of the cripple; the miserable impotence and wretchedness of his situation are finely rendered in his figure; but, as if conscious of the power of Peter to heal him in the name of Jesus, his countenance is suddenly animated with hope, and he seems preparing to leap forward in his native strength, and to praise the wonderful act of God.—The calm security and divine confidence with which the Apostles work this miracle are no less admirably displayed.

The naked boys in this scene are a further proof of Raphael's great judgment in composition.—One of them is in such an attitude as finely varies the turns of the other figures; and there is, moreover, another kind of contrast which is produced by their being naked.—This has been objected to Raphael by those who pursue reason and propriety too far in some respects, but not far enough in others.—Notwithstanding its apparent singularity, the effect produced is marvellous—Clothe them in imagination, dress them as you will, the picture suffers by it; and would have suffered if Raphael himself had done it.

It is for the sake of this contrast, which is of great consequence in Historical Painting, that Raphael, in this Cartoon, has placed his figures at one end of the Temple near the corner, where we could not suppose the Beautiful Gate to be—But this varies the sides of the Picture, and at the same time gives him an opportunity to enlarge his buildings with a fine Portico, and to form altogether one of the noblest pieces of architecture that can be conceived.

No. V

ELYMAS, THE SORCERER.

Acts of the Apostles, Chap. 13, Verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

"*And when they had gone through the isle unto Paphos, they found a certain Sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Bar-jesus:*

"*Which was with the deputy of the country, Sergius Paulus, a prudent man; who called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the word of God.*

"*But Elymas the sorcerer (for so is his name by interpretation) withstood them, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith.*

"*Then Saul, (who also is called Paul,) filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him,*

"*And said, O full of all subtilty, and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness! wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?*

"*And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand.*

"*Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord.*"

The great object of admiration in the present Cartoon is the figure of the Sorcerer, Elymas. It is the figure of a man struck by the immediate vengeance of Heaven through the means of Paul, with an instantaneous and incurable blindness; and in the study and representation of this character, Raphael has had recourse to that deep knowledge of the principles and passions of human nature, which forms

he basis of the ideal in Art, and which whilst it combines the accuracy of representation with the truth of conception, expands the most common and vulgar object to the dignity of an Epic character.

Elymas is here *sui-generis*; he stands at the head of his class; he represents all blind men that went before him, and all blind men that will come after him.

The general nature, and most minute pecularities of the blind man, are all embodied in this single character!—Not only his eyes; but his head, and the elevation of his countenance; his outstretched hands; his cautious step; his feet; the general position of his body,—in a word, every part about him is the member of a blind man alone!

The character of St. Paul, in this Cartoon is finely distinguished from that of the same apostle in the Cartoon which represents him preaching at Athens.

Paul is not here the orator, but the avenger of God; he points with a consciousness of superiority, and a divine, but calm austerity, towards the Sorcerer, whose impiety he had been compelled to punish.—There is nothing of undue passion or exultation in this character.

The terror of Sergius Paulus, and the astonishment of the surrounding group, are impressed with equal force by the divine pencil of this illustrious Master.—In truth, with the exception of the figure of Ananias, there is no character, in all the works of Raphael, so distinctly and sublimely rendered in all its parts, as the figure of the Sorcerer Elymas.

No. VI.

THE SACRIFICE TO PAUL AND BARNABAS.

Acts of the Apostles Chap. XIV. Verses 11, 12, 13, 14.

"*And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying, in the speech of Lycaonia, the gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.*

"*And they called Barnabas, Jupiter, and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker.*

"*Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people.*

"*Which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their cloaths, and ran among the people, crying out,*

"*And saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? we also are all men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God.*"

This Cartoon is a continuation of the miraculous scene which Paul and Barnabas had been acting in the temple, viz. the healing of the cripple.

The people of Lystra, struck with wonder, at the divine cure which had been wrought before them, and in the immediate phrensy and unmeaning enthusiasm of Paganism, exclaim, that the "Gods had come down among them," and prepare to make instant sacrifices to their present divinities. The ox, decorated with garlands, is led up to the altar; and, at this moment, Paul and Barnabas interpose, declaring who they were, and what was the object of their mission, terrified least the pure and sacred doctrines of Christ should be contaminated by the absurdities of Paganism, and eager that their miracles should be referred to that Power alone from whom they had received authority to work them.

In this Cartoon, the characteristic chiefly to be admired are the wild and barbarous impulse of the men of Lystra, and the figure of the cripple in the front group, whose garments is lifted up, in a suspicious manner, by a Pagan of wavering faith, in order to ascertain whether he were really the person whom the apostles had previously healed.

This figure serves in an admirable manner, to connect the story of the former Cartoon with that of the present.

The figure of the man who is about to fell the victim is conceived with astonishing grandeur; in his countenance is expressed all the fury of a false zeal; and in his body, and the action of his arms, a steady and resolute vigour, which serves at once to mark the passions of his mind, and to display his prodigious strength.

The distribution and the classing of the figures in this Cartoon, are no less admirable. It is Christianity first brought into contact with the wild fury and unthinking zeal of Paganism. At Athens, the attempt is made amongst philosophers; at Lystra, it

is made among the multitude; the former reject it with the cold contempt and sullen arrogance of the stoical school; the latter awakened to its prodigious miracles and stupendous truths, are converts in the very moment in which they proceed to make their sacrifice; they are about to become the disciples of Jesus, in the very moment in which they are preparing their rites for Jupiter. History therefore tells us a truth, founded not less upon fact and experience, than upon the reasonableness and general course of the human passions. The philosophers of Athens remained Pagans; the Pagans of Lystra became Christians.

No. VII.

THE CHARGE TO PETER.

Saint John, Chap. XIII. Verses 15, 16, 17, 18.

"So, that when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? he saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee? He said unto him, Feed my lambs.

"He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my sheep.

"He said to him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

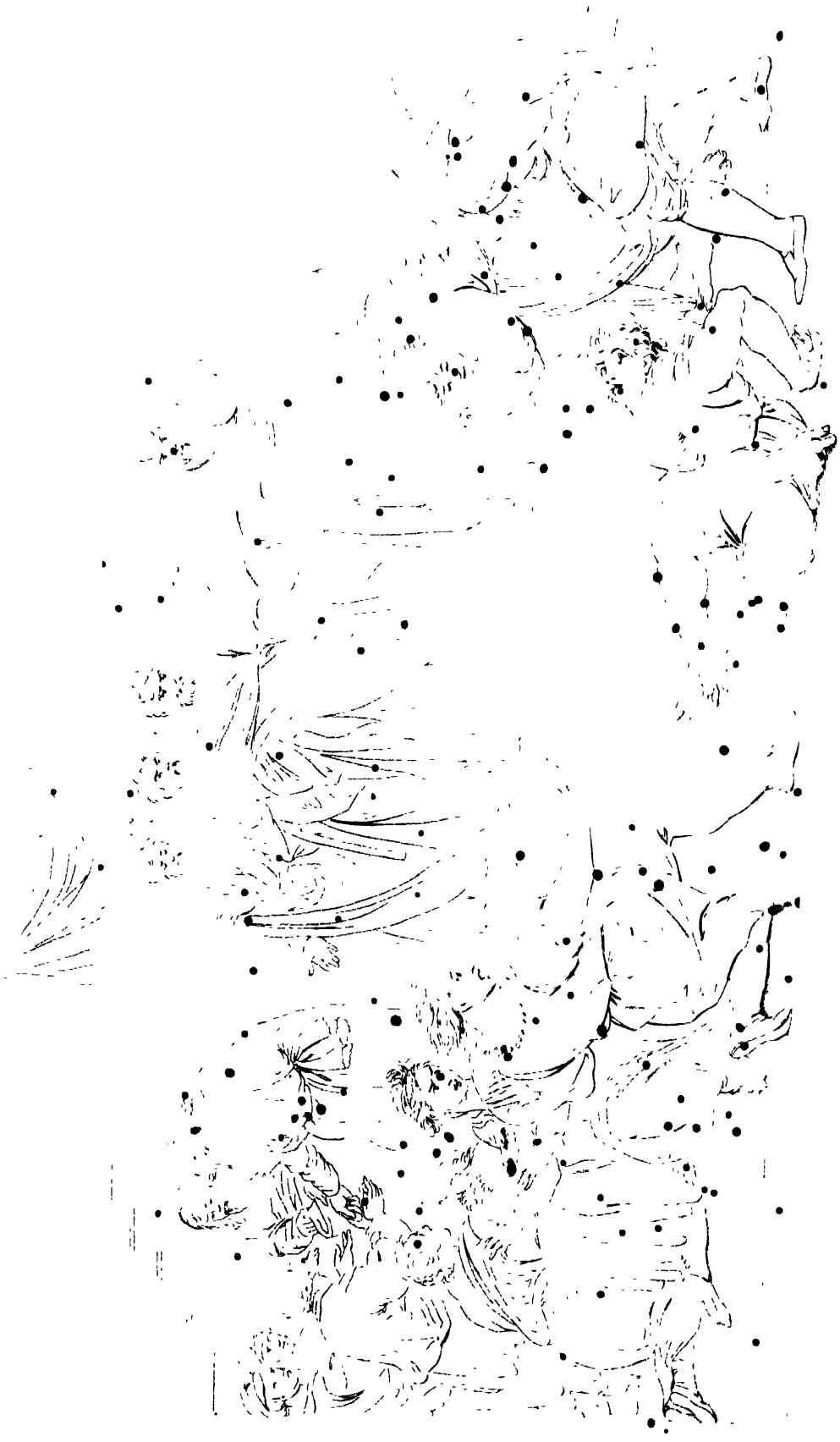
In this Cartoon, that which is chiefly to be admired is the figure of our Saviour. It is no longer the earthly, the human Christ! It is Christ risen from the dead, and become the "first fruits of them that sleep."

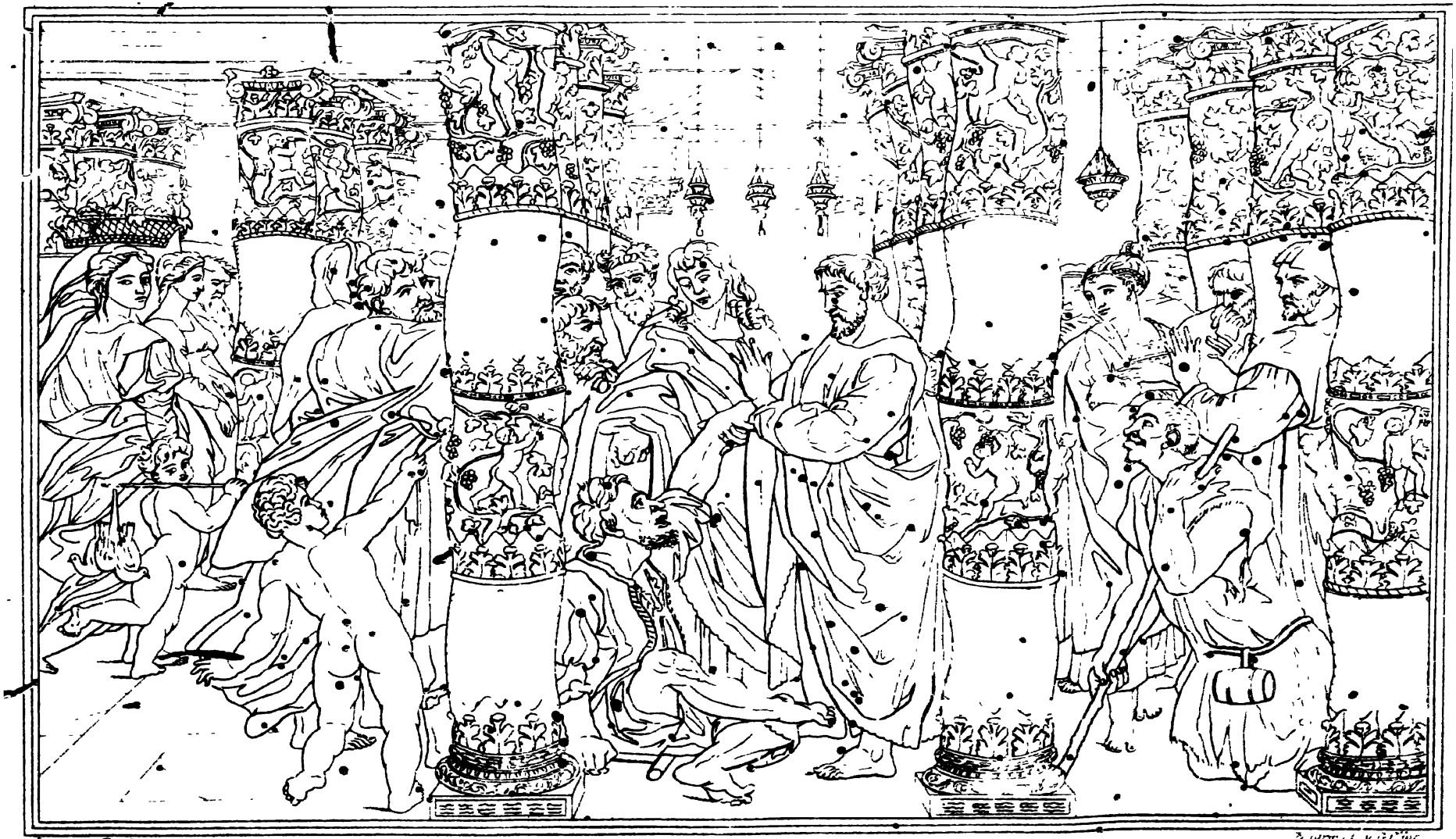
The Christ, in the Cartoon of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," is a different character from what he appears at present. This figure cannot be described; it can only be felt. Suffice it to say, there is nothing corporeal, nothing of the grossness of the human form in our Saviour; it is an angelic nature, with a most divine and exalted beauty, and a delicacy which does not impair the grandeur of the figure, whilst it softens down every turn of the members, and chastens the flow of the transparent drapery.

The next striking beauty in this Cartoon is a group of the disciples. They seem, as it were, all gathered together in the moment, without ceremony or preparation; they are inartificially huddled and grouped with that impulsive eagerness and curiosity which they naturally felt to hear the last commands of their divine master.

There is nothing in composition more perfect than this group. It never was excelled for simplicity, nature, and effect. Every character is distinct; each disciple is shadowed out by his peculiar traits, and, in his business and attention, he is marked with the most wonderful accuracy. The back-ground, and general scenery in which the subject of this Cartoon is cast; is in exact correspondence with the genius and predominating taste of Raphael. It is nature, quiet, local, and exhibiting the same appearances, as to the general scenery, which she might be conceived to have exhibited at the very spot in which this incident took place.

There is no struggle for sublime or artificial landscape: the story wanted no setting off; no relief of this kind,





SUPPLEMENT

TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WORKS OF LITERATURE FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

HISTORY, TRAVELS, AND BIOGRAPHY.

A DESCRIPTION OF CEYLON.

ARTICLE I.—*A Description of Ceylon; containing an Account of the Country, Inhabitants, and natural productions, with narratives of a Tour round the Island in* 1800, *the Campaign in Candy in* 1803, *and a Journey to Ramisseram in* 1804. *By the Rev. James Cordiner, A. M. late Chaplain to the Garrison of Columbo.* In Two Vols. 4to. with Twenty-five Plates. Longman and Co. 1807.

THIS work is very properly and handsomely dedicated to the Honourable Frederick North, late Governor of the British settlements in the island of Ceylon.

The first volume (445 pages) contains a sketch of the island, a plan of Columbo, three plates of the costume of the country, a talipot tree, a banyan tree, a branch and flower of the cinnamon tree, Cingalese and Malabar alphabets, view of an elephant snare, and eleven plates of views of temples, forts, and striking scenes in the island, all (except the map, plan, and dresses,) extremely well engraven in mezzotinto, from the elegant drawings of the author, made on the spot.

The second volume (360 pages) contains four engravings in mezzotinto, being views of a pagoda, of a temple, of the Governor's house, and of a curious hanging bridge.

Near half this volume consists of the history of the Candian warfare; extracts from the medical reports of the troops serving in Ceylon in April 1803; the embassy from Columbo to the Court of Candy in 1800; and Knox's account of the King and government of Candy in 1681.

At the end is a useful Glossary of a hundred technical terms.

We have attentively perused this work, and with great pleasure acknowledge we have never met with any book of travels with which we have been more gratified. It abounds in curious information upon a variety of subjects in a country on which no traveller has written since the year 1681; and the most perfect reliance may be placed on the truth of the whole narrative; which circumstance stamps an inestimable value on the whole work.

It has been said that the business of reviewing critics may be divided into three branches; these are, information, correction, and addition. This performance requires no correction, being written in a pure and elegant style, free from repetitions, blunders, deficiencies, and grammatical errors. Additions to such an unique modern book of travels cannot be made here; so that we have nothing left but to select such passages as may afford delight as well as instruction; these extracts shall be more copious than what we think necessary to make from the numberless travels in

Europe. The unconnected quotations will, as we flatter ourselves, excite the curiosity of our readers, and interest them so as to induce them to peruse the whole work.

The author in his Preface says, "The manner of ensnaring and taming the wild elephants, the mode of diving for the pearl-oysters, the stripping of the cinnamon-bark, and the process of collecting natural salt, are all described from actual observation and authentic documents." He resided in Ceylon from 1799 to 1801.

This island, shaped like a pear, is situate between six and ten degrees of north latitude, and is two hundred and eighty miles in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth. Our countryman, Sir J. Maundeville, visited this country in the thirteenth century.

"After the Portuguese reached the shores of Ceylon in 1505, they maintained a superiority in the island for one hundred and fifty-three years, during which time they were engaged in constant struggles with the natives, and latterly with the Dutch, who succeeded in expelling them in the year 1658. The dominion of the States-General continued, with little interruption, until the year 1795 and 1796, when the coasts of Ceylon were finally taken possession of by the British arms.

"The territory which now belongs to Great Britain forms a belt round the island, extending, in some places, not more than six, in others thirty, and on the northern side even sixty miles into the interior country. The inland provinces, cut off from all communication with the sea, and occupying the greater part of the island, are still retained by the King of Candy, whose capital is situate in the centre of his dominions.

"Almost the whole circumference of the coast is lined with a sandy beach, and a broad border of cocoa-nut trees, behind which are seen double and treble ranges of lofty mountains covered with wood. The northern parts of the island are flat, and frequently indented with shallow inlets of the sea."

"The interior, or Candian territories, contain many hundreds of mountains, some of which, as well as the extensive plains between them, are highly cultivated.

"Access to the country is difficult on account of its natural barriers, and the greater part of it continues still to be very imperfectly known. The insalubrity of the climate, and the almost constant hostilities of the Portuguese, Dutch, and English with the natives, have, in a great measure, prevented the researches of travellers. Excepting the lines of three or four different rugged paths to Candy, our acquaintance with the nature of the inland district is extremely limited.

"The highest mountain in the island is Adam's Peak, lying sixty miles from Columbo; no European subject of Great Britain has ever visited it.

"The heat of the climate is not so intense as might be expected in a situation so near the equator. In general, it is more temperate and uniform than in any part of the neighbouring peninsula. No climate in the world is more salubrious than that of Columbo; and a person who remains within doors while the sun is powerful, never wishes to experience one more temperate. The air is at all times pure and healthy, and its temperature uncommonly uniform. Fahrenheit's thermometer usually fluctuates in the shade about the point of 80°. It seldom ranges more than five degrees in a day, and only thirteen through the whole year, 86° being the highest and 73° the lowest point at which it has been seen any season. In the month of May 1804, at Madras, the thermometer was at 109°.

"The days and nights are nearly equal throughout the year; the atmosphere is almost always serene; the moonlight is clearer than in England, and the sun may be seen to rise and set almost every day in his brightest lustre.

"Precious stones are plentiful and found of upwards of twenty different sorts, but the greater part of them are of an inferior quality. There is no real diamond in the island. The gems of greatest value are the cat's-eye and the emerald. A perfect cat's-eye of the size of a hazel nut is worth one hundred and fifty pounds sterling. It is a *pseudo-opal*, a white ray runs across its diameter on one side, and, moving from one end to the other, meets the eye in which ever way it is turned.

"Strictly speaking, there are no roads in Ceylon; and wheel carriages can only be used in the neighbourhood of the larger European settlements, which are all situated on the sea coast. A person travels here in a wild and woody region destitute of roads, and his journey may be compared to an excursion in a large garden or park where there are no artificial walks.

"The revenue of Ceylon, although much greater than under the Dutch administration, is not sufficient to defray the expence of the various establishments placed there by the British government. The annual income does not at present exceed £ 226,600. While the

common expenditure of the island amounts to £.330,000, occasioning a yearly charge on his Majesty's treasury of £ 103,400. In this state of the revenue the produce of every source is included, allowing £.40,000 sterling as the average gain by pearl fisheries. The East India Company pays £ 60,000 yearly for cinnamon

"The English circle at Columbo consists of about one hundred gentlemen, and only twenty ladies; but the other European settlements can muster three hundred respectable persons, and nearly an equal number of both sexes

"Two weekly clubs are established at Columbo. At one of these the principal amusement is cards. It is held about four miles from the fort, and consists of twelve members, who give dinners in rotation, and generally invite twelve strangers. The other club is for the purpose of playing at quoits, the cocoanut trees affording a pleasant shade at all hours of the day

"The rent of the most magnificent mansion in Columbo amounts only to £ 300 per annum; a good family house may be procured for £.100 An unmarried man must keep a palanquin and a one-horse chaise Ten palanquin bearers, the common set at Madras, cost there above £ 100 per annum, and one-third more at Columbo, where the maintenance of a horse costs £ 50, double the sum necessary to keep one at the former settlement No bachelor can keep house comfortably at Columbo for less than £ 800 a year.

"On the 17th July, 1805, when the Hon Frederick North was preparing to leave his government, the civil, judicial, and military officers resident at Columbo presented his Excellency with a piece of plate of the value of one thousand guineas, and an address which concludes: 'We beg leave to offer to your Excellency the respectful expression of our gratitude and esteem, our grateful acknowledgments for the uniform kindness we have enjoyed under your government, and our unfeigned and fervent wishes for your future health and happiness.'

"The great body of the inhabitants of Ceylon is divided into three classes, Cingalese, Candhans, and Malabars The first and second are descended from the aborigines of the island; the third consists of the offspring of colonies which have emigrated from the Indian peninsula Each class contains about five hundred thousand persons, making the whole population one million and a half The Cingalese occupy the coasts of the southern half of the island, those of the northern half are peopled with Malabars. Both these classes are subject to the British government The Candians are entirely shut up in the heart of the country, and have never been subdued by any foreign power.

"There is a tribe of wild people who inhabit the mountains, they are not many thousands in number."

We must refer to the fourth chapter of the work for further particulars.

"The Cingalese of both sexes have uniformly black eyes, and long smooth black hair, which they always wear turned up, and fastened on the crown of the head with a tortoise-shell comb, or other instrument Many of the higher classes of people who are not exposed to the rays of the sun, have complexions so extremely fair, that the ladies seem lighter than the brunettes of England. In all ranks, the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are white.

"The dress of the common people is nothing more than a piece of calico, or muslin, wrapped round the waist They wear no earrings; their ears are not pierced.

"The dress of the women in the highest stations is of the same form of that of the poorer sort, but their clothes are finer, and a greater quantity is worn.

"The garment which the ladies use instead of a petticoat, is often of coloured silk, or satin, over which is thrown white muslin embroidered with flowers, and spangled with gold The shift, which is always the upper covering, is trimmed round the bottom with lace, and decorated at the sleeves with ruffles of the same materials On the head are gold and tortoise-shell combs, and pins set with clusters of precious stones. They have neat earrings of a similar description, and slippers of red and white leather By their side is hung a small box of gold or silver, in which are deposited the necessary refreshments of betel-leaf, areca-nut, and chunam, a fine species of lime made of calcined shells. These three articles are eaten together, and are a luxury of which all ranks partake. A slice of the areca nut and a pinch of chunam, are rolled up in a betel-leaf, put into the mouth, and chewed; from the mastication of the three together, the saliva is rendered of an ugly red, which is not the case when the nut and leaf are eaten without the lime, the teeth and lips acquire a reddish tinge, as if coloured with Peruvian bark, which has a disgusting appearance to an European, but is esteemed ornamental by an Asiatic. The nut corrects the bitterness of the leaf, and the lime prevents it from hurting the stomach; united together they possess an ex-

tremely wholesome, nutritious, and enlivening quality. The teeth of children and of grown Cingalese, who do not follow the custom of chewing these articles, are of the most beautiful whiteness and most perfect regularity.

"The men, in general, labour but little, where rice is not cultivated; and all the drudgery of life falls upon the women. The possessor of a garden, which contains twelve cocoa-nut, and two jack-trees (the largest species of bread-fruit), finds no call for any exertion. He reclines all day in the open air, literally doing nothing; feels no wish for active employment, and never complains of the langour of existence. What has been ascribed to Indians in general is not inapplicable to these people. They say it is better to stand than to walk; better to sit than to stand; better to lie down than to sit; better to sleep than to be awake; and death is best of all. If the owner of the garden wants any article of luxury which his own ground does not produce, his wife carries a portion of the fruits to market, and there barters them for whatever commodity is required. The only furniture in their houses is a few coarse mats, rolled up in a corner, which are spread upon the earthen floor when the inhabitants intend to sleep; tables, chairs, beds, and all those articles which are considered as necessary in Europe, are here totally unknown. The ideas of the common people seem not to extend beyond the incidents of the passing hour; alike unmindful of the past and careless of the future, their life runs on in an easy apathy, but little elevated above mere animal existence. A state of inaction is the consequence of an indulgent climate; and where nature has been so liberal in her productions, she has left scarcely any incentive to industry. But notwithstanding this prevailing indolence, the botanical knowledge of the Cingalese is so great as to be a matter of surprise in their uncultivated state. The most illiterate peasant can not only tell the names but the qualities of the minutest plant that is to be found within the precincts of the district which he inhabits.

"The son in a family who possesses the greatest natural talents, is considered as the representative of his father, invested with the authority of the first-born, and looked up to by all his brethren with voluntary deference and submission.

"The Cingalese are governed through the medium of their own chiefs, who act under the orders of the English servants of his Majesty. The highest class of native magistrates is known by the name of *Modeliars*, who, to mark their rank, may be styled captains, although their employment is more of a civil than a military nature.

"All the men in office wear swords of a moderate size, antiquated, and not formidable in appearance. The hilt and scabbard are made of silver. The former imitates the head of a tiger, the latter is curiously embossed, and turned round at the point. The sashes are either of rich gold or silver lace, to which is attached a brilliant star, or cluster of various gems. The design and workmanship exhibited in these decorations are distinguished badges of the particular rank of the wearer.

"Subservient to the modeliars, to maintain the peace of the country, are men who may be called secretaries, lieutenants, corporals, and private soldiers. In the district of Columbo alone are registered, for the public service, 114 sergeants, 234 corporals, and 2815 families of privates. All these wear swords, but the scabbards of the lower orders are made of wood instead of silver, and their belts of somewhat less rich materials.

"A modeliar sometimes gives a breakfast, sometimes a dinner to a select party of his British friends, and often a ball and supper to all the European gentry of Columbo. In expences of this nature he is never backward. Spacious bungaloes are often erected for the use only of a single evening, the pillars ornamented with cocoa-nut leaves, the roof spread with white muslin, embellished with beautiful moss, and hung with a profusion of brilliant lamps, the manufacture of European glass-houses. Sometimes wooden platforms, eight inches high, enclosed with rails, are provided for the purpose of dancing, and sometimes well beaten turf forms the only ground for this favourite amusement.

"On these festive occasions, the poor labourers whose presents and ingenuity have formed the ground-work of the entertainment, are not forgotten. A shed is erected, and a refreshment provided for them in an obscure corner of the garden, which solicits not the eye of public observation. A long table runs down the middle of the apartment, with benches on each side. Plantain leaves, raised at the edges, form one continued dish, or border, along the board, filled with hot rice properly seasoned. A few lamps made of clay, throw a glimmering light through the darkness of the hall. Neither plate nor spoon is used, but every man eats with his right hand in the same manner as the elephant feeds himself with his probosis. About one hundred naked and contented inhabitants of the province sit down to this plain but plentiful repast, which it is probable they enjoy with

higher relish than that which their superiors experience at a table crowded with the rich productions of all the corners of the globe In general, the poor Cingalese use no other seats or tables than the bountiful earth. After supper, the same open pavilion becomes their bedchamber, and lying down promiscuously on the floor, they enjoy a sweet and undisturbed repose.

"In December, 1803, while Lord Viscount Valentia was visiting Governor North, at Columbo, a numerous company of the British inhabitants entertained him one evening with the sight of an exhibition called by the natives a Cingalese play, although, from the rude nature of the performance, it can hardly be ranked among the productions of the dramatic art. The stage was a green lawn, and this open theatre was lighted with lamps supported on posts, and flambeaux held by men.

"The entertainment commenced with the feats of a set of active tumblers, whose naked bodies were painted all over with white crosses They walked on their hands, and threw themselves round, over head and heels, three or four times successively without a pause. Two boys embracing one another, with head opposed to feet, tumbled round like a wheel The young performers, singly, twisted their bodies with a quickness and flexibility which it would be difficult to imitate in a less relaxing climate Two men, raised up on stilts, walked in among them. Pieces of bamboo were tied round their legs, reaching only a little above the knee, and elevating them three feet from the ground. They moved slowly, without much ease, and had nothing to support them but the equipoise of their own bodies"

After this there were men dancers, groups of masks, &c.

"An excellent imitation of a wild bear next sprung upon the scene of action. The head and tail were perfect, and the character was well supported; but like all the others, it remained too long in view; and as the spectators wearied the effect diminished.

"But the prettiest part of the entertainment was a circular dance by twelve children, about ten years of age They danced opposite to one another, two and two, all courtesied at one time, down to the ground, shook their whole bodies with their hands fixed in their sides, and kept time to the music with two little clattering sticks in each hand (like *castanets*). Going swiftly round, being neatly dressed, of one size, and perfect in the performance, this youthful dance produced a very pleasing effect, and brought to remembrance the pictures of the fleeting hours.

"The exhibition concluded with love scenes between men and women, which appeared, to an English eye, as bordering upon indecency.

"The Cingalese who profess the religion of Mahomet, appear to be a mixed race, the principal of whose progenitors had emigrated from the peninsula of India. They are a much more active and industrious body of people than either the Christians or followers of Buddha. Among them are found merchants, money-changers, jewellers, carpenters, taylors, and all the useful tribes of mechanics. In cutting precious stones, and making rings and other ornaments of gold, they are particularly neat-handed and ingenious. One of their favourite ornaments is a ring set completely round with samples of all the stones which the island produces.

"The occupation of washing is performed only by men, on the banks of rivers or lakes, by dipping the garments in the water and striking them against a flat stone. No soap is used; and the sun rapidly performs the operation of the most effectual bleaching"

We must refer to the work for an account of the language, and shall only mention from it:—

"The greater part of the men can read and write; but these accomplishments are not communicated to the women. All their instruction is received, and their knowledge expressed by word of mouth"

Near Columbo two white children, born of black parents, were to be seen —

"They belong to that class of the human species denominated Albinos. Their whiteness is pale and livid, their hair, eye-brows, and eye-lashes are perfectly white, and of a very fine soft texture. The iris of the eye is of a beautiful blue, and the white extremely pure: their eyes are very weak and generally closed. They cannot see in bright sun shine. Their constitution is languid, and they never stir from the door of the hut in which they were born, unless when carried in their mother's arms. The father and mother are both Cingalese of the poorer sort, apparently healthy, and have a son younger than either of the Albinos, perfectly black, and as stout and robust as any of his countrymen."

The Albinos of England which we have seen, were all of a fair and healthy complexion; the iris of their eyes red like blood; in the whiteness of their hair, the feebleness of their sight, their languid constitution and other particulars they appeared to resemble those which have just been

described. Now follow a few pages of judicious extracts from the old history written by captain Robert Knox, in 1681, and which exhibit a faithful picture of Candy in its present state. These are contained at intervals in about twenty-five pages in this volume, and to them we refer, and shall continue our quotations from the original work, selecting such parts of the descriptions as we deem most interesting.

"The Candians having been originally one people with the Cingalese, do not differ from them more than the inhabitants of the mountains of any other country differ from those of the plains or sea-coasts. Their manners are less polished, and the constant wearing of their beards adds to the natural ferocity of their appearance. Their dress shall be described hereafter; it is evident that no part of their attire is borrowed from that of Europeans. Indian costume has been copied in England; but the fashion of India never changes The dress of the inhabitants there is the same at this day as it was as far back as history reaches.

"The Candians are confined to the centre of the island; and no part of their territory is less than six miles distant from the sea-shore.

"In February 1802, an ambassador from Candy, attended by two other nobles of the court, arrived at Columbo. They were conducted to the Government-house from their lodging, in three Dutch carriages borrowed for the occasion. They insisted that the chariot doors should be kept open, that they might not appear like prisoners in a place of confinement; and it was with much difficulty they were persuaded to allow the coachman to sit on the boxes in a more elevated situation than themselves. The ambassador delivered a long message from his Sovereign to the Governor, standing in an erect posture, without any action, and singing in a monotonous tone, like a schoolboy repeating a task in a language which he does not understand.

"The Malabars, who occupy one half of the coast, and form one half of the subjects of the British government in Ceylon, differ greatly from the Cingalese. They are stouter, more active and enterprising, but less innocent and more fraudulent. Their clothing is entirely composed of white calico and muslin. The dress of the men is a piece of either of these kinds of cloth wrapped round the loins, and reaching down to the ankles, a light turban tied loosely round the head, and large bunches of earrings. They encourage the aperture made in the flap of the ear to extend to an extraordinary size, so that a man's hand may pass through it, the lower parts being stretched till they touch the shoulder. The earrings measure eleven inches in circumference, and in each there is often set a single precious stone, most commonly a ruby. Persons of the higher ranks occasionally wear white sleeved waistcoats, with small gold buttons. The lower orders are often destitute of turbans.

"The dress of the women consists of a single piece of muslin, folded round the waist, hanging down instead of a petticoat, and thrown over one shoulder to conceal the breasts. These ladies who put it on with taste, leave one leg nearly up to the knee, as well as one shoulder bare, and let the garment fall upon the other leg down to the ankle. The fashion is graceful and becoming. Nothing is worn on the head; the hair is neatly combed, anointed with oil, and turned up before and behind. Small earrings are worn in the higher as well as lower parts of the ear; but few of the women have the apertures extended to so great a size as the men The higher classes wear a profusion of gold bracelets, necklaces, and rings on their ankles, toes, and fingers; some wear similar ornaments on the nose. Children are not clothed till they are five or six years old; and the boys are left longer naked than the girls But the latter have a modesty-piece of silver, of the shape of a fig-leaf, fastened round the waist with a silver cord; and the former are decorated with a *lingam*, resembling a child's whistle, with two bells

"A considerable number of this race profess the Mahometan religion, and are generally distinguished by the name of Moors, or Lubbies One street in the extensive village beyond the outer-town of Columbo is entirely inhabited by this class of people They are pedlars, jewellers, tailors, fishermen and sailors. Many of them speak Cingalese and Portuguese, as well as Malabar. Their women are scarcely ever allowed to be seen by strangers; even when they are exhibited at a marriage ceremony, they are stationed in an inner chamber, and closely veiled. When a man has occasion to transport his wife from one place to another, if he cannot afford the expense of a palanquin, he places her cross-legged upon a bullock, so completely covered from head to foot with a white sheet, that not a particle of her skin can be discerned, nor can she see which way she is going; the husband walks by her side."

In 1800, the author set out on his tour round the island. From the account of it,

we shall give the following detached particulars, premising that our limits will not allow us to enlarge on them as much as we wish, and as the work merits.

A stupendous mountain of stone is described as being one entire rock of a smooth surface, rising in form of a cube, on two sides completely perpendicular.

"We ascended its highest summit on the most gently rising side, by a winding flight of stairs, formed of five hundred and forty-five steps of hewn stones. These steps must have been a work of prodigious labour, and are said to have been constructed fifteen hundred years ago, long before any European conquerors appeared in the island"—For the particulars of the prospect, the book is referred to.

Hanging birds' nests are next described; and many picturesque descriptions of the country are given. We are then presented with a very particular account of an elephant hunt (in 34 pages), which will not admit of being mutilated by extracts, and which is accompanied by a pleasant and accurate view of an elephant snare.

In the third volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, published in 1780, is a long and very particular account of the method of catching wild elephants, by John Corse, Esq. In the first part of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1799, is another paper, which contains much curious information on the manners, habits, and natural history of the elephants, by the same gentleman. Our author says:

"The elephants of Ceylon are from ten to eleven feet in height, and are divided into three classes. The first of these is distinguished by long tusks standing upwards, and besides being the most elegant in appearance, is likewise remarkable for a superior degree of intelligence The second is provided with shorter tusks, descending perpendicularly; and the third, the most numerous, is entirely destitute of those appendages.

"Of the seventy elephants at first captured, only four had long tusks.

"The udder of the female is placed between the fore-legs, and consists of two dugs hanging down, one on each side of the breast, like inverted cones. The milk has the flavour of a filbert. A foot of one of the elephants was roasted and appeared at the governor's table. When salted and kept in vinegar for a month it becomes tender, scarcely distinguishable from hung beef.

"Each palanquin is generally attended by thirteen bearers. Only four carry at a time; they are relieved every quarter of an hour, and shift the pole from the shoulder of one to that of another without stopping. The thirteenth man acts as cook to the set, and carries as his burden, all the culinary matters."

At a ball at Jaffnapatam, given by an English officer to the principal European inhabitants, twenty young ladies made their appearance, who were born in Ceylon of Dutch parents.

On many parts of the coast are quantities of sand of a strong shining black, resembling filings of steel. It does not seem to be applied to any other purpose than thrown on paper after writing on it with ink.

The first volume concludes with an excellent description of the cocoa tree: the other palms, the two bread-fruit trees, the banyan, talipot, the cotton-tree, the tamarind, the cashew, and other trees and shrubs are also well described. The great bamboo reed shoots up in stools of a considerable number from the same bottom; and the canes, which are nearly as thick as a man's thigh, grow to the height of from fifty to eighty feet. The leaves are small, narrow, and pointed, and spring from the knots. The whole is tapering, and waves gracefully in the wind. The pith of the young shoots makes a good pickle.

A very particular account of the cinnamon is given at large, from which it appears that the quantity of cinnamon sent yearly to England amounts to four thousand bales, each of ninety-two pounds weight, for which the East India Company pay to government the stipulated price of sixty thousand pounds sterling, and carry it home at their own expence.

The second volume begins with the account of an excursion by sea and land, to the island of Ramisseram, about three and twenty miles from the north-west coast of Ceylon, and five or six miles from the opposite coast of Coromandel.

"This island is entirely dedicated to the purposes of religion, and affords a genuine display of Indian hospitality; no plough is allowed to break the soil; and no animal, either wild or tame, is permitted to be killed on it. Black cattle abound here, and appear in groups lying in the streets. They furnish

the inhabitants with the greatest luxury of their food, which is confined entirely to milk, and the productions of the vegetable world."

A grand temple is thus described.—

"Two hundred Brahmins are attached to this temple, and supported in indolence and luxury by its endowments.

"At every corner of the walls of the temple, and in every street in the town stand little pagodas, dedicated to particular deities.

"We travelled from the great Pagoda to Pombon, on the opposite side of the island, a distance of eight miles. The road is paved all the way with smooth stones, each six feet in length, and four feet broad, and the greatest part of it is nobly shaded by the most beautiful and majestic trees which India produces. All the large trees in this superb avenue are surrounded with smooth terraces of masonry, raised several feet from the ground, on which travellers rest in comfort, completely sheltered from the rays of the sun."

This volume contains the journies of three different English gentlemen about the coast of Ceylon, in the first of which is an account of the natural salt pans, and the manner of collecting the salt.

A Narrative of the Campaign in 1803; or, Candian Warfare.

A medical report of the troops.

Embassy to Candy in 1800.

And Knox's account of the King and government of Candy.

"In Ramisseram several Brahmins waited on us one afternoon, accompanied by five well-dressed dancing-girls, who entertained us with their exhibitions for upwards of an hour. They themselves appeared to feel as much amusement in the performance as the assembly which crowded round them. The girls, in the course of dancing, displayed their hands and arms in singular and various positions, and their persons in every graceful attitude. Sometimes they approached and receded, saluted one another, kneeled in a line, joined hands, and went round in a circle, singing and keeping every joint in motion. Two of the girls appeared to be about sixteen years of age, and three of them nearly thirty. They were neatly dressed after the Malabar fashion; and no part of their persons was uncovered except their arms, feet, and ankles, and a few inches in the middle of the back. Beneath the flowing garment which forms the principal piece of dress, they wore short shifts firmly girded under their breasts, and not longer than necessary for the purpose of covering them. In the dance they occasionally held out, in one hand, the end of the mantle, presented it to one another, threw it carelessly over the shoulder, and folded it loosely round the waist. The greater part of them had broad gold rings round their necks, their ears covered with jewels, a stud set with precious stones in the left nostril, loads of rings about the ankles and wrists, and brilliant rings on the fingers and toes. Fifteen of these girls belong to the temple, and they give what money they receive towards its support. They are prohibited from marrying, but are not bound down to a life of virginity. When they bear children, the daughters are brought up to follow the profession and employments of their mothers, and the sons are educated as musicians for the service of the pagoda, or temple.

The jugglers, in slight of hand, excel those of Europe. Many of their exhibitions require such flexibility of body, and such perfect command over every joint, that they could not be imitated in a cold climate. A man sits on the ground, with no other clothing but a piece of of muslin round his waist, twirls a large iron ring on each great toe, bends backwards, keeps four hollow brass balls in a circular motion in the air, and makes them pass in their course between his legs, which are likewise constantly moving one over the other; at the same time he threads a quantity of small beads in his mouth without any assistance from his hands. The various tricks with cups and balls he exhibits with admirable dexterity, while his arms are perfectly naked. He shows a snake, a foot in length, coiled under one of the cups, and then draws the animal out of his mouth, without a possibility of the deception being detected. He puts a piece of iron twenty-one inches perpendicularly down his throat. The iron has blunt edges, and has somewhat the form of a spit, but rounded at the point. Before commencing the operation, he moistens it with his lips, and erects his mouth in a line with his throat. After the piece of iron is down, he places a horizontal brass wheel on the point of the handle; on the wheel are fixed rockets, to to which he sets fire, and it whirls round with great rapidity in the midst of the flames and noise, he all the time holding the handle of the spit steadily in his hand. Having been trained to this operation from his infancy, his throat is rendered callous. Sometimes he appears as if he felt uneasiness while the steel is in his body, but he never acknowledges it, although he is very thankful for a glass of brandy when he draws out the instrument. In

this performance there is no deception: the fact is incontestibly proved, and has been seen by almost every Englishman who has visited India The instrument has no other handle but a piece of its own solid substance, tapering to a point. Its shape is thus particularly mentioned, because, from its having been called a sword, the circumstance is not generally credited.

"Among these feats, those of a female of forty years of age ought to be mentioned. The instrument on which she displayed her agility was a pole forty feet high, erected like the mast of a ship, with a cross-yard near to the top of it, from one end of which a wooden anchor was suspended. This woman, in the character of a sailor, sprang up to the yard on a single rope by means of her hands and toes. There she lay carelessly down in a sleeping posture. She then ascended to the top of the mast, laid her stomach on it, and personified a weathercock, turning round horizontally. She descended to the anchor, and suspended herself from it alternately by her chin, her toes, and her heels, keeping her hands entirely disengaged She, lastly, hung by the feet on the yard, dropped down, and lighted in the same position on the stock of the anchor."

From the very curious and authentic account of the pearl fishery on the north west coast of Ceylon, we shall take a few particulars which we invite future compilers of Dictionaries to quote, rather than copy former errors.

About the end of October, in the year preceding a pearl fishery, an examination of the banks takes place. If the produce of one thousand oysters be worth three pounds sterling, a good fishery may be expected. An oyster of a year old is no longer than the nail of a man's thumb; one of seven year's old, or at its maturity, is nearly as large as the palm of the hand. At the age of from four to five years the *tool*, or small seed pearls are only found in the oyster; after that period they rapidly increase in size, until the oyster arrives at maturity, in which state it remains but a short time, and then sickens and dies.

The banks or beds of oysters, are scattered over a space in the bottom of the gulph of Manaar, extending about thirty miles from north to south, and twenty-four from east to west. There are fourteen beds; the largest is ten miles in length and two in breadth. The best fishing is found from six to eight fathoms.

The fishery should commence about the end of February; the boats with their crews, come from various parts of the coast of Coromandel. They are open boats of one ton burden, about forty-five feet in length, eight in breadth, three deep, one mast, and one sail, and draw eight or ten inches water. The crew generally consists of twenty-three persons, ten of whom are divers, ten haul up these divers, the stones, and the baskets; one pilot, one steersman, one boy to bale out water, and a man to take care of the boat.

In the first place, a small sloop is anchored in the centre of the banks, and remains there during the fishery, as a guide to the boats, and a guard to the buoys. The pearl banks are about fifteen miles from the shore.

The fishery for the season of the year 1804, was let by Government to a native of Jaffnapatam. For thirty days fishing, with one hundred and fifty boats, he was to pay one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling. He sold the right of fishing to some of the best equipped boats for twelve hundred pounds each, and that of others for a thousand pounds, but kept by for the greater part of them on his own account. If, owing to the weather only seventy-five boats went out, their fishing was counted as half a day; and when three hundred fished it stood for two days.

The boat-people are awakened from their slumbers by the noise of horns, drums, and the firing of a field-piece. The uproar and confusion of collecting and embarking upwards of six thousand persons in the darkness of night, may be easily conceived.

"The manner of diving strikes a spectator as extremely simple and perfect. There is no reason to believe that any addition has been made to the system of Europeans; nor, indeed, does there appear the smallest room for improvement.

"I observed with attention the length of time that many of the divers remained under water, in the depth of seven fathoms. Some of them performed the dip within the space of one minute, others came up in one minute and twenty seconds. Some gentlemen who have frequently superintended the fisheries, and accompanied the divers to the banks, con-

sider one minute and a half as the longest period that any diver remains under water; other gentlemen, who are willing to allow the greatest latitude, say that they certainly never knew a diver exceed two minutes.

"The period allotted to diving continues five or six hours. When three hundred boats are anchored on the banks, fifteen hundred divers may be supposed to descend every minute. The noise of their going down prevails without interruption, and resembles the dashing of a cataract.

"The pearl-oysters are not esteemed good to eat, being of a much fatter and more glutinous substance than the common oyster.

"At the fishery all the kinds of pearls are generally sold mixed together at £.80 sterling per pound.

"A necklace of the value of £.1200 sterling could not be procured at this fishery. A handsome necklace of pearls smaller than a large pea, costs from £ 170 to £.300 sterling; but a very pretty necklace of pearls, about the size of a pepper-corn, may be procured for £ 15. The former pearls sell at one guinea each, and the latter at eighteen pence.

"The tools, which are the most diminutive pearls, without any intermixture of other classes, do not sell for more than two guineas and a half, or three guineas per pound; these are bought by the Chinese, by whom they are eaten when pounded into powder, and sometimes are scattered like spangles on their clothes."

We have now concluded our account of this valuable work; if it should undergo another edition, we shall hope to see some account of the instrumental music of Ceylon, with the notes of some of the songs, and dancing tunes.

A TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND.

ART. II.—*A Tour through Holland, along the Banks of the Rhine, to the South of Germany, in* 1806. *By Sir John Carr.* 4to. Pp. 468. With Twenty Engravings in Mezzotinto, being Views of Towns, and a Map of part of the Rhine. R. Phillips. 1807.

Of a book like this, which professes to describe countries and manners which are well known to a great number of its readers, many of whom may probably be natives of those countries, we imagine the most satisfactory way of giving an account is by extracts in the author's words, and occasional observations on them. Before our author sets a foot on land, he says,

"A low slimy shore surmounted by green flags, and a few scanty osiers, announced our voyage to be at its close; and we entered the river of a country which our Hudibrastic Butler peevishly describes."

Here follow sixteen lines in verse, of which the following half dozen may be sufficient:—

"A country that draws fifty feet of water,
"In which men live as in the hold of nature;
"That always ply the pump, and never think
"They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
"That feed like canibals on other fishes,
"And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes."

The Duke of Alva, with more whimsicality and less bitterness, observed, "That the Dutch were the nearest neighbours to hell of any people on the earth, for they dwelt the lowest." We were sorry to find such a quotation as this last here. If the epithet applied to Butler be tolerated, we may say Paradisiacal Milton. In the same page we read:—

"The signification of the word Briel in Dutch, is *Spectacle*, which is supposed to have given its name to this place, on account of the extensive view which its buildings command of the surrounding country."

In the first place, Briel does *not* mean spectacle, nor any thing else, being the mere name of the town, properly *the* Briel. With regard to the extensive views, as the country is flat, just as extensive views may be seen from every steeple.

After describing the bronze statue of Erasmus at Rotterdam, we are told that,

"Various attempts have at different times

been made to convert the sage into a turn-coat: before the revolution which expelled the Stadholder, Prince of Orange, and his family, every concavity in his dress was crammed on certain holidays with oranges; during the hey-day of the republican form of government, amidst the celebration of its festivities he was covered with ribbons, when the juice of the orange was never suffered to pass the lips of a true patriot. Even the marigold was expelled from the gardens of the new republicans." And so were carrots too, merely on account of their colour.

An occurrence at Dort, relative to a widow and her family, is related as follows:—

"This woman, who was very industrious, was left by her husband, an eminent carpenter, a comfortable house with some land, and two boats for carrying merchandise and passengers on the canals. She was also supposed to be worth about ten thousand guilders (£.900) in ready money, which she employed in the hempen and sail-cloth manufacture, for the purpose of increasing her fortune, and instructing her children, (a son and two daughters) in useful branches of business.

"One night about nine o'clock, when the workmen were gone home, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broad-sword, came to her house, and requested a lodging: 'I let no lodgings, friend,' said the widow, 'and besides, I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper; on account of your being a perfect stranger to us all.' The soldier then showed a discharge from Diesbach's regiment (signed by the Major, who gave him an excellent character) and a passport from Count Maillebois, governor of Breda. The widow, believing the stranger to be an honest man, called her son, and asked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had served the republic thirty years with reputation, with part of his bed. The young man consented; the soldier was accordingly hospitably entertained, and at a seasonable hour withdrew to rest.

"Some hours afterwards, a loud knocking was heard at the street-door, which roused the soldier, who moved softly down stairs, and listened at the hall door, when the blows were repeated, and the door almost broken through by a sledge, or some heavy instrument. By this time the widow and her daughters were much alarmed by this violent attack, and ran almost frantic through different parts of the house, exclaiming, murder! murder! The son having joined the soldier with a case of loaded pistols, and the latter screwing on his bayonet and fresh priming his piece, requested the women to keep themselves in a back room out of the way of danger. Soon after, the door was burst in, two ruffians entered, and were instantly shot by the son, who discharged both his pistols at once. Two other associates of the dead men, immediately returned the fire, but without effect, when the intrepid and veteran stranger, taking immediate advantage of the discharge of their arms, rushed on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and whilst the other was running away, lodged the contents of the piece between his shoulders, and he dropped dead on the spot. The son and the stranger then closed the door as well as they could, reloaded their arms, made a good fire, and watched till daylight, when the weavers and spinners of the manufacture came to resume their employment, and were struck with horror and surprise at seeing four dead men on the dunghill adjoining the house, where the soldier had dragged them before he closed the door.

"The burgermaster and his syndic attended, and took the depositions of the family relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a cross-road, and a stone erected over the grave with an inscription recounting the story, with the soldier's name, saying he was a native of Middelburg, and upwards of seventy years old. And the date 20th November, 1785.

"The widow presented the soldier with a hundred guineas, and the city settled a handsome pension on him for the rest of his life.

"Even an English merchant would be astonished to see the wonderful arithmetical attainment of stripling clerks in any of the Dutch counting-houses, and the quantity of complicated business which they discharge in the course of the day; the order of their books, the rapidity and certainty of their calculation, according to the commercial habits and exchange of different countries, and the variety of languages which they speak; to which may be added the great regularity and length of their attendance, and the decency and propriety of their deportment."

The account of the *Spel* houses, is correct with regard to the descriptive part, but the lamentations and moral reflections are not more applicable to these places than to those of a similar sort in London, Paris, and every other capital. We shall give in a note some extracts on the subject written by Mandeville (who was himself a Dutchman) which will place the matter in a different light. So true it is that without a knowledge of the language of the country

which a traveller visits it is impossible to obtain a knowledge of the manners of that country *.

No particular notice is taken, in our author's account of these houses, of the music. Many excellent performers on the dulcimer are always to be found in the principal Speel-houses at Amsterdam, remarkable for the astonishing rapidity and precision of their execution. The *staccato*, the shakes, and their method of damping, or suddenly stopping the vibration of the strings (brass and iron wires) with the under edge of their hands, immediately after having struck them, cannot be equalled on any other instrument. The *piano* is effected by striking the wires with the under extremity of the sticks, on which a piece of felt is glued. These men, who are in general ignorant of written music, and only play by ear, notwithstanding there is no feel to guide the hands, play unconcernedly for hours together without looking at the strings, and all the while smoking a short pipe.

Pipe-heads are mentioned made of a clay found in Natolia. In the Philosophical Magazine for March 1799, is a paper on the subject. We do not know why it is universally known in Europe by the name of *Meer-schaum*, or sea-froth (*lithomarga*). In the above-mentioned paper it is said:—"When these bowls have been sufficiently burnt, they acquire a dark brown colour, which however changes into a beautiful red as soon as they have been well rubbed with a piece of leather sprinkled over with fine pulverised blood-stone (*hematites*). Owing to this simple process we obtain

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* "Parties directly opposite
"Assist each other, as 'twere for spite;
"And temp'rance with sobriety
"Serve drunkenness and gluttony."
FABLE OF THE BEES.

"It often happens in Amsterdam, that six or seven thousand sailors arrive from the Indies at once, that have seen none but their own sex for many months together.—For which reason the wise rulers of that well ordered city always tolerate an uncertain number of houses, in which women are hired as publicly as horses at a livery-stable; and there being in this toleration a great deal of prudence and economy to be seen, a short account of it will be no tiresome digression

"In the first place, these houses are allowed to be no where but in the most slovenly and unpolished part of the town, where seamen and strangers of no repute chiefly lodge and resort. The street in which most of them stand is accounted scandalous, and the infamy is extended to all the neighbourhood. In the second, they are only places to meet and bargain in, to make appointments, in order to promote interviews of greater secrecy, and no manner of lewdness is ever suffered to be transacted in them; which order is so strictly observed, that, bar the ill manners and noise of the company that frequent them, you will meet no more indecency there than may be seen in the lobby of a play-house. Thirdly, the female traders that come to these evening exchanges, are always the scum of the people, and generally such as in the day time carry fruit and other vegetables about in wheelbarrows. The habits indeed they appear in at night are very different from their ordinary ones; yet they are commonly so ridiculously gay, that they look more like the Roman dresses of strolling actresses than gentlewomen's clothes; if to this you add the awkwardness, the hard hands, and coarse breeding of the damsels that wear them, there is no great reason to fear that many of the better sort of people will be tempted by them.

"Yet, notwithstanding the good rules and strict discipline that are observed in these markets of love, the officers of the police are always vexing, muleting, and upon the least complaint removing the miserable keepers of them First, it gives an opportunity to a large parcel of officers the magistrates make use of on many occasions, and which they could not be without, to squeeze a living out of the immoderate gains accruing from the worst of employments, and at the same time punish those necessary profligates, the bawds and panders, which, though they abominate, they desire yet not wholly to destroy Secondly, as it might be dangerous, on several accounts, to let the multitude into the secret, that those houses, and the trade that is drove in them, are connived at, so by this means appearing unblamable, the wary magistrates preserve themselves in the good opinion of the weaker sort of people, who imagine that the government is always endeavouring, though unable, to suppress what it actually tolerates; whereas, if they had a mind to root them out, their power in the administration of justice is so sovereign and extensive, and they so well know how to have it executed, that one week, nay, one night, might send them all a packing."

from the East those red pipe-bowls, so much and so generally esteemed, at a very low price, as five of them are generally sold for a para (about three farthings. When they are ornamented, however, with a gilt border, painted with golden flowers enamelled, or set with precious stones, one of them will cost sometimes two, three, or even four piastres, or half-crowns." Our author says that the value of eight, or even ten guineas, is frequently paid for one of these articles of luxury; undoubtedly they are ornamented with diamonds.

"I had not been two days in Holland without witnessing the abominable custom of introducing a spitting-pot upon the table after dinner, into which, like the *kava* bowl used amongst the natives of the south-sea islands, each person who smokes, and that generally comprehends all who are present, discharges his saliva, which delicate depository is handed round as regularly as the bottle. This custom is comparable, in point of delicacy, with that of washing the mouth and cleaning the teeth with a napkin after dinner, as in England, or picking the latter with a fork, as in France."

Many other as disgusting customs in the two last countries, might be enumerated. In decent Dutch companies spitting-boxes, or pans, filled with dry sand, are placed between the feet of every smoker. A *spuuw potje* is likewise called *quispedoor*, corrupted from the Spanish *escupidera*, it is also used in Italy under the name of *sputacchiera*, and in France is called *crachoir*, by those who are in the habit of smoking segars.

The account of the *Klokken-spel*, bell play, or carrillons, at Amsterdam, is correct.

"The British army was equally surprized and gratified at hearing upon the chimes of the principal church at Alkmaar, the air of 'God save the King,' played in a masterly manner when they entered the town."

After four pages containing an account of the "Public opinion of the King," by which we suppose is meant the opinion which the public have of his Majesty, which is greatly in his favour, as well as in favour of her Majesty the Queen, the author concludes his eulogy thus:—

"I abhor fuming a sovereign with adulation, more especially the rulers of a country at war with my own; but it is what I owe to my own country to relate the fact."

We have ourselves heard much in praise of these sovereigns from an eminent Dutch merchant very lately, and he assured us that their subjects were much attached to their new rulers.

Our traveller mentions the storks which he saw at the Hague, stalking about the fish-market; a stork *proper*, on a field *Or*, is the arms of the Hague; and in consequence many of those birds are maintained at the town's expense, and are quite tame. They certainly "seem to have no objection to be enrolled amongst the subjects of the new king." Storks are as numerous in Spain as they are in Holland; in summer they go as far north as Russia and Sweden, and in winter as far south as Egypt, and are found at the proper seasons in many of the intermediate countries, but seldom in Britain.

"It is said that they assemble at certain periods and hold consultations. Certain it is that the crows in England frequently meet, with all the appearance of a deliberate body. A vast number of crows were once observed to assemble in a field, and after making a great deal of noise, one of them moved slowly into the middle of the meeting, soon after which the rest fell upon it and pecked it to death."

Before the storks depart from their northern summer residence, they assemble in large flocks, and seem to confer on the plan of their intended route. Though they are usually silent, on this occasion they make a singular clattering noise with their bills, and all seems bustle and consultation. The first north wind is said to be the signal for their departure, when the whole body become silent, and take flight at once, generally in the night.

"The Dutch mention with great exultation the name of De Cotts, who, like our Prior, united the characters of poet and statesman."

This poet's name was Jacob Cats, he was born in the province of Zealand in 1577, and died at the age of 83. He was sent ambassador to Cromwell; his works, which consist chiefly of moral poems, were collected and published in two very large and thick volumes in folio, ornamented with many hundred copper-plates in 1726.

"As I was one day moving about Leyden, I was struck with the appearance of a small

board, ornamented with a considerable quantity of lace, fastened to a house; upon inquiry, I found that the lady of the mansion, where I saw it, had lately lain in, and that it was the custom of the country to expose this board, which contained an account of the lady's health, for the satisfaction of her enquiring friends, who were by this excellent plan informed of her situation, without disturbing her by knocking at the door, and by personal enquiries."

This is a square board of six inches, with a frame and glass, fastened by day on the street-door, during the lying-in month, and underneath is placed a small bulletin, or certificate of the state of the lady and child's health. The frame contains a piece of point lace, on a red silk ground, if a boy is born; a blue ground if a girl; if twins, doubled; if of different sexes, both colours, party-per-pale; if a dead child, a black ground. During the time the door is thus ornamented the husband cannot be arrested for debt. It is called a *kraam-kloppertje*, (child bed knocker.) Without the lace it becomes only a mere notice of the health of a sick person, and is no protection against arrests.

The Amsterdam sledges are mentioned, on which the body of a coach is drawn by one horse, the driver walking by the side of it. Our author says the French call it *un pot de chambre*. This is a mistake, as that name is given to a vehicle used in Paris only, which is a sedan chair on two wheels, pushed or drawn by a man.

"Some of the shop boards or signs, have ridiculous verses inscribed on them."

To this might have been added, many have ingenious epigrams: numerous collections of these are in print. A very good account of the terrible dungeons under the Stadthouse, at Amsterdam, is given to which we refer.

From Amsterdam our traveller proceeded through Naarden and Zoestdyk to Zeist, where he saw

"The vast pyramid erected by the French troops who were encamped in the immense open place in which it stands, amounting to thirty thousand men, under the command of General Marmont.

"The whole was designed by the chief of the battalion of engineers. The total height of this stupendous monument is about 110 French feet; that of the obelisk, exclusive of the socle, is about 42 French feet. One end of the base of the pyramid is 148 feet."

There are inscriptions on each of the four fronts, saying that the troops

"Erected this monument to the glory of the Emperor of the French, Napoleon the First, at the epoch of his ascending the throne, and as a token of admiration and love; generals, officers, and soldiers, have all co-operated with equal ardour; it was commenced the 24th of Fructidor, an 12. (10th September, 1804), and finished in thirty-two days.

"From the summit of the obelisk the eye ranges over a vast extent of country—Utrecht, Amersfoort, Amsterdam, Haarlem, the Hague, Dordrecht, Leyden, Gorkum, Breda, Arnheim, Nymegen, Bois-le-duc, Cleves, Zutphen, Deventer, Zwol, and a great part of the Zuyderzee, may be seen distinctly on a clear day."

A handsome print accompanies the description, and the whole of the four inscriptions, except the long list of the names of the officers, are given. Perhaps the prospect being mentioned as from the summit of the "obelisk," may be a mistake of the printer, for "pyramid," as the former appears to be inaccessible.

We know not of any other station from which sixteen capital cities can be seen.

The building inhabited by the Herenhuthers, or Moravians, is afterwards described, to which we refer.

Sir John says,

"The Princes of Germany differ very much from those of our own country, by the plain and unostentatious manner in which they move about. At Dusseldorf, one morning when I was crossing the court of my inn to go to breakfast, I saw a little boy fencing with a stick with one of the ostlers; as I was pleased with his appearance, I asked him if he was the son of the *maitre d'hotel*, to which he replied, 'No, Sir, I am hereditary Prince Von Salm, &c.'

Of Cologne our author says,

"This city was formerly celebrated for the number of its devotees and prostitutes, which the French police has very much reduced."

We do not know which of these two classes are here meant, probably the former, as totally useless for the welfare of the city.

"With respect to the chapel of St. Ursula, a whimsical circumstance occurred some years since; in this depository, for a great length of time have reposed the bones of St. Ursula, and

eleven thousand virgins, her companions; they came from England in a little boat, in the year 649, to convert the Huns, who had taken possession of this city; and these men, instead of being moved by their sweet eloquence and cherub-like looks, put an end to their argument, by putting them all to death. Some doubt whether any country could have spared so many virgins, and a surgeon, somewhat of a wag, upon examining the consecrated bones, declared that most of them were the bones of full grown female mastiffs; for which discovery he was expelled the city."

The most marvellous part of this story is the skill of the anatomist who could so accurately determine the sex of the animal from only seeing the ancient bones, probably by some such occult knowledge as the famous waterologer *(ouranopolos)*, possessed, who was so expert, that he could tell by a man's working-day's water, what trade; and by his Sunday's water, what religion he was of.

"Gallantry forbids my passing over the name of Anna Maria Schurman, born here, (at Utrecht in 1607). Excess of genius and learning made her melancholy mad, and she died (in Cologne) from an inordinate debauch in eating spiders."

We should have been glad to have been told what authority there was for this assertion, we thought she died in Friesland, in 1678, and never before heard of her madness, or spider-eating.

The rock of Ehrenbreitstein is said to be eight hundred feet perpendicular above the level of the Rhine. The fortifications are all roofless and dismantled.

"In the centre of the square, or parade, upon the top was formerly mounted the celebrated cannon called the Griffon, cast at Frankfort in 1528 It weighed thirty thousand pounds, and was capable of projecting a ball of one hundred and eighty pounds, to a distance of sixteen miles."

Which is only twelve miles, or four times further than we ever heard of a ball's being carried.

We know there is still preserved in Dover castle a cannon, on which is inscribed,

Load me well, and keep me clean,
I'll carry o'er to Calais green;

which, however, proves nothing. We refer to Baron Munchausen's travels for an account of other marvellous guns.

"This rock was supplied with water from a well 280 feet deep, which occupied three years in digging, in the year 1181, (and the two following years.) In the time of the Swedish war, the attacks of eighty thousand French troops on the southern side of it, and of forty thousand on the northern, could make no impression on it; however, still maintaining its invulnerable character it was destined to bend to a foe, before which all local advantage is useless, and all enterprize unavailing, after bravely sustaining a blockade for a whole year, by the troops of the French republic, the garrison having endured with the greatest fortitude almost every description of privation, were obliged to surrender to famine, and capitulated on the 28th of January 1799. Soon after which the French covered this mighty rock with the ruins of these wonderful fortifications.

"I frequently had an opportunity of admiring the astonishing activity and genius of the French, who have, since they became masters of the left bank of the Rhine, nearly finished one of the finest roads in the world, extending from Mentz to Cologne, in the course of which they have cut through many rocks impending over the river, and triumphed over some of the most formidable obstacles nature could present to the achievement of so wonderful a design. This magnificent undertaking, worthy of Rome in the most shining periods of her history, was executed by the French troops, who, under the direction of able engineers, preferred leaving these monuments of indefatigable toil and elevated enterprize, to passing their time, during the cessation of arms, in towns and barracks, in a state of indolence and inutility."

The last extract we shall make from this traveller's book, is his account of the floats on the Rhine.

"On the banks leading to this city (Andernach) I saw part of one of those amazing floats of timber, which are formed of lesser ones, conveyed hither from the forests adjoining the Rhine, the Moselle, &c.; these floats are fastened to each other, and form a platform generally of the enormous dimensions of eight hundred feet in length, and one hundred and sixty in breadth, upon which a little village, containing about eighty wooden houses is erected for the accommodation of those who are interested in, and assist in navigating this stupendous raft, frequently amounting to seven or eight hundred persons, men, women, and children; besides these buildings, there are stalls for cattle, slaughter-houses, and magazines for

provisions The fleet is prevented from striking against the shores, where the turnings are abrupt, by the application of thirty or forty anchors, which, with the necessary cables, are conveyed in fourteen or fifteen boats which precede it, and its course is safely directed by German and Dutch pilots, who are hired for the purpose.

"After great rains, when the current is rapid, the whole is entrusted to its repelling force; otherwise several hundred persons are employed in rowing, who move their oars at a given word of command. The whole of these wonderful moving masses is under the direction of a governor or superintendant, and several officers under him. Sometimes the floats are some months in performing their voyage, in consequence of the water being low, in which case they are obliged to wait till the river is swollen by the rains. In this manner they float from the high to the low countries, and upon their arrival at the place of destination, the whole is broken up, and finds a ready market

"About twelve of them arrive annually at Dort, in Holland, in the months of July and August, where these German timber-merchants, having converted their floats into Dutch ducats, return to their own country with their families, to enjoy the produce of their labour and enterprise"

We have now concluded our review of this work. As to the general account of the literary attainments of this author, we refer to the review of the same author's *Stranger in Ireland*, in the Supplement to the first volume of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, especially to what is said about manufacturing books in quarto. In the book we have just dismissed, if all the accounts of painters taken from Pilkington's Dictionary, which certainly convey no new information, and all the other pages of irrelevant matter had been omitted, it would have brought the whole into the compass of an octavo.

In this work we find numbers of epithets like the following:—Brilliant reply; charming, pleasant, and noble female anecdote; interesting anecdote of a royal description; beautiful eulogium; diabolic design; elegant city of Leyden; elegant and witty gentleman (naming him); very entertaining and interesting memoirs, &c.—These memoirs also are reviewed in the above-mentioned Supplement.

The word undulated is very frequently repeated. "The gardens would be very beautiful, if the ground undulated a little more." We do not know how ground undulates, unless during an earthquake.

There is no mention made in this quarto of the play called *Kolven*, which is one of the amusing exercises peculiar to Holland, and of which a particular account was published a twelvemonth before Sir John set out on these travels.

In our quotations we have taken the liberty to obviate the frequent ambiguities of the original.

We lament to see continually, whenever two or three French words occur, that they are generally faulty in spelling or in grammar. For this inattention there can be no excuse; for, making every allowance for a traveller's ignorance, in such a place as London, thousands of persons may be found capable of correcting the errors in any language. This book swarms with errors of the press in the Dutch tongue; these last we imagine few readers will mind; but they cannot avoid being startled at finding ladies called "*fair voyageurs*," "*mauvais honte*," &c.

The map is constructed like our maps of the roads in England, without degrees or scale. Instead of the north point being at top, it is on the right, where the east ought to be. The part of the river which our author visited is cut in halves, and one half placed under the other. A plate of the same size as that, with an outline of the country travelled through, the author's track, and the names of the chief towns, divested of the crowd of insignificant villages which now ornament the borders of the river, would gratify the reader, and give him a clear idea of the tour.

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.

ART. III.—*History of the House of Austria, from the Foundation of the Monarchy by Rhodolph, of Hapsburgh, to the Death of Leopold the Second, 1218 to 1792. By William Coxe, F. R. S. F. A. S. Archdeacon of Wilts, and Rector of Bemerton.*—1807.

How various and abundant are the sources of information that flow around us! and how justly fitted is the mind of man to gather improvement from every object he beholds, every situation in which he is placed, and every incident which diversifies the course of his existence! The wide extent of nature, the different regions which it contains, and the various productions of which they are composed, spread the most delightful fields for study to our sight; captivate the attention of the ignorant by the astonishing phenomena they present, and widen the sphere of the philosopher's researches. But the most important, if not the most pleasing path of instruction, is that which leads us through the darkness of the past, to crowds of distant events; and with the help of history as our interpreter, enables us to converse with the bards, warriors, lawgivers, statesmen, and philosophers, who flourished in former ages. Then stealing into the sanctuary where the records of time are preserved, the actions of our fellow-creatures of every nation and in every clime, the revolutions that have shaken the globe, the birth of the arts, the progress of the sciences, and the discoveries useful to humanity, stand revealed before us. Divested of all partiality, and led solely by the wish of ascertaining beneficial truths, of grasping at experience without waiting till rolling years have showered it upon us, we exert the whole powers of our judgment, dive into the causes of events, compare together their effects in various countries, and the influence which genius, talents, virtue, courage, and the contrary vices, exercise over the happiness of mankind. From such a strict and candid examination good alone can flow; and therefore the study of ancient history cannot be too strenuously recommended. There is another branch of knowledge still more interesting, as it brings the passions of men more effectually into action, it is modern history. Let us look around us, we perceive mighty empires towering to the skies. The broad basis upon which they rest, the extent of their power, and the opulence of their cities, seem to announce that for ages they have flourished in peace and prosperity. But let us glance at the mirror which modern history holds to our view, and there we shall trace their feeble roots throwing forth their first shoots; we shall see them bending, like the yielding reed, before the storms that threaten their weakness; and after conquering the dangers which incessantly hover around them, burst on a sudden in the full vigour of youth. The fate of our native land may have been entwined with their own; our countrymen may have bled or triumphed on their soil, may have wielded their sceptre; the reverse may also have happened; and in either case, our attention will be powerfully arrested, our national pride awakened, and though, perhaps, still partial judges, we shall become more enlightened and improved.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that the field of modern history (by modern we understand that period which began with the fall of the Roman empire) holding forth such promising hopes, should have been cultivated by so many men of talents and genius. Whilst Gibbon alone pondered over the ruins of Rome, Hume, Robertson, Watson, Smollett, &c. explored the annals of England, Scotland, America, and India, followed the brilliant career of Charles V. and examined the impolitic conduct of Philip III. After the decease of these celebrated authors, the historical muse was sparing of her inspirations, though a few learned men did not fear to tread the same path as their predeces-

sors. Soon, however, Bisset gratified the public, tired with the loquacious biography of a Boswell, with a faithful account of a portion of time, which death had not permitted any of the preceding great historians to illustrate. But it was not until the author of Leo the Tenth appeared as a candidate for well-deserved fame, that history awoke from its momentary slumbers, like the sun from the shades of night, and glowed with renewed splendour. He proved that many sources remained open to the researches of genius; that instruction, however frequently imported into our land, might still be conveyed through new channels, and meet with new admirers; and, by his noble example, probably encouraged others to unchain their native activity, and seek for new subjects upon which to bend its powers.

The annals of one of the most extensive and celebrated empires of Europe, that of Germany, were wrapped in darkness. The reigns of a few princes had been related, it is true, but mostly on account of the connections they had formed with other states, whose history was necessarily interfixed with their own. Others, indeed, had filled too conspicuous a station in the European wars and revolutions, to be passed over in silence; but biography alone had recorded their actions, and no general, extensive, and judicious work like the present, had, in any language, embodied the scattered accounts of the different reigns which followed each other in Germany. Mr. Coxe resolved to supply this deficiency in the stores of knowledge, and the fruit of his labours forms three large quarto volumes, full of information and interest. He has entitled this new production of his fertile genius a "History of the House of Austria," but has been obliged, by the nature of his subject, to take a review of the whole German empire, and of the principal actions of the numerous members of which it was composed, their undertakings, their fortunes, and the vicissitudes by which they were depressed, or exalted to superior authority. His work might, therefore, be justly called a history of Germany from the year 1218 to 1792.

The first volume opens with a most interesting account of Rhodolph, of Hapsburgh, the founder of the Austrian monarchy. Born in 1218, a petty count of Hapsburg, and inheriting limited possessions from his ancestors, Rhodolph spent his youth in the court and camp of Frederick the Second. Taught by a valiant father the use of arms, he had few rivals in military prowess, and soon resolved upon aggrandizing his dominions. After a series of wars with the neighbouring barons and counts, in which, if justice was not often on his side, fortune always was, he succeeded in encreasing his territories and his power, and his alliance was courted by monarchs; for taking part with Ottocar, King of Bohemia, against Bela, King of Hungary, he greatly contributed to the victory won by the former over his enemy. In 1245 he married Gertrude Anne, daughter of Burcard, count of Hohenburgh and Hagenlock, whose dowry added considerably to his possessions in Alsace. In 1264 the counties of Kyburgh, Lentzburgh, and Baden, fell into his hands, and extended his influence in Alsace, Switzerland, and the circle of the Lower Rhine. We will now let our author depict the conduct of his favourite hero.

"As inactivity was neither conformable to the spirit or circumstances of Rhodolph, his new territories furnished sufficient employment both for negotiation and action, and involved him in a series of long and almost uninterrupted hostilities. But although at this period of his life war seems to have been his favourite and constant occupation, he did not follow the example of the turbulent barons, who harrassed the peasants with incessant depredations, and pillaged defenceless travellers. On the contrary, he adopted a system of conduct which distinguished him with honour in those times of misrule and confusion. He delivered the highways from numerous banditti, and protected the citizens and freemen from the tyranny of the nobles; he principally levelled his attacks against the turbulent barons, or the haughty prelates, who concealed their ambitious designs under the sacred name of religion. Such was his reputation, and such the general opinion entertained of his justice and prowess, that he gained the confidence of the neighbouring republics. Many chose him arbiter of their internal disquiets; some confided to him the command of their armies; and others appointed him their prefect and protector."

Having been invited by the burgesses of Zurich to fight their battles against Lutold, baron de Regensberg, he collected his own troops and those of Zurich, drew assistance from Alsace, summoned to his standard the mountaineers of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, and marched against the enemy.

"In this petty warfare he displayed as much prowess and conduct as he afterwards showed on a more conspicuous theatre. The respective forces met in the vicinity of Zurich. Rhodolph, after drawing up his men, led them himself to the attack with his usual ardour, and broke through the foremost ranks of the adversary, when he was thrown from his horse, and stunned by the violence of the fall. His troops were driven back, and the enemy, surrounding him, began to strip him of his armour. At this moment of danger, Muller, a citizen of Zurich, a man of great strength, flew to his assistance, protected him with his shield, and raising him from the ground, mounted him on his own horse. Rhodolph, deriving fresh courage from the imminent danger which he had just escaped, rallied his troops, led them again to the charge, and after a great slaughter gained a complete victory."

The following passage sets forth the magnanimity of this noble warrior in the most favourable light:—

"Rhodolph had no sooner taken possession of the inheritance of the house of Kyburgh, than he was summoned by the abbot to do homage for certain fiefs held under his monastery. On his neglect to comply with the summons, the indignant prelate led a considerable body of troops to Wyle, on the borders of Tockenburgh, with a view to invade his territories, and compel him to render homage. Rhodolph prepared to repulse this aggression, when he received intelligence from Alsace that the citizens of Basle, instigated by their bishop, had risen at the conclusion of a tournament given by his cousin, the count of Luffenburgh, and massacred several nobles of his family and party. He was roused by this act of treachery, yet being involved in hostilities with two powerful barons, and menaced by the abbot of St. Gallen, he could not fly to Basle to avenge the murder of his relatives and friends. But he had learned to curb his enterprising spirit, and to bend to his circumstances. He summoned his confidential followers, and thus addressed them:—'On one side I am drawn by my own interest, and on the other by the earnest solicitations of my friends. I have hitherto withheld my homage for the fiefs which my uncle, Hartman, possessed, and which form part of my just inheritance, but let every man who has two powerful enemies reconcile himself to one of them; if therefore you deem it more noble, as I do, to avenge injuries offered to our friends than to pursue our own interests, let us make peace with the abbot. In truth,' exclaimed Rhodolph, 'there is no need of any arbitrator; the business must be settled instantly, and I will be my own mediator.' With the confidence of a great mind he mounted his horse, and accompanied by only six attendants, rode across the fields and bye paths to Wyle, where the abbot was sitting at table with a numerous body of knights and nobles. He presented himself at the door, and requested admittance. When the porter announced Rhodolph, count of Hapsburgh, the abbot conceived it to be a mistake, or a frolic of one of the guests; but was soon undeceived and astonished by the appearance of Rhodolph himself, who ventured unarmed and unattended, amidst a body of men assembled to make war against him. 'I am come,' said the gallant warrior, 'to terminate our quarrel. You are my liege lord, and I am your vassal; you are not unacquainted with the reasons which have hitherto prevented me from receiving my fiefs at your hands. Enough of contention; I am willing to refer the cause to arbitration, to acknowledge your rights, and now declare, that there shall be no war between the abbot of Gallen and Rhodolph of Hapsburgh.' The abbot, affected by this frank and gallant behaviour, received him with open arms, and invited him to table. During the repast, Rhodolph related the unfortunate termination of the tournament at Basle, and described the fury of the people, and the arrogance of the bishop in such glowing terms as excited the resentment of all who were present. Observing the effect of his appeal, he still further roused their feelings by exclaiming:—'The duty of knighthood compels me to neglect all other considerations, that I may take vengeance on the people of Basle and their Italian bishop, for the knights and nobles whom they have insulted and massacred.' The company unanimously cried out, 'it is the cause of the whole nobility;' and the abbot of Gallen and his followers tendered their assistance.

"Rhodolph thus converted an enemy into a friend, and employed against the bishop those very troops which had been assembled against himself. He led these nobles, the soldiers of Zurich, the Swiss mountaineers, and his own faithful warriors to the gates of Basle, and

soon forced the citizens to promise satisfaction, and deliver hostages. He next turned his arms against the bishop himself; who considering the Rhine as an effectual barrier against the incursions of his adversary, derided his efforts. But Rhodolph, passing this broad and rapid river by a portable bridge of boats, an invention which he seems to have first revived since the time of the ancients, wrested from him all his territories beyond the walls of Basle, put to flight or exterminated his peasants, burned his houses and villages, and laid waste his forests and corn fields. In this deplorable situation the bishop sued for and obtained a truce of twenty-four days, during which time the difference was to be settled by arbitration, or the war to be renewed.

"Rhodolph was encamped before the walls of Basle, waiting for the expiration of the truce. Having retired to his tent, he was awakened at midnight by his nephew, Frederic of Hohenzollern, burgrave of Nuremberg, with the intelligence that he was unanimously chosen King of the Romans, by the Electors of Germany In the first moment of surprise, Rhodolph could not give credit to this unexpected intelligence, and even expressed his indignation against the burgrave for attempting to deceive and insult him." Convinced, however, by his solemn protestations, and by letters from the electors, he recovered from his surprise, and joyfully accepted the proffered dignity. The news of his election being quickly disseminated, the citizens of Basle opened their gates, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the bishop. 'We have taken arms,' they said, 'against Rhodolph, count of Hapsburgh, and not against the King of the Romans.' The bishop acceded to terms of peace, the prisoners on both sides were released, and Rhodolph's followers admitted in triumph. The new sovereign was received amidst general acclamations; and the citizens took the oath of fidelity, and presented him with a considerable largess towards defraying the expences of his coronation. The bishop, chagrined at the success and elevation of his rival, struck his forehead with vexation, and profanely exclaimed:—'Sit fast, great God, or Rhodolph will occupy thy throne."

After describing the events that followed the election of Rhodolph, our author gives an interesting account of his first war with Ottocar, King of Bohemia, his rival to the Roman crown, who was then in possession of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. These provinces were conquered by Rhodolph, and ceded to him by his vanquished enemy, whose homage he received, and to whom he granted the investiture of Bohemia and Moravia. But the wound which Ottocar's ambitious spirit had received, was not completely healed, and as soon as he was able to procure fresh allies, and thus increase his force, he burst into Austria, and carried several places by force of arms. Rhodolph lost no time in collecting his armies, and, the weak succours which his allies could afford him, and marched to meet the invader. He took up a position at Weidendorf, after having crossed the Danube, and soon beheld Ottocar occupying Jedensberg, at a short distance from the place of his encampment.

"While the two armies continued in this situation, some traitors repaired to the camp of Rhodolph, and proposed to assassinate Ottocar; but Rhodolph, with his characteristic magnanimity, rejected this offer, apprised Ottocar of the danger with which he was threatened, and made overtures of reconciliation. The King of Bohemia, confident in the superiority of his force, deemed the intelligence a fabrication, and the proposals of Rhodolph a proof of weakness, and disdainfully refused to listen to any negotiation.

"Finding all hopes of accommodation frustrated, Rhodolph prepared for a conflict, in which, like Cæsar, he was not to fight for victory alone, but for life. At the dawn of day his army was drawn up, crossed the rivulet which gives name to Weidendorf, and approached the camp of Ottocar He ordered his troops to advance in a crescent, and attack at the same time both flanks and the front of the enemy; and turning to his soldiers, exhorting them to avenge the violation of the most solemn compacts, and the insulted majesty of the empire; and by the efforts of that day, to put an end to the tyranny, the horrors, and the massacres to which they had been so long exposed. He had scarcely finished before the troops rushed to the charge, and a bloody conflict ensued, in which both parties fought with all the fury that the presence and exertions of their sovereigns, or the magnitude of the cause in which they were engaged could inspire. At length the imperial troops gained the advantage, but in the very moment of victory the life of him on whom all depended was exposed to the most imminent danger.

"Several knights of superior strength and courage, animated by the rewards and promises of Ottocar, had confederated either to kill or

take the King of the Romans. They rushed forward to the place where Rhodolph, riding among the foremost ranks, was encouraging and leading his troops; and Herbot, of Fullenstein, a Polish knight, giving spurs to his horse made the first charge. Rhodolph accustomed to this species of combat, eluded the stroke, and piercing his antagonist under his beaver, threw him dead to the ground. The rest followed the example of the Polish warrior, but were all slain, except Valens, a Thuringian knight, of gigantic stature and strength, who reaching the person of Rhodolph, pierced his horse in the shoulder, and threw him wounded to the ground. The helmet of the King was beaten off by the shock, and being unable to rise under the weight of his armour, he covered his head with his shield, till he was rescued by Berchtold Capiller, the commander of the corps of reserve, who cutting his way through the enemy, flew to his assistance. Rhodolph mounted another horse, and leading the corps of reserve, renewed the charge with fresh courage; and his troops, animated by his presence and exertions, completed the victory.

"Ottocar himself fought with no less intrepidity than his great competitor. On the total rout of his troops, he disdained to quit the field; and after performing incredible feats of valour, was overpowered by numbers, dismounted, and taken prisoner. He was instantly stripped of his armour and killed by some Austrian and Styrian nobles, whose relations he had put to death. The discomfited remains of his army, pursued by the victors, were either taken prisoners, cut to pieces, or drowned in their attempt to pass the marsh, and above fourteen thousand perished in this decisive engagement.

"Rhodolph continued on the field till the enemy were totally routed and dispersed. He endeavoured to restrain the carnage, and sent messengers to save the life of Ottocar, but his orders arrived too late; and when he received an account of his death, he generously lamented his fate. He did ample justice to the valour and spirit of Ottocar; in his letter to the Pope, after having described the contest, and the resolution displayed by both parties, either to conquer or die, he adds: 'At length our troops prevailing, drove the Bohemians into the neighbouring river, and almost all were either cut to pieces, drowned, or taken prisoners. Ottocar, however, after seeing his army discomfited, and himself left alone, still would not submit to our conquering standards, but fighting with the strength and spirit of a giant, defended himself with wonderful courage until he was unhorsed, and mortally wounded by some of our soldiers. Then that magnanimous monarch lost his life at the same time with the victory, and was overthrown, not by our power and strength, but by the right hand of the Most High.'

Successful in all the wars he undertook, Rhodolph did not abuse the power he had acquired. His most ardent wish was to secure the imperial crown to his only surviving son Albert. For this view he summoned the diet of Frankfort, but the Electors declined complying with his request, and referred the nomination to a future diet. In order to dispel the grief which he felt at their refusal, he visited his hereditary dominions, and then prepared to proceed into Austria and see his son, but his strength was exhausted. Seventy-three years weighed down his head, and he replied to the physicians who exhorted him to remain tranquil, 'Let me go to Spire, and see the Kings my predecessors.' He accordingly descended the Rhine, but had not sufficient strength to proceed beyond Germesheim. He prepared for his end with marks of the most ardent devotion, and died on the 15th of July, in the seventy third year of his age, 1291, and in the nineteenth of his glorious reign. His body was conveyed to Spire, and interred with those of the former Emperors.

"Rhodolph was above the ordinary stature, being nearly seven feet in height, but extremely slender; his head was small and almost bald, his complexion pale, his nose large and aquiline. His natural aspect was grave and composed; but he no sooner began to speak than his countenance brightened into animation. His manners were so captivating, and he possessed the art of persuasion in so eminent a degree, that, to use the expression of Dornavius, one of his panegyrists, 'he fascinated persons of all ranks, as if with a love potion.' He was plain, unaffected, and simple in his dress; and was accustomed to say that he considered the majesty of a sovereign, as consisting rather in princely virtues than in magnificence of apparel.

"In an age of superstition, the piety of Rhodolph was pure and ardent; and he was punctual and devout in attending the services of the church. He esteemed and honoured the humble minister of religion, but chastised the insolence of the haughty prelates, who forgot the meekness of the gospel in the splendor and exercise of temporal dominion. Although he recovered estates and advocacies which the hierarchy had usurped from the empire, and resisted all claims of exemption from the public charges, which religious esta-

blishments arrogated to themselves, yet he supported the dignity and privileges of the sacerdotal order, and enforced by his own example, respect and deference for every member of the church."

Having given longer extracts than we intended from the first part of this work, the history of the founder of the illustrious house of Austria, we shall be compelled to leave untouched many interesting passages, which seem equally deserving of notice. But unsatisfied, like the generality of men, with admiring the elevation and outward magnificence of a superb edifice, we have examined its foundations and the means through which it was erected.

The first volume embraces a period of three hundred and forty years, from 1218 to 1558, from the birth of Rhodolph, King of the Romans, to the abdication and death of Charles V. The irruption of the Turks into Servia, in 1439, under the command of Amurath II. supplied our author with an opportunity of giving an account of the Turkish nation, which he has not neglected. His sketch of the rise of that people, the conquests, defeat, and captivity of Bajazet, by the Mongol Tamerlane, is rapid, faithful and interesting. The 20th chapter presents a general picture of Europe in the year 1498, the relative strength of the states of which it was composed, and records the invention of gunpowder, and the art of printing, with the changes which they occasioned in the art of war and the system of European policy, and by the importance of the matter which it contains, and the manner in which it is treated, deserves peculiar attention.

The second volume embraces a period of two hundred and eight years, from 1503 to 1711, from the birth of Ferdinand, founder of the German branch of the house of Austria, to the deposition of Joseph I. The second invasion of Austria by Solyman, in 1532, with an army composed of several hundred thousand men, and the noble resistance of the small, obscure, and weakly fortified town of Guntz, forms one of the most interesting events contained in this volume.

" Solyman, galled at his recent disgrace before Vienna, spent two years in making preparations, and resolved to avenge his failure, not only by subjugating the Austrian dominions, but by carrying his arms into the heart of Germany. To avert or suspend the progress of the enemy, Ferdinand sent embassadors to Solyman, with rich presents and proposals of peace. This measure, instead of conciliating, increased the presumption of the Sultan; he arrogantly commanded the Austrian embassadors to follow his camp, and attend his further pleasure. After embarking his artillery on the Danube, in a flotilla of 3000 vessels, he crossed the Save, and leaving the Danube on the right, led his numerous hordes through the western provinces, as if to penetrate over the mountains into Styria. He found no obstacles till he approached the frontiers of Styria, when his progress was checked before the petty and obscure town of Guntz, which has obtained an unfading name by its resistance on this memorable occasion. The place was baldly fortified, and provided with only eight hundred troops, but it was commanded by Nicholas Turissitz, and defended by an intrepid garrison, whose memory deserves the applause of christendom, for their unexampled resistance against the whole Turkish army. The town was assailed on every side by this stupendous multitude. After in vain attempting to undermine the walls, they planted their artillery on the neighbouring hills, and even on mounds of earth, which were raised above the highest buildings of the place. Breach after breach was effected, and assault after assault was made, but all these efforts were baffled by the skill, the vigilance, and the heroic bravery of the governor, aided by the intrepidity of his garrison. He equally resisted bribes, promises, and threats; and after a siege of twenty-eight days, the Sultan was compelled to accept a feigned submission, and suffer him to continue in possession of a fortress which he had so gallantly defended."

The situation of Ferdinand II. when besieged in Vienna by the protestant insurgents in 1719, and his astonishing escape, are too remarkable to be passed over in silence.

" Ferdinand was sensible that the surrender of Vienna would occasion the loss of Austria, and with it the loss of the imperial crown. He therefore sent his family into the Tyrol, and prepared to maintain his capital, and meet his impending fate with a firmness from which it is impossible to withhold our admiration. The Jesuits had implanted their maxims in the heart of a hero, and he found a support in that religious fervour with which he was animated. He threw himself at the foot of the

crucifix, poured forth his petitions to the saviour of all, and rose with the full conviction of divine assistance*. Notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his ministers, all the terrors of his situation; notwithstanding the total failure of his hopes from human relief, and all the entreaties of the ministers of that religion to which he was devoted, he persisted in his resolution of encountering the vengeance of an enraged multitude, and burying himself under the walls of the palace which had been the seat of his ancestors.

"He found full employment for all his resolution; his dangers increased from day to day, from hour to hour; the walls of his palace were battered by the Bohemian cannon; he heard on every side the cries of vengeance and exclamations—'Let us shut him up in a convent, bring up his children in the protestant religion, and put his evil counsellors to the sword.'

"At length the crisis of his fate arrived: sixteen protestant members of the states burst into his apartment, and with threats and reproaches, clamorously demanded his permission to join the insurgents. But at this awful moment a sudden sound of trumpets announced the arrival of succours. The deputies, thunder-struck with the alarm, hastened from the palace, and with the chiefs of their party sought safety in concealment, or took refuge in the camp of the besiegers.

"This succour which had so unexpectedly saved their sovereign, was a corps of only five hundred horse, which had been detached from Krems, by Dampierre, and secretly descending the Danube, had entered the only gate which, from its situation, could not be guarded by the vigilance of the enemy. Their appearance operated like magic; their numbers were exaggerated by fear or exultation; and rumours were instantly spread that further reinforcements were approaching. The malcontents shrunk away in silence, or fled from the city, and those whom fear had hitherto deterred, hastened to display their loyalty. Six hundred students flew to arms; the example was followed by fifteen hundred burghers, additional succours poured in, and in a few hours, all appearance of danger and discontent had subsided. Nor did the good fortune of Ferdinand end with his deliverance; for in the midst of his exultation news arrived that Bucquoy had defeated and dissipated the army of Mansfeld, and Thurn was suddenly recalled by the deputies from the blockade of Vienna, to secure the capital of Bohemia."

The third volume, or as the author entitles it, the second, having divided the first into two parts, the one containing 513, and the other 718 pages, comprises a period of 107 years, from 1685 to 1792, or from the birth of Charles VI. to the death of Leopold II. and contains the reigns of Charles VI. Maria Theresa, Joseph II. and Leopold II. As this part of modern history is more familiar to our readers, we shall not extend our extracts further, but conclude with a short examination into the merits of this work.

Industry and the most indefatigable researches are necessary to enable an author to gather fame in the fields of history; they are necessary but not sufficient; he must also possess a mind, unshackled and unprejudiced. Imagination, like a vain boaster, is apt to exaggerate the virtues and martial deeds of her heroes, to place them in situations in which no eyes but hers have beheld them, and to clothe them in robes which her fairy hand has woven; her dazzling colours are too bright for the sober truth of historical pictures. Strong and acute sense, capable of steering in a straight direction between the numerous and contradictory reports which deluge the memory of a prince, or a distant event of diving into the annals of former times, not in

* We have seldom an opportunity of discovering the secret thoughts of sovereigns on great and trying occasions, we therefore gratify the reader with an account given by Ferdinand himself to his confessor; Bartholomew Valerius, who entered his private cabinet at the moment when he had concluded his devotions. "I have reflected," he said, "on the dangers which threaten me and my family, both at home and abroad. With an enemy in the suburbs; sensible that the protestants are plotting my ruin, I implored that help from God which I cannot expect from man; I had recourse to my Saviour, and said, Lord Jesus Christ, thou redeemer of mankind, thou to whom all hearts are opened, knowest that I seek thy honour, not my own. If it be thy will that in this extremity I should be overcome by my enemies, and be made the sport and contempt of the world, I will drink of the bitter cup. Thy will be done! I had scarcely spoken these words, before I was inspired with new hope, and felt a full conviction that God would frustrate the designs of my enemies."—De Luca, p. 335.

search of what is uncommon and romantic, but of what is probable; of comparing the testimony of writers of different nations and different ages, and educing light from the chaos of dark and confused annals, is, or ought to be, the chief characteristic of an historian. But there is still another requisite, deprived of which his talents must wither away in a barren inactivity, and which is not the gift of nature, but the effect of favouring circumstances. He must have it in his power to make the deep researches necessary to compass his end; the sources whence abundant information may flow, must be opened to him, he must have access to libraries "rich with the spoils of time," and to manuscripts treasured up by curiosity, pride, or learning, and but too often destined to moulder away in useless obscurity. This requisite, Mr. Coxe informs us, was put into his possession by the kindness and public spirit of several distinguished persons. His authorities, he tells us, "are printed, manuscript, and oral." The printed authorities are generally quoted at the end of every chapter, and often in every page; he gives us a list of some of the manuscripts with a perusal of which he was favoured; part of his oral authorities he derived from the Prussian minister, Count Kertsberg, and some confidential friends of Prince Kaunitz. Delicacy forbids his disclosing the other persons to whom he is indebted for information, but after reading his work, we are fully disposed to give him credit for that integrity and good faith which he has always maintained.

The difficulty of writing history, increases, strange as it may appear, with the abundance of the materials collected for that purpose. For an author may be overladen with matter, and find as much difficulty in disposing it to advantage as a general at the head of a large army, whose divisions become unwieldy from numbers, in ranging them on the field of battle. Mr. Coxe has overcome this difficulty; his narration flows uninterrupted, and the order of events is clear and easily followed; his descriptions are neither too long nor too episodical; his portraits seem accurate copies from the characters whose actions and principal features have been laid before us by the course of events; his reflections are few, but judicious, not calculated to exhaust the subject but to create new thoughts and considerations in the mind of the reader; and his style is in general simple, unaffected, and pure, in some instances strong and rich, but its chief defect consists in a frequent repetition of the same words at too inconsiderable a distance from each other. Such repetitions may sometimes be elegant, but when too closely strewed over a page become unpleasant not only to the ear, but give an idea of poverty of language, a vice in an author with which Mr. Coxe cannot justly be accused.

The utility of an undertaking insures it praise, but the care and talents with which it is executed win admiration and gratitude; to both Mr. Coxe has proved himself fully entitled by this original, valuable, and laborious publication.

A TOUR IN IRELAND.

ART. IV.—*Journal of a Tour in Ireland, in* 1806. *By Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Baronet.* W. Miller. 8vo. Pp. 336. 1807.

THIS work is ushered in with a preface of twenty-one pages, followed by an historical introduction of a hundred and nine pages. We shall begin our task by selecting a few extracts which will give the reader some idea of the present state of Ireland.

"Monday, 23d June, in the evening, I sailed from Holyhead, in the Union packet, Captain Skinner; and after a rough and tedious passage of twenty-three hours, landed at the Pigeon-house; from whence a vehicle, very appropriately called the long coach,*

* "A most daring attack was made a short time ago upon this coach by a large gang of robbers, who ordered the passengers to dismount, and plundered them one by one; the

(holding sixteen inside passengers, and as many outside, with all their luggage) conveyed us to Dublin, distant about two miles from the place of landing. Passengers are allowed to take their parcels, &c with them, but carriages and trunks are obliged to go to the custom-house, and undergo a tedious and imposing search. The proprietor must value his carriage as he thinks reasonable; and he is charged on that valuation, four and a half per cent. But here the matter does not end; for besides the duty to government, I paid no less than twelve different officers of the customs *

"We had scarcely got rid of a most importunate host of boatmen, porters, &c demanding loudly their fees, than we were desired to dismount from our vehicle, as apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the bridge over which we were obliged to pass." †

"Having mentioned the principal buildings that arrest the stranger's attention during his walk through Dublin, I shall say a few words respecting the churches Of these St Patrick's cathedral, and Christ-church, are the most remarkable for their antiquity, and I may add, only on that account, for their state is very bad and precarious; and the approach to each of them filthy beyond measure, and through the very worst part of the city ‡ Miserable cottages made of mud and thatched; many of them left in ruins since the rebellion in 1798; roads excellent, and flat (eight or nine miles from Dublin, on the road to Trim), lands cultivated with corn, potatoes, and pastures, but slovenly farming.

"Saw written on several houses the words 'Good dry Lodgings,' by which *dry* is not meant in contradistinction to wet or damp, but implies lodgings *without board*, as the same word is applied in a higher sense to a ball without a supper Miserable hovels still continue to hurt the feelings of the compassionate traveller."

Between Mitchelstown and Mullingar (forty-five miles from Dublin), our author remarked,

"A line of most miserable hovels with smoke issuing from a hole in the thatched roof. This country bears but a ragged appearance from the general want of trees, hedge-rows, and the slovenly state of its cultivation.

"The post-horses met us at the entrance to the town, where the hostler harnessed the riding horse on the off-side, and did not perceive his mistake till asked by us, if that was the custom of his country.

"See crowds of females, and many of them otherwise well dressed, flocking barefooted to the fair; and near the town a large group performing ablutions in a pond, preparatory to putting on their stockings.

"Enter the village of Bruff through a most miserable street of thatched hovels See a ruined castle and church on the left. The same kind of uninteresting country still continues; the soil evidently rich, but the inhabitants more wretched in appearance than any I have yet seen; such habitations, teeming with a numerous population of children, pigs, and poultry, present a truly deplorable and affecting sight to every man of feeling and humanity

"From the cathedral (at Limerick) I waded through the old town, and the dirtiest streets I ever beheld, to the castle.

"Strangers also, on coming to Killarney, experience a great mortification in finding that the object of their attention is so far removed from the place of their residence; and that the shores of the lake are not within the distance of a moderate walk. Neither do I think that the regulations respecting boats, though at first sight very plausible, tend to the comfort of the tourist. Their prices are fixed, § their

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mail carrier was also fired at by the same people. When this vehicle is known to carry so many of the principal nobility, gentry, and merchants from Dublin to the packet-boat, a regular horse-patrole to attend the coach from the office, could be attended with no inconvenience to government, and would ensure the property of many individuals."

* "So near an alliance having taken place between England and Ireland, it is to be hoped that this vexatious ceremony will shortly be dispensed with, or at least its abuses reformed."

† "When such large sums are annually expended in Dublin on less useful buildings and improvements, it surely reflects no credit on the government of a country, that the bridge of communication between England has remained so long a time in a dangerous state".

‡ "Let the reader who wishes to know the dreadful and disgraceful state of this quarter of the city, refer to Mr. Whitelaw's admirable "Essay on the Population of Dublin, and Observations on the state of the poorer parts of that city."

§ "The prices are thus regulated, and a written account is fixed up over the chimney

number limited, and at the command of one individual; whereas if a general license was given to keep boats on the lake, I am convinced that the public would be better and more reasonably served. The true enthusiast, the lover of nature, and the artist, would wish, after having had a general introduction to the lakes, to revisit them at his ease, and survey their manifold beauties in detail; but this, from want of small boats, he cannot do; he cannot at his pleasure ramble down to the lakes, and take his boat and amuse himself for few hours on its enchanting banks; the scheme and arrangement of each day must be pre-concerted, the boats bespoken, the dinner ordered, &c. &c. In short, difficulties and expense will ultimately exhaust the patience and the purse of even the most sanguine admirer of nature."*

Sir Richard pursues his journey to Youghall, thirty miles from Cork.

"The town of Youghall is situated under the eastern declivity of a steep hill. It consists chiefly of one long street running north and south; it is distant about a mile from the sea, and is a bustling cheerful town, being much resorted to during the summer months as a bathing place. The public rooms on the Mall are pleasantly situated near the banks of the river (Blackwater). There is also a neat little theatre at the back of Campbell's hotel."†

At Ballyshannon, our author says:—

"A more dirty inn, and worse attendance, I never met with either abroad or at home; the rooms and beds teemed with every kind of vermin, and a dirty barefooted wench acted as our *femme de chambre* and waiter; good humour, however, and willingness to oblige (those constant good qualities of the common Irish, were not wanting on the part of our landlady; but more essential comforts were necessary to restore our spirits after a long and tedious day's journey. Ballyshannon, however, with all its *desagremens*, is worthy a visit, for, close to the town, the river falling precipitately over a ridge of black rocks, forms a grand cataract at the spot where it discharges its waters into the sea. The salmon fishery at this place is very productive, and according to the late 'Survey of Donegall,' when last rented, produced annually 1083l. 6s. 8d. and at this present time still more the eel fishery also lets for 325l. 10s 6d. yearly. These fisheries are very numerous throughout Ireland, and the breed of salmon is considered of such high national importance, that all weirs are ordered to be opened, and the fishery discontinued after the 12th of August, that the salmon may have a free passage up the river to deposit their spawn."

It appears to us unaccountable not to find the least notice taken of the salmon leaping up the above-mentioned cascade, darting themselves near fourteen feet perpendicularly out of the water; and allowing for the curvature, they leap at least twenty. In 1775, this fishery was rented for 600l. per annum, and at that time the fish was sold at a penny per pound, and six shillings per hundred weight. We are not informed of the present prices.

A particular account of the Giant's Causeway and its basaltes, is given from the Rev. William Hamilton's "Letters concerning the Northern Coast of Antrim."

The author's Southern Itinerary is from Dublin to Trim, Limerick, Killarney, Cork, Youghall, Mallow, Tipperary, Kil-

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of the hotel, for the information of travellers. Boats 7s. per day, and as much more to the steersman as you please; 5s. to the bugle; 2s. 2d. to each boatman on the upper lake, and 1s. 7½d. on the lower lake, with their dinner and liquor each day."

* "The plan mentioned by Mr. Arthur Young in his Irish tour is admirable, and I am surprised it never has been adopted." This plan was first suggested by Twiss, who visited Killarney in 1775. He says in his Tour,—"Were an Englishman, to build a large and elegant inn, with stables there, such as those at many of the watering-places in England, well provided with every necessary both for lodging and food, with musicians residing in the house, a library, a billiard table, fishing tackle, guns, &c. I do not know any place in Great Britain or Ireland, where a considerable fortune might be acquired in so short a time, or with so little risk or trouble."

† "This playhouse was built by the landlord of the hotel, and is at the end of his stable-yard. I found both house and players better than I could have expected in so small a town. The orchestra consisted of two fiddlers, who commenced the night's entertainment with the popular air of 'God save the King.' The *Gods* afterwards *ordered* their own favourite airs to be played; amongst which the *Grinder* and *Black-Joke*, were received with great applause. My antiquated female *Cicerone* of the morning (the sexton's wife), performed the office of *Orange-girl*, and the clerk that of Manager of the Theatre."

dare, and back to Dublin; and the Northern Tour, to Trim, Cavan, Enniskillen, Ballyshannon, Donegal, Coleraine, Giant's Causeway, Antrim, Belfast, Hillsborough, Newry, Dundalk, Navan, and Dublin, about 1100 English miles, and his stay in Ireland was ten weeks.

In the Preface to this book the author says,—

"The spirit and even the power of foreign travel is checked; we can no longer trace on the spot, those classical scenes described to us by the ancient poets and historians, and which in our younger days of study, we even read with enthusiasm; we can no longer in safety ascend the steps of the capitol, nor wander peacefully along the luxuriant shores of Baiæ or Misenum; even the frozen regions of Mont Blanc are interdicted to us by the ferocious decrees of a Corsican despot."

We shall conclude our account of this work with some extracts from the general remarks which are contained in the last sixty-two pages of the volume.

"Though the subterraneous temple cannot be said to be exclusively peculiar to this country, yet the sister kingdom cannot boast of any one either so large, or in such perfect preservation, as the one at New Grange, near Slane, which I have described in my journal, and which is one of the most curious monuments of antiquity remaining within the limits of the united kingdom."

Fifty-eight round towers are enumerated, from the best accounts which could be collected from the various authors who have recorded them.

"If I am allowed to hazard a conjecture about these singular buildings, I should suppose them to have been erected about the ninth century. They seem however, to have been peculiar to Ireland, as there are none in England or Wales, and only two in Scotland; these are situated at Abernethy, in the county of Murray; and at Brechin, in the county of Angus; each on the eastern coast of Scotland, and far remote from Ireland."

The round towers in Scotland are on an average a hundred feet in height, sixteen in diameter, and the thickness of the walls is three feet and a half; thus the inside is only nine feet in diameter. Mr. Gordon in his "Stenerarium Septentrionalis" describes the towers in Scotland, and says, "At Abernethy I could discover nothing except a stately hollow pillar, without a stair-case, so that when I entered within, and looked upward, I could scarce forbear imagining myself at the bottom of a deep dry well."

The same author in describing the other round tower at Brechin, says, "upon it are evidences sufficient to demonstrate that it was a Christian work, for over the top of the door is the figure of our Saviour on the cross." This is no demonstration at all; any stone may be interpolated in a building, with inscriptions or basso-relievos at pleasure: on the Trajan column at Rome, a statue of St. Peter, and on the Antonine column, in the same city, another of St. Paul, were placed by Sixtus V. and these Saints have hitherto preserved their pedestals from mutilation, but nevertheless do not demonstrate that the columns are of Christian workmanship.

After having recapitulated the religious buildings, of which a minute detail had been given during the progress of the tour, Sir Richard says,—

"But I should ill perform the duty I owe to my own feelings as a man of humanity, and as a citizen of that community which has so lately united each nation under the general appellation of Briton, were I to quit this subject without noticing more strongly than I have hitherto done during my journal, the disgraceful state in which several of the cemeteries are suffered to remain

"From the earliest ages, and even by the most savage nations, the greatest respect has ever been paid to the bones and ashes of the deceased; but in Ireland, their sad relics, after a short abode in the clay-cold mansion, are again restored to light, and the floors of the once hallowed abbey become white with their thickly mouldering fragments.*

* "The ruined abbies of Lislaghtin, Ardfert, Mucrus, and Buttevant, have come immediately under my own observation, and doubtless many others in Ireland present the same disgusting appearance

"In a note on Mucrus (Journal), I presented to my readers Sir John Carr's warning to those strangers whose curiosity might lead them to examine the interior of this ruined abbey; and that I may endeavour to impress the reverend prelates to whom I have addressed myself with an idea of the disgraceful and revolting state in which its cemetery is suffered to remain,

"I address myself to you, ye reverend guardians of the church, and of the manes of your fellow-citizens; to you it belongs to rescue them from their present exposed and disgraceful situation. Examine either personally, or by your rural deans (if such exist), the state of your churches and cemeteries. They are a disgrace to your country, a disgrace to humanity; a field of battle only can equal the disgusting and desolated appearance which this Irish Golgotha presents to the astonished stranger: 'your task is easy and the burden will be light.' A charnel-house of simple architecture, corresponding with that of the adjoining ruins, and placed under some aged yew-tree, with the plain and impressive motto of FUIMUS over its portal, would add both awe and interest to its hallowed scenery.

"Let us now turn our eyes towards the modern prospect which the capital and its provinces present to the *Stranger in Ireland*. A native writer has observed, that 'from the first view of Dublin, we must not judge of its provincial cities and villages;' yet in some degree the comparison will hold good between the town and country. In the former, and particularly in the capital, we behold a city abounding with the most splendid works of architecture, extensive in their plans, and imposing in their effects; yet at every step, our feelings and senses are assailed by misery, filth, and beggary.*

"In the latter, the same magnificence of idea is extended to the nobleman and gentleman's demesne; we see splendid houses with inadequate establishments; extensive parks and pleasure grounds, often times neglected, and generally ill kept; in short, the plans both of the public and of the individual, seem in this country both to have been formed and executed on a scale beyond the powers of either; and the *simplex munditiis*, the neat and clean simplicity, is seldom to be found in either situation.

"In travelling through Ireland, the attention is immediately and most forcibly arrested by the situation of the labouring poor; and both the eye and the mind are in a certain degree compelled to dwell upon this distressing object, by the general want of interest which the country affords. They are seldom relieved by picturesque scenery, or by improved agriculture; but the poor man's hovel every where presents itself, and encourages a train of thought most galling to humanity. In describing the state of the poor throughout the different provinces, the authors of the statistical surveys, have performed both their duty to the public and to themselves, as men of feeling, in painting the miseries of the poor in the strongest colours. As their own words need no comment, and will speak more emphatically than from the mouth of a stranger, I shall make use of them on this occasion.

"Mr. Tighe, in his 'Survey of the County of Kilkenny,' says, 'The peasants are most miserably lodged; there are numbers who have not a bedstead, nor even what is called a truckle-bed frame; a pallet to sleep on is a comfort unknown to them; a wad of straw, or perhaps heath laid on a damp clay floor, forms their resting place; but very few of them have any thing like sheets; their blankets are wretchedly bad; in short, their bed-clothes are ragged and scanty; they put their coats and petticoats over them in aid of blankets in cold weather: too often these are still damp, having been but imperfectly dried by a miserable fire, after they were worn at work in the rain. Even through the scanty thatch, the rain sometimes descends upon their beds, and bringing down the sooty substance lodged there by the smoke of the cabin, wets and stains the bed itself, and those who are stretched upon it.'

"Neither are the habitations of the poor, except in the immediate neighbourhood of some man of feeling, who has looked on them with an eye of pity (and few indeed are these examples), at all more comfortable in other provinces: in short, the above may serve as a general and just description of the poor man's hovel. I shall however subjoin a few more extracts from other county surveys."

* CAVAN.—In civilization they have made no proficiency, for the very wealthiest of these mountaineers have no better bed than straw, nor is a bedstead to be seen amongst them; but they indiscriminately herd together with the hogs, and all the domestic animals of their hovel. In more minutely examining the con-

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I will add an extract from a still later publication, 'Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney,' by Isaac Weld, Esq. In speaking of Muckrus abbey, the writer says: 'In a passage leading to the cloyster, I once found a head, with a considerable part of the flesh of the face, and nearly the entire hair upon it, literally rolling under my feet."

* "So badly regulated is the police of Dublin, that (as I was credibly informed) dead bodies are frequently exposed in the streets to procure, by charity, the means of burying them; and I was also told, that a mother had carried about the streets her infant who died of the small-pox, in order to excite the compassion of those she met."

dition of this abandoned peasantry, we have an opportunity of seeing far into human nature, and behold the natives happy, and abundantly possessed of those qualifications which endear mankind to each other. In acts of friendship to their neighbours, they are rarely deficient. Their generous hospitality to strangers is proverbial, and though their ideas may be strongly tinctured with superstition, it only argues that their minds have been totally neglected; and they show a great wish and anxiety for instruction even in religious concerns

"QUEEN'S COUNTY.—Truly it may be said, that the hogs in England have more comfortable dwellings than the peasantry in Ireland. How can we expect propriety of conduct from our peasants, when we take so little pains to improve them? In how many places do we find the whole stock of domestic animals, and the peasant family, herd together under one miserable shed, with perhaps no better covering than sods or weeds; and from their extreme filth alone what ravages has sickness made through a whole district!

"MONAGHAN.—A bare recital of the state of this class of the community, has been considered as an unmerited satire on the country, and those who have endeavoured to call the attention of the public to the amelioration of their situation, have been stigmatized as incendiaries"

For further particulars we refer to the book, which is written by a gentleman and a scholar, and on which the strictest reliance may be placed with regard to its veracity. It contains nothing extraneous to the subject, and will prove a very acceptable publication to antiquarians and historians.

The author did not visit any part of that quarter of Ireland called Connaught, of which we have no account from any modern traveller. Among the travellers in Ireland who are enumerated in the Preface, we find no mention made of Mark Elstob, who published his Month's Tour in 1778, and of "Rambles through Ireland," by a French Emigrant, M. de la Tocnaye, in 1799.

Should Sir Richard's Tour be re-printed, we beg leave to suggest that an Index and a Map, would be very acceptable additions, and that the new edition would appear less uncouth, if it were not larded with words in capitals, which disfigure the present edition.

To our review of Sir John Carr's "Tour in Holland," &c. may be added (what we unaccountably omitted), that the book is dedicated to the Duke of Bedford, by whom, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, we believe the author was knighted.

To our review of Sir John's "Stranger in Ireland," in the Supplement before-mentioned, should have been added, that the ridiculous bombastic account of the Irish ladies' "Port if you please," is a fiction, and was probably copied from Mrs. Edgeworth's "Castle Rack-Rent."

Also, that the assertion that there are no monkies in Gibraltar is erroneous; many apes and monkies inhabit its caverns and precipices, and are frequently shot: it is thought that these animals are not produced in any other part of Europe. We refer the curious reader to the wonderful paragraphs and reflections p. 97 and 98 of that work, relative to petrified fish and plants, to the admirable remarks on the "Venus cockle" *(Concha veneris)*, as specimens of the author's consummate knowledge of natural history, and to the mention of two famous trees, "of the class and order *decandria monogynia*," and "of the class *polygamia* and order *trio-æcia*," which is all that is said about them, of his proficiency in botany. Numberless pretty criticisms might be made on "St. Kevin, who lived 120 years before he died," and on the author's "great uncle" who lived in the same manner. For these biographical notices we refer to the work.

TRAVELS THROUGH THE CANADAS.

ART. V.—*Travels through the Canadas; containing a Description of the Picturesque Scenery on some of the Rivers and Lakes: with an Account of the Productions, Commerce, and Inhabitants of those Provinces; to which is subjoined a Comparative View of the Manners and Customs of several of the Indian Nations of North and South America. By George Heriot, Esq. Deputy Postmaster General of British North America.* Illustrated with Maps and numerous Engravings, from Drawings made at the several places by the Author. Richard Phillips. 1807.

THE spirit of science is now abroad; it quickens the motions of every human soul, and awakens in every breast that ori curiosity which is equally useful to society and honourable for those who feel its impulse. The most convincing proof of this general love for information, is the flourishing state of that part of literature which gives us an insight into the manners of other nations. This part is inexhaustibly fertile; the changes which years, a succession of rulers, and the vicissitudes of power and weakness produce in them, render the former descriptions that may have appeared, faithful pictures of the past, but bearing little resemblance to the present. The overflowing of a revolution, like that of the Nile, new, and generally does, after its tide has subsided, spread fertility over the most barren land. But if such a case the very face of nature wears a different appearance, new descriptions therefore are required, a new field unfolds itself before the traveller, and his works, though giving an account of a country which has perhaps been twenty times described before, may still possess the charms and merits of novelty. If this part of literature be inexhaustibly teeming, it is not less varied and interesting; it supplies the legislator with instances of juridical wisdom in foreign lands, and offers a rich harvest to the moral and natural philosopher. It is not astonishing therefore that travels should crowd upon travels, to satisfy the thirst after information, and that mistaking their own talents, or blinded by the avidity with which the public hails the appearance of such productions, many deep observers of men and manners should gratify us with their reveries, or the memorandums in their pocket-books whilst journeying a few miles from their own homes. It is true that they are too fond of increasing the general stock of knowledge to confine their remarks to the spots they have visited, and the customs of their inhabitants, but kindly impose upon themselves the arduous task of gathering from the works of others as much information as will enable them to extend their mental peregrinations farther, and produce a tour through countries, the soil of which they have never trodden. That this is the case with many of our modern writers, a reflecting mind will easily discover whilst perusing their performances, and comparing them with those of their predecessors. The more we are disposed to expose to deserved contempt such literary swindlers, the more do we feel inclined to praise those who lavish upon us the riches they have laboriously and honourably acquired; who do not clothe the observations of others in different language, but spread to our sight the fair fruits of experience, and display a degree of talent, penetration, and accuracy equal to the importance of the subject of which they treat.

Imagination banished from the pages of history, where truth alone must dwell, finds a refuge in those of the traveller. Her ornaments, too splendid for the former, ought to be allowed to shed a softened lustre over the works of the latter: his style ought to vary with the object it describes, and ease and elegance to form its chief characteristics. The first requisites,

however, are a quick understanding capable of seizing at once the different relations of things, an active spirit, retentive memory, and a clear method.

After having perused this Tour through the Canadas, we feel happy in being able to range Mr. Heriot among these diligent travellers, whose accounts are authentic, whose style is pleasing, whose information is varied, and who know how to display the result of their observations to the greatest advantage. That our praise may not be deemed partial or unfounded, we will extract such passages from his work as will convey both interest and instruction.

He begins with a description of the Azores, and especially of St. Michael and Pico, the first of which contains the following remarkable scenes:

"The hot baths are situated in the eastern part of the island, and the road leading from the capital thither, is by Villa Franca: from thence it rises by a gradual ascent for about twelve miles, until it attains the summit of the elevated lands by which these baths are environed. The descent into the valley is by a steep, narrow, and winding path. This extraordinary gulph is about twelve miles in circumference, surrounded by lofty and abrupt precipices, and accessible only by three ways, cut with labour out of the cliffs. The soil below is fertile and well cultivated, producing copious harvests of wheat and Indian corn. The inclosures are adorned with hedgerows of Lombardy poplars, which rise in pyramidal shapes, and exhibit a pleasing appearance. The gloomy faces of the surrounding rocks are shaded and varied by evergreens, consisting of laurels, myrtles, tayas, pao sanguintro, tamjuas, uva de serra, and a number of other shrubs and vines.

"Streams of chrystalline water, interrupted in their downward course, dash with impetuosity and foaming fury from rock to rock, and collecting in deep stony basins beneath, thence issue in serpentine rivulets, which intersect the valley in a variety of directions, in some situations rushing on with murmuring sound, in others creeping along with a smooth and silver surface. These, together with the appearance of the boiling fountains from whence clouds of steam are continually thrown up; a lake well stocked with water-fowl, blackbirds, and other feathered songsters of the groves enlivening by their melody; fruits and aromatic plants, yielding the most grateful odours, contribute to form a combination of objects highly pleasing and wildly picturesque.

"The valley, which is named Furno, contains a number of boiling fountains; the most remarkable of these, the Cauldron, is situated upon a small eminence, being a circular basin of thirty feet in diameter, whose water, boiling with ceaseless agitation, emits a quantity of vapour. At a few paces distant from hence is the cavern Boca de Inferno, throwing out, for a considerable way from its mouth, quantities of water, mixed with mud, accompanied by a noise like thunder. Around this spot, and within the compass of an acre of land, there are upwards of a hundred fountains of the same kind: and even in the midst of a rivulet which runs by it, are several of these springs, so hot as to be insupportable to the touch. In other places the sulphureous vapours issue with such force from a number of apertures in the overhanging cliffs, as to suggest to the fancy an idea of the place being inhabited by a thousand fabled Cyclops, occupied with their bellows and forges in fabricating thunder.

"The surface of the ground is covered in many places with pure sulphur, which has been condensed from the steam, and which, like hoar frost, is arranged in sharp-pointed, stellated figures.

"Not far distant from these hot springs there are others of a nature extremely cold, particularly two, whose waters possess a strong carbonated quality, accompanied by a sharp acid taste. About half a mile to the westward of this place, and close by the side of a river, there are likewise several sulphureous fountains, whose waters have been used with eminent success by persons afflicted with scrofulous disorders. Under the declivity of a hill, westward from St Ann's church, are found springs of a similar kind, which are much used by the neighbouring inhabitants. These flow in currents from a precipice, and are some of a hot, others of a cold temperature, although only a few feet asunder.

"To the westward of these is placed the lake, whose circumference is only three miles, and whose water is of a greenish colour, being powerfully impregnated with sulphur. On its north side there is a small plain perforated in a thousand places, incessantly emitting sulphureous exhalations. Thither, during the heat of the day, the cattle repair to avoid being tortured by flies."

The appearance of that island from the sea, and the description of the celebrated peak in that of Pico, are perhaps familiar

to some of our readers, yet are not unworthy of forming one of our extracts. The justness of the sentiments expressed by the author, when standing on the summit of Pico, will be felt by all those whose hearts beat responsive to the secret but forcible inspirations of nature.

"The convents and other religious establishments placed in various situations along the borders of the island, and constructed of a white coloured stone, produce a pleasing effect when viewed from the sea

The aromatic herbs, trees, and fruits perfume the atmosphere with their sweets; and the breeze thus impregnated becomes, when blowing from the land, highly grateful to the mariner in sailing along the shore. After having been three weeks at sea, we became sensibly impressed by its enlivening influence, which suggested to recollection the following lines in Buchanan's Ode to May;

"*Talis beatis incubit insulis*
"*Auræ felicis perpetuus tepor,*
"*Et nesciis campis senectæ*
"*Difficilis, quærulique morbi.*"

"The island of Pico, from the superior altitude of one of its mountains, is the most remarkable of all the Azores.

"From the village of Guindasté to the summit of the peak, the distance is stated to be nine miles The road passes through a wild, rugged country, which is entirely covered with brushwood When, at seven o'clock in the morning, we arrived at the skirts of the mountain, which forms the region of the clouds, the wind became extremely cold, attended by a thick mist, the thermometer falling to forty-eight degrees, and at eight o'clock to forty-seven. In alluding to the degrees of cold, I must be understood to speak relatively, and only with respect to its influence on the human frame, which a sudden change of twenty-two degrees of temperature cannot fail to affect. About ten we arrived at the boundary of the ancient crater, and the sun then acquiring power, the thermometer rose to forty-eight degrees This appears to have been more than a mile in circumference. The southern and western boundaries yet remain, but those of the north and east have given way, and have tumbled down the side of the mountain. In the centre of the old crater, a cone of three hundred feet in perpendicular height is thrown up, on the summit of which is the present mouth. The ascent of this is very steep and difficult, and it contains several apertures from which smoke is emitted. It is formed of a crust of lava, of the consistence of iron that has been in a state of fusion.

"At the hour of half past ten we gained the top of the peak, which is singularly sharp and pointed, being about seven paces in length, and about five in breadth. The crater is on the north side, and below the summit, is about twenty paces in diameter, and is continually emitting smoke. It is almost filled with burnt rocks

"From hence several of the neighbouring islands are presented to the view. Pico, seen from the peak, exhibits an appearance no less singular than romantic; the eastern part rises into a narrow ridge, around which are many ancient volcanoes which have long ceased to emit smoke, and several of whose craters are now almost concealed by woods which have sprung up around them. The basis of the peak presents likewise some remains of smaller volcanoes, whose fires are now extinguished. The last eruption of the peak which happened in 1718, burst forth from its side, and destroyed a great part of the vineyards.

"It is on elevated situations like this that is felt that influence which the vast and unbounded theatre, at once laid open to contemplation, is capable of exciting;—those inspirations of nature, so eloquent and so animated; that attractive impulse which attunes the soul to harmony with her works; that distinctive character which the Creator has imprinted on the heart, innate traces of which peculiar minds are delighted in feeling amidst the rude and sublime masses produced by explosions of the globe, or amid the less stupendous ruins of the monuments of human grandeur The height of the peak from the surface of the water is about eight thousand perpendicular feet."

We will not detain our readers any longer in the Azores, but without touching at any other place, notwithstanding the length of the voyage, transport them to the shores of Canada, and gratify their curiosity with a view of Quebec. After reverting to its foundation by Samuel de Champlain, he thus describes its situation:

"Cape Diamond, the summit of the promontory, rises abruptly on the south, to the height of three hundred and fifty perpendicular feet above the river, advances from the line of the banks on the west, and forms the Anse de Mer, a small harbour, occupied for the purpose of ship-building. Some uneven ground

subsides into a valley between the works and the heights of Abraham; on the latter there are natural elevations, which are higher by a few feet than any of the grounds included within the fortifications.

" The citadel is now constructed on the highest part of Cape Diamond, composed of a whole bastion, a curtain, and half bastion, whence it extends along the summit of the banks towards the north-east, this part being adapted with planks, agreeably to the situation of the ground. There are towards the south-west a ditch, counter-guard, and covered-way, with glacis. The works have of late years been in a great measure rebuilt, and raised to a pitch calculated to command the high grounds in the vicinity.

" When viewed from a small distance, they exhibit a handsome appearance. A steep and rugged bank, about fifty feet in height, terminates the ditch and glacis on the north, towards which the ground slopes downwards from Cape Diamond nearly three hundred feet, in a distance of about nine hundred yards. Along the summit of the bank a strong wall of stone, nearly forty feet high, having a half and a whole flat bastion with small planks, occupies a space of two hundred yards, to Palace-gate, at which there is a guard-house. From hence to the new works at Hope-gate, is a distance of about three hundred yards. The rocky eminence increases in steepness and elevation as far as the Bishop's palace, near which there is a strong battery of heavy cannon, extending a considerable way along the brow of the precipice, and commanding the bastion and part of the river. Between the edifice now mentioned and the lower town, a steep passage partly formed by nature, intervenes, over which there is a barrier, with a gateway of stone, surmounted by a guard-house; and this communication is otherwise defended by powerful works of stone, under the palace on one side, and on the other stretching upwards towards the Government-house, where the bank becomes considerably more elevated. This building, which is dignified with the appellation of *Chateau*, or Castle of St. Louis, is placed on the brink of a precipice inaccessible, and whose altitude exceeds two hundred feet. The building is supported by counter-forts, rising to half its height, and sustaining a gallery."

As the long description of this city would far exceed the bounds of our reviews, we will rapidly mention the most remarkable buildings which it contains, and which are but few, as the architects seem to have preferred strength and durability to elegance, or a due regard to the rules of their art. The cathedral church of the Catholics is more to be noticed on account of its size than its grandeur; it is capable of containing three thousand persons, and possesses a good organ. The Jesuits' college is the only remains of that order which was established in 1635, and died away a few years ago. The edifice is composed of three stories, forming nearly a square, and its extensive gardens still contain some of the original woods with which the promontory was once covered. This college is now converted into a barrack for the troops. The seminary, founded in 1663 by Mr. de Petre, for the accommodation of a certain number of ecclesiastics and young students, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, is still applied to the same purpose, and since the destruction of the Jesuits is become the chief establishment of that kind in the province. A Protestant metropolitan church, and a house for the courts of law have been lately erected, and form the principal ornaments of Quebec, being built with the best materials, and executed in a neat and handsome style. The streets of this city are uneven, on account of its situation, narrow, and few of them are paved. Stones are the materials of which the houses are composed; the roofs are generally made of boards, and the furniture and accommodations are plain and devoid of taste. The lower town occupies the ground gained at the foot of the promontory by mining, and the construction of wharfs. The breadth of the channel here is about a mile, its depth thirty fathoms, and the anchorage is safe and good. The number of inhabitants at Quebec, and the suburbs of St. John and St. Rock, amounts to fifteen thousand.

The ninth chapter of this work is full of the most interesting and important information, on the commerce of Canada, the fur trade, paper money, *seigneuries*, rights of their proprietors, mal-administration of finance during the French government,—and on the state of Canada at its conquest, progressive improvements, revenue, yearly equipment and transport in the fur trade, voyageurs, their hardiness, and mode of life, &c. This single chapter is perhaps more

instructive than half the common books of travels that are every day intruded upon the public. The causes of the deplorable state of this valuable country, whilst under the French dominion, are well explained; it was neglected on account of the report which spread itself at an early period over the parent kingdom, that it contained no mines, and the sole objects for commerce became fish and furs. New France therefore fell into disrepute before the qualities of its soil, and the production which it might bring forth were known, and a considerable time elapsed before a proper spot was chosen for settling. The thoughtlessness of the new comers led them to clear lands; and plant them with grain without having previously ascertained whether they would repay their toils with harvests. When disappointed in their expectations, they forsook the buildings they had erected, and removed to another spot.—The province of Acadia, now Nova-Scotia, was shared among adventurers who soon exhausted the treasures which its extensive forests contained, by destroying their wild inhabitants, for no other design but that of amusement, and of exercising address in the chace.

The colonists in Canada were men driven by poverty from their native land, and desirous of acquiring fortunes which would enable them to re-appear in affluence among those who had witnessed their indigence. The produce of the chace supplied them with the means of becoming quickly rich; it is not astonishing therefore that their improvident avidity should have soon exhausted that source of wealth, and taught the Indians the real value of their furs; thus in the words of our author,

"Considerable fortunes were made with rapidity; but they were almost as quickly dissipated as they had been acquired; like those moving hills, which in the sandy deserts of Asia, or of Africa, are drifted and deposited by the whirlwinds, and which possessing no consistency, or solidity, are by the same cause again as suddenly dispersed."

Among the chief causes of the languishing state of trade in this colony, the following is enumerated:—

"The company of the West Indies, to whom was conceded the domain of the French islands, was permitted to circulate there a small coin, whose number was not to exceed the value of a hundred thousand francs, and whose use in any other country was prohibited. But difficulties arising from the want of specie, the council published a decree, by which it was ordained, that this coin, and all other money which was in circulation in France, should not only be used in the islands, but also in the provinces on the continent, on augmenting the value one-fourth. The decree enjoined that all notes of hand, accounts, purchases, and payments, should be made by every person without exception, at the rate of exchange thus settled.

"This regulation tended, in its execution, to occasion many difficulties. The intendant of Canada found at that period inexpressible embarrassment, not only in the payment of the troops, but for all other expences of government. The funds remitted for this purpose from France, generally arrived too late; and it was necessary, on the first of January, to pay the officers and soldiers, and to satisfy other charges not less indispensable. To obviate the most urgent occasions, the intendant, with the concurrence of the council, issued notes, instead of money, observing always the proportional augmentation of the value of the coin. A proces-verbal was accordingly framed, and by virtue of an ordinance of the governor-general and intendant, there was stamped on each piece of this paper money, which was a card, its value, the signature of the treasurer, an impression of the arms of France, and on sealing wax, those of the governor and intendant.

"This species of money did not long remain in circulation, and cards were again resorted to, on which new impressions were engraved. Those of the value of four livres and upwards, were signed by the intendant, who was satisfied with distinguishing the others by a particular mark. Those which were six livres and upwards, the governor-general formerly signed. In the beginning of autumn all the cards were brought to the treasurer, who gave for their value bills of exchange on the treasurer-general of the marine, or on his deputy at Rochefort, on account of the expences of the ensuing year. Such cards as were spoiled were not again used in circulation, and were burnt agreeably to a proces-verbal for that purpose.

"Whilst the bills of exchange continued to be faithfully paid, the cards were preferred to money; but when that punctuality was discontinued, they were no longer brought to the treasurer, and the intendant had much fruitless trouble in endeavouring to recall those

which he had issued. His successors, in order to defray the necessary expences of the government, were obliged to issue new cards every year, by which means they became so multiplied that their value was annihilated, and no person would receive them in payment. Commerce, by this injudicious system of finance, was entirely deranged; and the inconvenience arose to such a height, that in 1713, the inhabitants proposed to lose one half, provided the government would pay them the other in money.

"The commerce of the colony was, in 1706, carried on with a fund of six hundred and fifty thousand livres, 26,000 l. sterling, which for several years afterwards did not much augment. This sum distributed among thirty thousand inhabitants, could not place them in affluent circumstances, nor afford them the means of purchasing the merchandise of France. The greatest part of them were therefore almost in a state of nature; particularly they whose residence was in the remote settlements. Even the surplus of their produce and stock they were unable to sell to the inhabitants of the towns, because in order to subsist, the latter were necessitated to cultivate farms of their own.

"Thus fell the credit of the colony; and in falling, it occasioned the ruin of commerce, which in 1706, consisted only of furs of an inferior quality."

The account our author gives of the division of lands among the first settlers in Canada, and of the rights granted to the owners of these portions conveys a considerable share of information, the principal heads of which we will select for the improvement of our readers. As the passage would be too long for an extract, we will explain the meaning of the original in as few words as we possibly can.

Canada, on the arrival of the French, was loaded with unbounded forests, and property was granted in extensive lots, called *seigneuries*. Each of these contained from one hundred to five hundred square miles, and was divided into smaller tracts, on a freehold lease to the inhabitants. These tracts, or portions, consisted of three acres in breadth, and from seventy to eighty in depth. The proprietors of the *seigneuries* were authorized to hold courts, and sit as judges in what is termed *haute* and *basse justice*; in which all crimes committed within their jurisdiction, murder and treasons excepted, were included. At every change of freehold tenant, the new purchaser was bound to pay a sum equal to a fifth part of the purchase money to the *seigneur*, or to the king, but if this fine was paid immediately, it was reduced to one-eight. When an estate fell by inheritance to a new possessor, he was by law exempted from the fine. The revenues of the *seigneurs* were derived from the yearly rent of their lands, from lots and ventes, or a fine on the disposal of property held under them, and from grist-mills. That rent was inconsiderable, each person paying in money, grain, or other produce, only from five to twelve livres per annum.

Had the estates of the *seigneurs* remained entire, they might have risen to a state of comparative opulence, but being divided between the different children of a family, they dwindled away almost imperceptibly. The portion of the eldest son retained the name of *seigneuries*, and the rights attached to it, and the other partitions were denominated fiefs. Their tenants follow the example of their superiors, parcel out their small tracts of land, and it is not uncommon to find a house belonging to several proprietors.

The number of *seigneuries* now existing in Canada rises above a hundred, and that at Montreal, is the richest and most productive; it belongs to the seminary of St. Sulpicius. The next in value is that of the Jesuits: and some of the domiciliated savages hold in the province lands in the right of *seigneurs*. The power of patronage to the church was not attached to any of the *seigneuries*, it was confined to the bishop alone.

The salaries granted to the officers in the civil department, were so low as not to enable them to support the dignity of their stations. That of the Marquis de Vaudreuil Governor and Lieutenant-general of Canada, in 1758, amounted only to the small sum of 2721. 1s. 8d. sterling; out of which he was to clothe, maintain, and pay a guard for himself, consisting of two sergeants and twenty-five soldiers; 5141. 11s. sterling sufficed to pay the whole of the officers of justice and police, and the total sum dedicated to the various branches of civil power did not exceed 3809l. 8s. sterling.

The cupidity and imprudence of the Canadians is strongly illustrated by the

following instance of their mistaken policy.

"Ginseng was first discovered in the woods of Canada in 1718. It was from this country exported to Canton, where its quality was pronounced to be equal to that of the ginseng procured in Corea, or in Tartary; and a pound of this plant, which before sold in Quebec for twenty pence, became, when its value was once ascertained, worth one pound and tenpence sterling. The export of this article alone is said to have amounted, in 17—, to twenty thousand pounds sterling. But the Canadians, eager suddenly to enrich themselves, reaped this plant in May, when it should not have been gathered until September; and dried it in ovens, when its moisture should have been gradually evaporated in the shade. This fatal mistake, arising from cupidity, and in some measure from ignorance, ruined the sale of their ginseng among the only people upon earth who are partial to its use, and at an early period cut off from the colony a new branch of trade which under proper regulations, might have been essentially productive."

The flourishing state of Canada since it became part of the British empire in North America, will appear in the most satisfactory light from the following estimate:—

"The quantity of grain exported from Canada in 1802, was one million and ten thousand bushels of wheat, of flour thirty-eight thousand barrels, and of biscuit thirty-two thousand cwts. The number of vessels engaged in the export of these and other productions of the colony, was two hundred and eleven; the quantity of tonnage was near thirty-six thousand, and the number of sailors was one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

"The exports from Canada consist of wheat, and other grain, flax-seed, beef and pork, butter and lard, soap and candles, grease and tallow, balsam, ale, porter, essence of spruce, salmon dry and pickled, fish-oil, timber, plank, boards, hemp, horses, cattle, sheep, pot and pearl-ashes, utensils of cast iron, furs of various description, castoreum and ginseng. The articles amounted in value, in the year mentioned above, to five hundred and sixty-three thousand four hundred pounds sterling.

"The imports were, wine of various kinds, rum, sugar, molasses, coffee, tobacco, salt, coals, and different articles of the manufacture of Great Britain."

The establishment of the Company of the North west for the fur trade, is not of older date than 1784, when Mr. Mactavish of Montreal, formed an association of several merchants of that place, for the purpose of deriving from this branch of commerce greater advantages than had hitherto been reaped. The account of the Company's *voyageurs*, and their canoes, is too curious to be passed over in silence.

"The company trading to the north-west sends every year to the posts on Lake Superior, about fifty canoes loaded with merchandise. These are dispatched about the beginning of May, from La Chine, a distance of nine miles above Montreal. The canoes are formed of the bark of the birch-tree, and closely lined with thin ribs, made of a tough wood. The seams are sewed with radical fibres called watape, and they are afterwards carefully covered over with gum, to exclude the water. The bottom of the vessel is nearly flat, the sides are rounded, and either end terminates in a sharp edge. The price of one of these is about twelve pounds sterling; and it is calculated to contain, on the perilous voyage for which it is destined, a weight equal to that which follows; sixty-five pieces of merchandise, of ninety pounds each; eight men, each weighing at least one hundred and sixty pounds; baggage allowed to these men, at forty pounds each, together with the weight of their provisions. The whole cargo of a canoe is, therefore, not less than eight thousand three hundred and ninety pounds, exclusive of two oil-cloths to cover the goods, a sail and an axe, a towing line to drag the canoe up the rapids, a kettle, sponge to bail out the water imbibed by leakage; with gum, bark, watape, and utensils for repairing any injury which may be sustained on the voyage. The men are engaged at Montreal four or five months before they set out on their journey, and receive in advance their equipment, and one-third of their wages. Each man holds in his hand a large paddle; and the canoe, although loaded within six inches of the gunwale, is made to move along with wonderful expedition. The *voyageurs* or navigators, are of constitutions the strongest and most robust, and they are at an early period inured to the encounter of hardships. The fare on which they subsist is penurious and coarse (chiefly the grease of the bear, and a meal, or coarse flour, made from Indian corn). Fortified by habit against apprehension from the species of difficulties and perils with which they are about to struggle, they enter on their toils with confidence and hope. Whilst moving along the surface of the stream, they sing in alternate strains the songs and music of their country, and cause the desolate wilds on

the banks of the Outaouais, to resound with the voice of cheerfulness They adapt (in rowing) their strokes to the cadence of their strains, and redouble their efforts by making them in time. In dragging the canoes up the rapids, great care is necessary to prevent them from striking against rocks, the materials of which they are composed being slight and easily damaged. When a canoe receives an injury, the aperture is stopped with gum, melted by the heat of a piece of burning charcoal Fibres of bark, bruised, and moistened with gum in a liquid state, are applied to larger apertures; a linen rag is put over the whole, and its edges cemented with gum.

"The total number of men contained in the canoes, amounts usually to about three hundred and seventy-three, of which three hundred and fifty are navigators, eighteen are guides, and five are clerks. When arrived at the grand depôt, on Lake Superior, part of these ascend as far as the Rainy Lake, and they are usually absent from Montreal about five months. The guides are paid for this service thirty-seven pounds sterling, and are allowed beside a suitable equipment. The wages of the person who sits in the front of the canoe, and of him whose office it is to steer, are about twenty-one pounds sterling each; those of the other men, about twelve pounds ten shillings of the same money.

"To each man a blanket, shirt, and pair of trowsers are supplied; and all are maintained by their employers during the period of their engagement The advantage of trafficking with the savages, is likewise permitted; and some individuals procure, by this means, a profit amounting to more than double their pay."

We will now give a short sketch of their voyage, without including the descriptions of the different parts which they visit, though teeming with interest, and elegantly written, as they would pass the bounds of a review.

From La Chine the voyagers repair, with their fleet of canoes, to St. Ann's, where the course of the river is so interrupted that they are compelled to unload. While ascending the Outaouais, they meet with the rapids, and draw their canoes to the shore, except one, which they join in dragging up, and lodge in a place of security. At night they encamp on the islands upon the borders of the river. On the north-east shore, about sixty miles higher up than the falls called Les Chats, they reach the ruins of the old French fort, Coulogne; sixty miles further, that of Defon; and at a distance of two hundred and seventy-two miles from the latter, Point au Baptême, where such persons as have never travelled thus far are plunged into the waters of the Outaouais, an ordeal from which they may be exempted by paying a fine. About one hundred and twenty miles from Point au Baptême, they leave on their right the great branch of the Outaouais, flowing from Lake Tamiscaming, and proceed through the smaller branch, the distance of thirty-six miles, when the fall of Paresseux opens on their sight.—Twenty-five miles further, they walk along a carrying place of eight hundred paces, named Premier Portage Musique, cross a lake of nearly the same extent, and enter on the second Portage Musique, of twelve hundred paces. From hence to the source of the smaller branch of the Outaouais, the distance is thirty miles. On quitting this river, they proceed by a portage of twenty acres to the winding stream, named Chaussée de Castor, some of whose sinuosities are avoided by two other portages of five hundred paces each. They then enter Lake Nipissing, fifty miles long, and whose discharge into Lake Huron, through a course of a hundred and eight miles, is called French River, on which there is a carrying place. They then navigate their canoes along the northern coast of Lake Huron, and pursue their route to the cascades of St. Mary.

"In travelling to the north-west, by the Outaouais river, the distance from Montreal to the upper end of Lake Huron, is nine hundred miles; the journey may be performed, in a light canoe, in the space of about twelve days, and in heavy canoes, in less than three weeks.

"About one-third of the men winter in the remote territories, during which they are occupied in the chase, and for this service their wages and allowance are doubled. The other two-thirds are engaged for one or two years, and have attached to them about seven hundred Indian women and children, maintained at the expence of the company. The chief occupation of the latter, is to scrape and clean the parchments, and to make up and arrange the packages of peltry.

"At the portages, where waterfalls and cataracts oblige them to unload, the men unite in aiding each other to convey the canoes and

goods across the land, by carrying the former upon the shoulders of six or eight men, and the latter upon the back. A package of merchandise forms a load for one man, and is sustained by a belt, which he places over his forehead.

"The period of engagement for the clerks is five or seven years, during which the whole of the pay of each is no more than one hundred pounds, together with clothing and board. When the term of indenture is expired, a clerk is either admitted to a share in the company, or has a salary of from one hundred to three hundred pounds per annum, until an opportunity of a more ample provision presents itself.

"The guides, who perform likewise the functions of interpreters, receive, besides a quantity of goods, a salary of about eighty-five pounds per annum. The foremen and steersmen, who winter, have about fifty pounds sterling; and they who are termed the middle men in the canoes, have about eighteen pounds sterling per annum, with their clothing and maintenance.

"The number of people usually employed in the north-west trade, and in pay of the company, amounts, exclusive of savages, to twelve hundred and seventy or eighty men, fifty of whom are clerks, eleven hundred and twenty are canoe men, and thirty-five are guides.

"The beaver-skin is, among the savages, the medium of barter; and ten beaver-skins are given for a gun, one for a pound of powder, and one for two pounds of glass beads. Two martin-skins are equal in value to one beaver-skin, and two beaver to one otter-skin."

The following chapter is filled with matter of the highest interest; and we are sorry to be obliged to withhold the information which it contains from our readers, but want of room will not allow us to insert more than the heads of it. It treats of the former state of colonial government—the introduction of the criminal code of England—the Quebec bill—the new constitution—gives a sketch of that system—of the division of Canada into provinces, and of these into counties—It lays before us the advantages of Canadian settlers, the state of society, the manners and character of the inhabitants, or landholders, the mode of clearing lands, the acquisition of property, the *seigneuries*, the various produce of soils, and their cultivation. From thence it leads us to Upper Canada, and gives us an account of the cold, the causes of its long duration, the method of travelling in winter, the roads and houses of that country.

The three hundred and fifty-nine pages that follow (the whole volume consists of six hundred and two) are equally rich in information, especially that which relates to the Americans in general, the Iroquois, the Mexicans, Caraibs, Brazilians, and the Peruvian empire. The last chapter contains an interesting dissertation on the origin of language, in which our author proves that Indian tongues may be arranged under rules of grammar, and gives specimens of four different languages. As we are compelled to pass through such a wide and teeming field without gathering any portion of the wealth it contains, we may be allowed, at the end of our journey to snatch the last opportunity of plucking some instruction, before we bid it a reluctant adieu. We will, therefore, select some of the examples from the Algonquin language.

Abae winikan	The brain.
Abinouï-chen	Infant.
Alouin -	A ball
Amik - -	A beaver.
Alim -	A dog.
Awoité -	That way.
Alimouse - -	A little dog.
Agackouet	A large hatchet.
Agaakouefon	A small hatchet.
Alisanaje	Man.
Ante, or Sankema	Yes, yes, indeed.
Assin -	A stone.
Arima -	It is of consequence.
Babelouchins	Children.
Chayé -	It is done.
Chiman	A canoe.
Chimanike	To build boats or canoes
Dibic kijiss	The moon.
Dibikat -	Night.
Estayank	It is I.
Emanda	Lay hold
Gaomink -	On the other side.
Ickoue, or Ickquois	Woman.
Ickouessens	A girl.
Irini - -	Nation, tribe, people.
In - - -	Yes.
Inint - -	Man.

This dictionary of the Algonquin tongue contains an immense number of words, with their signification, to which we refer our readers.

After perusing the foregoing extracts,

we trust our readers will deem our sense of the value of this work founded on truth; and yet we have not laid before their eyes the most interesting parts, which were mostly too long to be inserted in a review, and too excellent to be curtailed.—The fear of being accused of partiality cannot actuate those who are totally unacquainted with the author of the book which they praise, and who speak nothing but the real sentiments to which its merits gave birth. We, therefore, pronounce the Travels through the Canadas, the best work of this nature, in our opinion, which has for many years appeared to increase the stores of knowledge. It is far superior to all the tours published by our modern travellers; it is not a collection of notes hastily taken, uncouth, unimportant in themselves, and dressed in the most common-place language, it is a treasure of information laboriously acquired, not superficial but deep, not heaped up with a miserly care, but generously laid open to the public, and displayed to the greatest advantage. Our author, unlike the generality of tourists, has not skimmed over his subject; he has allowed observation a sufficient time to reap a rich harvest. Their works may be compared to the effervescence produced by the union of an acid with an earth; his to the brilliant, regular, and solid crystals, which result from that union when a certain period has been suffered to elapse. His style is florid, but not luxuriant; simple, when describing simple objects; strong and animated, when painting the sublime landscapes of nature, the wilds of North-America, the cataracts of its majestic rivers, or the character of its uncivilised inhabitants, and the works of the Europeans, and of those who have submitted to their yoke. Mr. Heriot's remarks are just, opportune, and true; and the numerous and elegant engravings, with which his book is strewed, and the designs of which he supplied, as well as the map of the Canadas which accompany them, do him the greatest honour as an artist.

We should sincerely rejoice, did any future work of Mr. Heriot give us a new opportunity of fulfilling the most pleasant duty of an impartial reviewer, that of doing justice, and granting a due tribute of praise to real merit.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

ART. VI.—*Letters from England, by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Translated from the Spanish.* In Three vols. 12mo. Pp. 1100. Longman and Co.

WE have attentively perused these well-written, instructive, and amusing volumes, of which we shall give an impartial account, with specimens selected so as to enable the reader to judge for himself whether the work does not merit his further consideration. No reviewing critic has any right to give a scope to his own opinions, and to endeavour to appear as an original writer, and nothing can more display the difference between the real man of letters and the shallow pretender, than the manner in which this task is performed.

In the fourth number of Dr. Aikin's *Athenæum*, is a paper on Reviews, to which we beg leave to refer, as containing rules for criticism, which appear to us well worthy of attention. One of these rules is:—"The critic ought to be entirely ignorant of the author who comes before him except so far as he is an author, or makes known his profession and designation in his title-page, and he should never, on the strongest ground of popular report, assign a work to a writer who has not avowed it. If he does not prefix his name, he has, probably, a good reason for not doing it, and the reviewer has no right to violate his secret."

We are so well satisfied of the truth and propriety of all the rules for criticism given in the above-mentioned essay, that we shall always endeavour to follow them. Accordingly we do not hesitate to assert that this

book was not written by a Spaniard: and this assertion is founded on the internal evidence of the book itself, as well as on our knowledge of the slender talents for such observations as are therein made, and for writing, which the Spaniards possess. The title might with more accuracy have been "Letters from an Englishman in London to his countryman abroad." For we believe that none but an Englishman could have made such remarks, and that no foreigner can perfectly understand them. After saying thus much, it would be ridiculous to cavil at the name of *Espriella*, which is no wise Spanish, no more than *Don Juan Bull*. This work will probably be re-printed, and we shall then be pleased to see a new title without an untruth, for which there is not the smallest occasion.

We shall now commence our relation of the contents of these volumes. The first contains twenty-six Letters, of which six describe the journey from Falmouth to London through Truro, Exeter, Dorchester, and Salisbury; the remaining twenty are all from London.

As the style is perfectly correct, and bears evident marks of being that of an experienced scholar, there is no need of our making long quotations merely as specimens of that style, so that we shall select only such as may entertain and inform our readers, and inspire them with a desire to read the whole work. These extracts are of course unconnected, and being, individually short, may be considered as a small part of an argumentative index.

The first letter is dated April 1802. The heath which extends, with casual interruptions, from Bagshot to Egham not less than fourteen miles, is crossed.

"Nothing but wild sheep, that run as fleetly as hounds, are scattered over this dreary desert; flesh there is none on these wretched creatures; but those who are only half-starved on the heath, produce good meat when fatted; all the flesh, and all the fat being laid on, as graziers speak, anew, it is equivalent in tenderness to lamb, and in flavour to mutton, and has fame accordingly in the metropolis.

"At Staines we crossed the Thames, not by a new bridge, now for the third time built, but over a crazy wooden one above a century old The river here divides the two counties of Middlesex and Surrey; and the magistrates having agreed upon the necessity of building a bridge, did not agree exactly as to its situation; each collected materials for building a half bridge from its respective bank, but not opposite to the other."

We must refer to the book for the remainder of the history of this missed bridge, as well as for what our author says about iron bridges, especially of the great Sunderland bridge, of which the span is 236 feet, and the height 100. The account ends thus:

"It is curious that this execrable improvement, as every novelty is called in England, should have been introduced by the notorious politician, Paine, who came over from America, upon this speculation, and exhibited one as a show upon the dry ground in London.

"The country on the London side of Staines has once been a forest; but has now no other wood remaining than a few gibbets, on one of which, according to the barbarous custom of this country, a criminal was hanging in chains."

The hint of the expression about woods, is probably taken from a circumstance that occurred a few years ago. A house and grounds were advertised to be sold, with a hanging wood, pompously set forth. A person who wished to purchase them, went to view the premises, but could not find the wood. On applying to the auctioneer, the answer was, "My dear Sir, be calm, you must have overlooked that inestimable little jewel the gallows, on the north side of the paddock; and if that is not a hanging wood, I don't know what is."

Don Manuel arrives in London, and of St. Paul's church, says,

"The sight of this truly noble building rather provoked than pleased me—unless another conflagration should lay London in ashes, the Londoners will never fairly see their own cathedral. Except St. Peter's (at Rome), here is beyond comparison the finest temple in Christendom, and it is even more ridiculously misplaced than the bridge of Segovia (at Madrid) appears, when the mules have drank up the Mançanares."

This is an unbecoming remark for a Spaniard; he must have known that the little river above-mentioned, is in summer almost dry, but in winter is very much swollen by the melting of the snows, and by the almost unceasing rains during five or six weeks in the months of November and

December. He has omitted the standing joke about selling the bridge to buy water.

On the proclamation of the peace in April, 1802, the Don observes,

"The theory of the ceremony, for this ceremony, like an English suit at law, is founded on a fiction, is, that the Lord Mayor of London, and the people of London, good people! being wholly ignorant of what has been going on, the King sends officially to acquaint them that he has made peace; accordingly the gates at Temple-bar, which divide London and Westminster, and which stand open day and night, are on this occasion closed; and Garter, king at arms, with all his heraldic peers, rides up to them, and knocks loudly for admittance. The Lord Mayor, mounted on a charger, is ready on the other side to demand who is there. King Garter then announces himself and his errand, and requires permission to pass and proclaim the good news; upon which the gates are thrown open. The poorest brotherhood in Spain makes a better procession on its festival.

"A very remarkable accident took place in our sight. A man on the top of a church was leaning against one of the stone urns which ornament the balustrade; it fell, and crushed a person below. A Turk might relate this story in proof of predestination."

This was the New Church, in the Strand; the young man who was killed had, in compliance with the request of his mother, promised her he would not enter into the crowd, and accordingly took his station in the church-yard. The story might probably have been told by other species of religionists besides Turks.

"The inscription on the transparencies at M. Otto's house in Portman-square, on the illumination night, was at first, *Peace and Concord*; but a party of sailors in the morning, whose honest patriotism did not regard trifling differences of orthography, insisted upon it that they were not conquered, and that no Frenchman should say so; and so the word *Amity*, which can hardly be regarded as English, was substituted in its stead.

"Illuminations are better managed at Rome. Imagine the vast dome of St. Peter's covered with large lamps, so arranged as to display its fine form; those lamps all kindled at the same minute, and the whole dome emerging, as it were from total darkness, in one blaze of light. This, and the fire-works from St. Angelo, which from their grandeur, admit of no adequate description, prevent those persons who have beheld them, from enjoying the twinkling light of halfpenny candles scattered in the windows of London, or the crowns and regal cyphers which here and there manifest the zeal, the interest, or the emulation of individuals."

On extraordinary occasions not only the cupola of St. Peter's, but also the whole front, and the colonade are illuminated. Thousands of rockets are let off from the castle of Saint Angelo, and towards the conclusion, the whole area of the castle casts forth fountains of fire, as it from the mouth of a volcano, and the reflection of these fire-works on the river Tiber, on the banks of which the castle is situated, is inexpressibly beautiful, especially to the spectators on the bridge.

The whole of the ninth letter is an account of the execution of Governor Wall; from which we shall only mention that

"The joy of the mob at seeing him appear on the scaffold was so great, that they set up three huzzas,—an instance of ferocity which had never occurred before. The miserable man, quite overcome by this, begged the hangman to hasten his work. When he was turned off, they began their huzzas again; but instead of proceeding to three distinct shouts, they stopped at the first. The feeling which at one moment struck so many thousands, repressed their acclamations at once, and awed them into a dead silence when they saw the object of their hatred in the act and agony of death, is surely as honourable to the popular character as any trait which has been recorded of any people, in any age or country."

A Turk might relate several circumstances mentioned in this letter as additional proofs of fate.

The tenth letter is on martial law, wherein the author says:

"The martial laws of England are the most barbarous which at this day exist in Europe. The offender is sometimes sentenced to receive a thousand lashes;—a surgeon stands by to feel his pulse during the execution, and determine how long the flogging can be continued without killing him. When human nature can sustain no more, he is remanded to prison; his wound, for from the shoulders to the loins it leaves him one wound, is dressed, and as soon as it is sufficiently healed to be laid open again in the same manner, he is brought out to undergo the remainder of his sentence. And this is repeatedly and openly practised in a country, where they read in their churches, and in their houses, that Bible, in their own language, which saith, 'forty stripes may the judge inflict on the offender and not exceed.'"

We hope and believe this account is exaggerated. Saint Pauls says, "of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one." At Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and other parts of the continent, one of the military punishments used to be, for the offender to run the gantlet. We shall give some account of an execution of this sort inflicted in one of the capitals of the northern continent, on a soldier who had deserted three times. After he had learnt his sentence, it was left to his option to undergo it, or to be shot. He preferred the former; accordingly he was brought into the field, where three hundred and fifty soldiers were placed in two ranks facing each other. A man then walked between them from one end to the other, with a bundle of oster twigs under each arm, from which every soldier drew one; these switches were as thick as a goosequill, tapering to a point, and two feet in length, none longer, lest they might cut into the belly of the criminal. The deserter was to walk six times up, and six times down between the ranks, which would make the number of stripes 1200; behind every ten men, an officer attended to see that every man did his duty, and the commander, on horseback, superintended the whole.

At starting the criminal had a small glass of brandy given him, which he drank, and three or four leaden bullets were put into his mouth to chew, that he might not bite off his tongue; an armed soldier marched before him. After having walked three times up and down the ranks, which he did in eight minutes, his shoulder-blades and back bone were quite bare, he had then received two thousand one hundred lashes; he did not utter the least cry; brandy and fresh bullets were given him at the end of each walk, as he had ground the first lead to pieces, which kept dropping from his foaming mouth. He bore the whole with the firmness of a savage under torture. His face was as horribly expressive as can be imagined. He was then unable to proceed, and what became of him we know not, he had only suffered half his first day's sentence, and was to receive the same number of stripes the next day, which it would appear could not have been inflicted, because in such a terrible situation he would not be able to turn himself in bed where he probably laid several months on his belly.

After all these tortures, if he survived them, he was to be chained by the leg to a wheelbarrow for six years, and work at the fortifications.

The twelfth letter is on the ministry, and on Catholic emancipation. The thirteenth on dress.

"The clergy are generally known by a huge and hideous wig, once considered to be as necessary a covering for a learned head as an ivy-bush is for an owl, but which even physicians have now discarded, and left only to schoolmasters and doctors in divinity.

"The dress of English women is perfect, as far as it goes; it leaves nothing to be wished, except that there might be a little more of it."

The sixteenth letter contains some curious anecdotes about informers. The eighteenth is about Drury lane theatre, and "their two most celebrated performers, Kemble, and his sister Mrs. Siddons." An analysis of the Winter's Tale is also given.

The nineteenth and twentieth relate to the church service. We recommend them both to the reader's perusal, and shall only make two short extracts. The first is:

"The church festivals, however, are not entirely unobserved; though the English will not pray, they will eat, and accordingly they have particular dainties for all the great holydays. On Shrove-Tuesday they eat what they call pan-cakes. For mid-lent Sunday they have large plum-cakes, crusted with sugar like snow. For Good Friday, hot buns marked with a cross, for breakfast; the only relic of religion remaining among all their customs. These buns will keep for ever without becoming mouldy, by virtue of the holy sign impressed upon them. On the feast of St Michael the archangel, every body must eat goose for dinner; and on the nativity, turkey, with what they call Christmas pies. They have the cakes again on the festival of the kings."

The other extracts now follow.

"During the last generation, it was the ambition of those persons in the lower ranks of society who were just above the peasantry, to make one of their sons a clergyman, if they fancied he had a talent for learning. But times have changed, and the situation of a clergyman who has no family interest is too unpromising to be any longer an object of envy

They who would formerly have adventured in the church, now become commercial adventurers; in consequence commerce is now far more overstocked with adventurers than ever the church has been, and men are starving as clerks instead of as curates. The master of one of the free grammar-schools, who, twenty years ago, used to be seeking what they call curacies for his scholars, had always many more expectants than he could supply with churches, has now applications for five curates, and cannot find one to accept the situation. On the contrary, a person in this great city, advertised lately for a clerk; the salary was by no means large, nor was the situation in other respects particularly desirable; yet he had no fewer than ninety applicants."

The twenty-first letter enumerates flower-fanciers, pigeon-fanciers, butterfly-breeders, collectors of Queen Anne's farthings, seekers of male tortoise-shell cats:

"Some person has just given notice that he is in possession of such a curiosity, and offers to treat with the virtuosi for the sale of this *unicum*, as he literally calls it. They call the male cats in this country Thomas, and the male asses either Edward or John.

"The passion for old china is confined to old women. The wiser sort of collectors go upon the maxim 'of having something of every thing, and every thing of something.' Medals, minerals, shells, tradesmen's copper tokens, play-bills, tea pots, specimens of every kind of old and modern wigs, visiting cards, &c."

Most of these articles are mentioned with anecdotes of the collectors, for which we must refer to the letter, which likewise records book and print-fanciers, not with any view to literature, or the acquisition of knowledge, but solely as curiosities.

"The king of collectors is a gentleman, who with great pains and expense procures the halters which have been used at executions; these he arranges round his museum in chronological order, labelling each with the name of the criminal to whom it belonged, the history of his offence, and the time and place of his execution. In the true spirit of virtú, he ought to hang himself, and leave his own halter to complete the collection.

The next letter treats of coins, paper currency, and forgery. After stating the badness of the shillings and sixpences in circulation, the writer says, that although

"A new coinage of silver has been wanted, and called for time out of mind, the exceeding difficulty attending the measure still prevents it. For, if the old silver were permitted to be current only for a week after the new is issued, all the new would be ground smooth and re-issued in the same state as the old, as has been done with all the silver of the two last reigns. And if any temporary medium were substituted till the old money could be called in, that also would be immediately counterfeited. You can have no conception of the ingenuity, the activity, and the indefatigable watchfulness of roguery in England."

The author proposes "an easy and effectual mode of preventing the repetition of forgery, by amputating the thumb.' And for preventing the forging of bank-notes:

"There should in every bill be two engravings, the one copper, the other in wood, each executed by the best artist in his respective branch."

We must again refer to the letter.

The remaining three letters, which conclude the volume, are on Westminster Abbey; on names; on hunting, and shooting, and on the poor-laws. They contain numerous observations, which instruct as well as entertain. Mention is made of "an irreverent species of wit," which has been indulged in naming children. A person named Ball, christened his three sons Pistol, Musket, and Cannon; and another, having an illegitimate boy, baptized him Nebuchadnezzar, because he was to be sent to grass, that is, nursed by a poor woman in the country.

The second volume contains likewise twenty-six letters, the first of which relates to St. Paul's. In the second letter, is the following account of the "Re-establishment of the monastic orders" in England, which we shall transcribe.

"There are at this time five Catholic colleges in England and two in Scotland, and twelve schools and academies for the instruction of boys. Eleven schools for females, besides what separate ones are kept by the English Benedictine nuns from Dunkirk. The nuns from Bruges. The nuns from Liege. The Augustinian nuns from Louvain. The English Benedictine nuns from Cambray. The Benedictine nuns from Ghent. Those of the same order from Montargis. And the Dominican nuns from Brussels. In all these communities the rules of the respective orders are observed, and novices are admitted; they are convents as well as schools. The poor Classes have four establishments, in which only

novices are received, not scholars. The Teresians three. The Benedictine nuns one.

"Convents of monks are not so numerous; and indeed in the present state of things, secular clergy were better labourers in the vineyard. The Carthusians, however, have an establishment in the full vigour of their rule. Who could have hoped to live and see these things in England?"

In a future edition we hope all the places where these convents, monasteries, and nunneries are established, will be specified, with an account of the numbers of the monks and nuns; the particular revenue of each foundation; by whom founded and maintained, together with such anecdotes of the friars and nuns in their new residences as may have been obtained. Especially of the Carthusians the friars of this species have been described by Mercier, as "famous monks, who from a spirit of penitence, rendered the seas tributary to their tables, never conversed but with their bottles, carved toothpicks, taught their birds to sing by means of a small barrel-organ, cast little waxen virgins in moulds, and died at fourscore; their cells full of ratifias and sweetmeats."

The Carthusians (*Chartreux*), are an order of monks, instituted by Saint Bruno, above seven hundred years ago, on a rocky mountain, situated in a horrid desert, five leagues from Grenoble, in the province of France, formerly called Dauphine, and known by the name of *La grande Chartreuse*. It was remarkable for the austerity of its rules, which obliged the monks to perpetual solitude, and perpetual silence; together with total abstinence from flesh-meat, or fowls, even in case of dangerous maladies, and being at death's door.

Bruno was created a saint, or canonized, four hundred years after his death.

These monks are best known in England from their *Album*, or book in which travellers inserted their names, the dates, and some sentence. Many of these have been published.

We know not of any nunnery, or females belonging to this order.

In the twenty-ninth letter we find

"The heretical sects (in England) are so numerous, that an explanatory dictionary of their names has been published. They form a curious list."

This list is first given in English, amounting to forty-three. The translator in a note says:

"It would be superfluous to make any comment upon the ignorant or insolent manner in which synonymous appellations are here classed as different sects. The Popish author seems to have aimed at something like wit, by arranging them in rhymes:—as this could not be preserved in the translation, and it is a pity any wit should be lost, the original, such as it is, follows."

There are twenty-three with the Spanish termination *anos*, ten ending in *istas*, two in *antes*, one in *otes*, and seven in *eros*. In English *ians*, *ists*, *ants*, *ots*, and *ers*. The comical Don calls this "a precious nomenclature."

"Arminianos, Socinianos, Baxterianos, Presbiterianos, Nuevos (new) Americanos, Sabellianos, Lutheranos, Moravianos, Swedenborgianos, Athenasianos, Episcopalianos, Arianos, Sabbatarianos, Unitarianos, Unitarianos, Millenarianos, Necessarianos, Sublapsarianos, Antimonianos, Hutchinsonianos, Sandemonianos, Muggletonianos, Baptistas, Anabaptistas, Pedobaptistas, Methodistas, Papistas, Universalistas, Calvinistas, Materialistas, Destruccionistas, Brownistas, Independantes, Protestantes, Huguenotos, Nonjureros, Secederos, Hernhutteros, Dunkeros, Jumperos, Shakeros, and Quakeros"

Don Alvarez might have translated the names of the three last sects, which are Jumpers, Shakers, and Quakers, and called them Saltadoros, Sacudidoros, and Tembladoros.

The thirtieth letter on watering-places, begins thus:

"The English migrate as regularly as rooks. Home-sickness is a disease which has no existence in a certain state of civilization or of luxury, and instead of it, these islanders are subject to periodical fits, of what I shall beg leave to call *ethophobia*, a disorder with which physicians are perfectly well acquainted, though it may not yet have been catalogued in the nomenclature of nosology. The tribes of wealth and fashion, swarm down to the sea-coast as punctually as the land-crabs in the West Indies march the same way. In these heretical countries parents have but one way of disposing of their daughters, and in that way it becomes less and less easy to dispose of them every year, because the mode of living becomes continually more expensive, the numbers of adventurers in every profession, yearly increases, and of course every

adventurer's chance of success is proportionately diminished. Those who have daughters, take them to these public places to look for husbands; and there no indelicacy in this, because others, who have no such motive for frequenting them, go likewise, in consequence of the fashion."

The seventeen letters following, contain an account of the author's journey to the Lakes, by way of Oxford, Worcester, Birmingham, Manchester, Chester, and Liverpool; and of his return through Carlisle, York, Lincoln, Cambridge, and Newmarket. Our limits will not allow us to make large extracts, but we invite our readers to notice particularly the observations the Don makes on our two universities, and shall only insert a few of the remarks which he made in various places which he visited during his tour.

He mentions seeing several small boats on the Isis, which

"Had only a single person in each; and in some of these he sat face-forward, leaning back against a cross-bar, and plying with both hands a double-bladed oar, in alternate strokes, so that his motion was like the path of a serpent. One of these canoes is so light that a man can carry it; but few persons are skilful or venturous enough to use it."

There is a row of trees behind the new college, at Oxford, of which "the lower branches of every one is grafted into its next neighbour, so that the whole are in this way united."

On seeing the number of persons, and even children, employed in the manufactures, at Manchester, our traveller remarks, that,

"They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment, of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges, of fresh air by day, and of natural sleep by night—Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work, by confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms, by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves, like themselves, to tread in the same path of misery."

Observing very young children at work, he was told

"That they get their bread almost as soon as they can run about; and that girls are employed there, without ceasing, till they marry, and then they know nothing about domestic work, not even how to mend a stocking, or boil a pot-hoe."

The Spaniard says, he returned with a feeling at heart which made him thank God he was not an Englishman. We must refer to the book for a further account of the manufacturing system.

He mentions a cannon, which was discharged for him near a particular part of the lake of Keswick, to display the echo; he heard the sound rolling from hill to hill, but for this he paid four shillings.

"It is true, there was an inferior one, which would have cost only two shillings and sixpence; but when one buys an echo, who would be content to put up with the second best, instead of ordering at once the super-extra—double-superfine?"

At Bowes (in Yorkshire) begins the great grazing country for children.—It is the cheapest part of England, and schools for boys have long been established here. We took up two of these lads on the roof of the stage-coach, who were returning to their parents in London, after a complete Yorkshire education.—One of these was a fine thriving, thick headed fellow, with a bottle belly, and a bulbous nose; of that happy and swinish temperament that it might be sworn he would feed and fatten where ever he went. One of these schools consists of Irish boys, and the master goes over every summer to catch a drove of them."

The forty-eighth letter, written from London, gives an account of elections, boroughs, bribery, Bristol-marriages, &c.

The next is on fashions.—After having enumerated the extravagant and ridiculous dresses of women twenty or thirty years ago, such as tight lacing, high heels, hair powdered, pinned, and plastered with pomatum; protuberances on the hips, called hustles; another behind, called rump; a merry-thought, of wire, on the breast, to puff out the handkerchief; and "pads in front, to imitate what it must originally have been invented to conceal," he concludes,

"All these fashions went, like the French monarchy, and about the same time; but when the ladies began to strip themselves, they did not know where to stop."

The last three letters are on quacks, animal magnetism, metallic tractors, &c.

The third volume consists of twenty-four letters. The first treats of methodists, of William Huntingdon, S. S. (sinner saved); of another "faith-preacher, A. J. C." these capitals are explained in the book. The next letter is on the Bible.

The fifty-fourth is on the curiosity and credulity of the English. From this we shall quote a couple of instances.

Our traveller was attracted by a show-board, on which was inscribed, "To be seen here, the surprising large child."

"This was a boy, who seemed to be about four years old; and because he was stupid, and could only articulate a few words very imperfectly, his parents swore he was only eighteen months—and were showing him for a prodigy."

"A few years ago, there was a fellow with a long beard in London, who professed himself to be the wandering Jew.—He declared he had been with Noah in the ark. Some person asked him which country he liked best of all that he had visited in his long peregrinations, he answered, Spain, as perhaps a man would have done who had really seen all the world. But it was remarked, as rather extraordinary, that a Jew should prefer the country of the inquisition. 'God bless you, Sir,' replied the ready rogue, shaking his head, and smiling at the same time, as if at the error of the observation, "it was long before Christianity that I was last in Spain; and I shall not go there again till it is all over."

The next letter treats of newspapers, puffs, advertisements, reviews and their pernicious effects; magazines and novels. The fifty-seventh, contains an account of the Quakers; another, on Swedenborgianism; another, on the Jews. Three letters on "pseudo-prophets," whose names are not worth our mentioning. We have neither room nor inclination to make any extracts from these, because the whole merits perusal, and we wish briefly to give some idea of the contents of the remaining letters, by inserting a few select passages from them.

Speaking about pastry-cooks and confectioners, iced creams and iced waters, our Spaniard very justly says,

"These northern people do not understand the management of southern luxuries; they fill their cellars with ice instead of snow, though it is procured with more difficulty and greater expense, and must be broken to the consistency of compressed snow before it can be used."

"Our (Spanish) peasantry have a never-failing source of amusement in the dance, and the guitar. Here (in England) the poor never dance. Music is as little the amusement of the people as dancing. Never was a nation so unmusical."

After enlarging upon this topic, the author mentions bull-baiting, and boxing, of this last diversion, he says,

"Its frequency is an irrefragable proof of national barbarity—Not unfrequently the whole is a concerted scheme, that a few rogues may cheat a great many fools. Yet, notwithstanding all the attention which these people bestow upon this savage art, for which they have public schools, they are outdone by savages. When one of the English squadrons of discovery was at Tongataboo, several of the natives boxed with the sailors for love, as the phrase is, and in every instance the savage was victorious."

The natural history of coxcombs, fops, and fashionables, is the subject of one of the letters, which also treats of walkers.

"Some of the English gentlemen would make the best running footmen in the world."

Of the fat ox,—

"The great ambition is to make the animal as fat as possible, by which means it is diseased and miserable while it lives, and when dead, of no use to any body but the tallow-chandler."

Of the Egyptian letters,—

"Which, as the Egyptians had no letters, you will doubtless conceive must be curious."

On the Royal Institution.—On the fashionable topics of conversation, about mind and matter, free-will and necessity, ideas, volition, space, duration, &c. the easiest way of obtaining distinction, and

"Getting that kind of notoriety, is, by professing to be a metaphysician, because of such metaphysics a man may get as much in half an hour as in his whole life."

Among the remarks on the English language, Don Manuele quotes the following technical terms in cookery, which instruct the reader

"To cut up a turkey, to rear a goose, to wing a partridge, to thigh a woodcock, to un-

brace a duck, to unlace a rabbit, to allay a pheasant, to display a crane, to dismember a heron, and to lift a swan."

"In printing poetry, they always begin the line with a capital letter, (which is the custom with all nations except our own,) whether the sentence requires it or not: this, though at the expence of all propriety, certainly gives a sort of architectural uniformity to the page.

"Another remarkable peculiarity is, that they always write the personal pronoun, I, with a capital letter!—May we not consider this great I as an unintended proof how much an Englishman thinks of his own consequence?"

We think the only reason is because it is a single letter. We have never seen this pronoun with a capital, in any European language, except at the beginning of a paragraph, or after a full stop: but then those pronouns are all of two or three letters,—*ego, yo, io, eu, je, ich, ik*, &c.

"No mark of interrogation, or admiration, is ever prefixed: this they might advantageously borrow from us."

All the modern Spanish books are printed with a reversed mark of interrogation, or admiration, before the paragraph which requires it; and another similar mark, in the usual way, at the end. We have given an example of each of these, in a preceding paragraph.

In Lord Holland's interesting account of Lope De Vega, the Spanish sonnets are printed with these marks, of which the utility is evident.

The three last letters describe the author's journey to Falmouth, on his return home, as he says, through Bath, Bristol, and Plymouth, after a stay of sixteen months in England.

Of Bath, he says:—

"According to the fabulous history of England, the virtues of the hot springs here were discovered long before the Christian æra, by Bladud, a British prince, who having been driven from his father's house, because he was leprous, was reduced, like the prodigal son, to keep swine. His pigs, says the story, had the same disease as himself: in their wanderings they came to this valley, and rolled in the warm mud where these waters stagnated;—they were healed by them. Bladud, perceiving their cure, tried the same remedy with the same success; and when he became king, he built a city upon the spot.

"A townsman, who had amassed some fortune in trade, built a theatre just of that size in which the voice could be heard in all parts of the house without being strained, and the movements of the countenance seen without being distorted. While the town was thus improved by the enterprising liberality of its inhabitants, it derived no less advantage from the humour of one of those men who are contented to exhibit strong sense, in playing the fool well all the days of their lives. By this time, more persons visited Bath in search of pleasure than of health, and these persons, among other amusements, had their public dances. Now, though Englishmen have proved that they can go on peaceably, orderly, and well under a free government, it was found utterly impossible to keep English women in order by any thing short of an absolute monarchy. Precedency, in these public meetings, was furiously contested—because, in most instances, there was no criterion of rank whereby it could be decided; and points which were most doubtful, and, it may be added, most insignificant, are oftentimes the most warmly disputed; a perpetual dictator for the realm of fashion was necessary, and this person was the second who held the office. Nash was his name, and his fitness for the office is attested by the title of Beau, which is always prefixed to it.—Charlemagne, the Venerable Bede, and Beau Nash, being the only three persons whose names are always accompanied with the epithets which characterize them.

"Once, after his death, his loss was exemplified in a very remarkable manner. Two ladies of quality quarrelled in the ball-room. The rest of the company took part, some on one side, some on the other; Beau Nash was gone, and they stood in no awe of his successor: they became outrageous, a real battle-royal took place, and the floor was strewn with caps, lappets, curls and cushions, diamond pins and pearls.

"The enormous joints of meat which come to an English table are always roasted upon a spit as long as the old two-handed sword; these spits are now turned by a wheel in the chimney which the smoke sets in motion, but formerly by the labour of a dog who was trained to run in a wheel. There was a peculiar breed for the purpose, called turnspits from their occupation, long-backed and short-legged; they are now nearly extinct. The mode of teaching them their business was more summary than humane: the dog was put in the wheel, and a burning coal with him; he could not stop without burning his legs, and so was kept upon the full gallop. These dogs were by no means fond of their profession; it

was indeed hard work to run in a wheel for two or three hours, turning a piece of meat which was twice their own weight. Some years ago a party of young men at Bath hired the chairmen on a Saturday night to steal all the turnspits in town, and lock them up till the following evening. Accordingly on Sunday, when every body has roast meat for dinner, all the cooks were to be seen in the streets,—'Pray have you seen our Chloe?' says one. 'Why,' replies the other, 'I was coming to ask you if you had seen our Pompey.' up came a third, while they were talking, to inquire for her Toby,—and there was no roast meat in Bath that day.

"It is told of these dogs in this city, that one Sunday, when they had as usual followed their mistresses to church, the lesson for the day happened to be that chapter in Ezekiel, wherein the self-moving chariots are described. When first the word wheel was pronounced, all the curs pricked up their ears in alarm; at the second wheel they set up a doleful howl, and when the dreadful word was uttered a third time, every one of them scampered out of church, as fast as he could, with his tail between his legs."

These letters are also replete with anecdotes and observations. We shall insert the last paragraph and anecdote, in the book, and have great pleasure in concluding this review with such a proper tribute to the bravery of our sailors, paid by a Spaniard, real or pretended.

"Voltaire has the merit of having discovered the physical cause of the superiority of the English at sea. The natives of the south of Europe navigate smooth seas; those of the north are frozen up during winter; but the English seas are open all the year, and are navigated in long, dark, stormy nights, when nothing but great skill, and incessant exertion, can preserve the vessel. Hence arises a degree of confidence in their sailors, which is almost incredible; the greater the danger, the greater is their activity; instead of shrinking from toil, every man is at his post.—Having no faith in miracles for their deliverance, they almost work miracles to deliver themselves; and, instead of preparing for death, strain every sinew to avoid it. Added to this confidence, they have also, in war, that which arises from constant success. The English sailor feels that he is master of the sea.—Whatever he sees is to do him homage. He is always on the look-out, not with the fear of an enemy before his eyes, but like a strong pirate, with the hope of gain, and when going into act on, with an equal or even a superior force, he calculates his profits as certainly as if the enemy were already taken. 'There,' said the master of a frigate, when the captain did not choose to engage a superior French force, because he had a convoy in charge—'there,' said he, with a groan, 'there's seven hundred pounds lost to me for ever'—As for fear, it is not in their nature. One of these men went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks; there happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without being hurt.—He stretched his arms and legs, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out,—conceiving what had happened to be only a part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole, 'D—n the fellow, I wonder what the devil he will do next.'"

A pleasant vein of sarcasm pervades the whole work, without the least tincture of ill-nature, and we dismiss it without any doubt of the approbation it will meet with from a discerning public.

END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.

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